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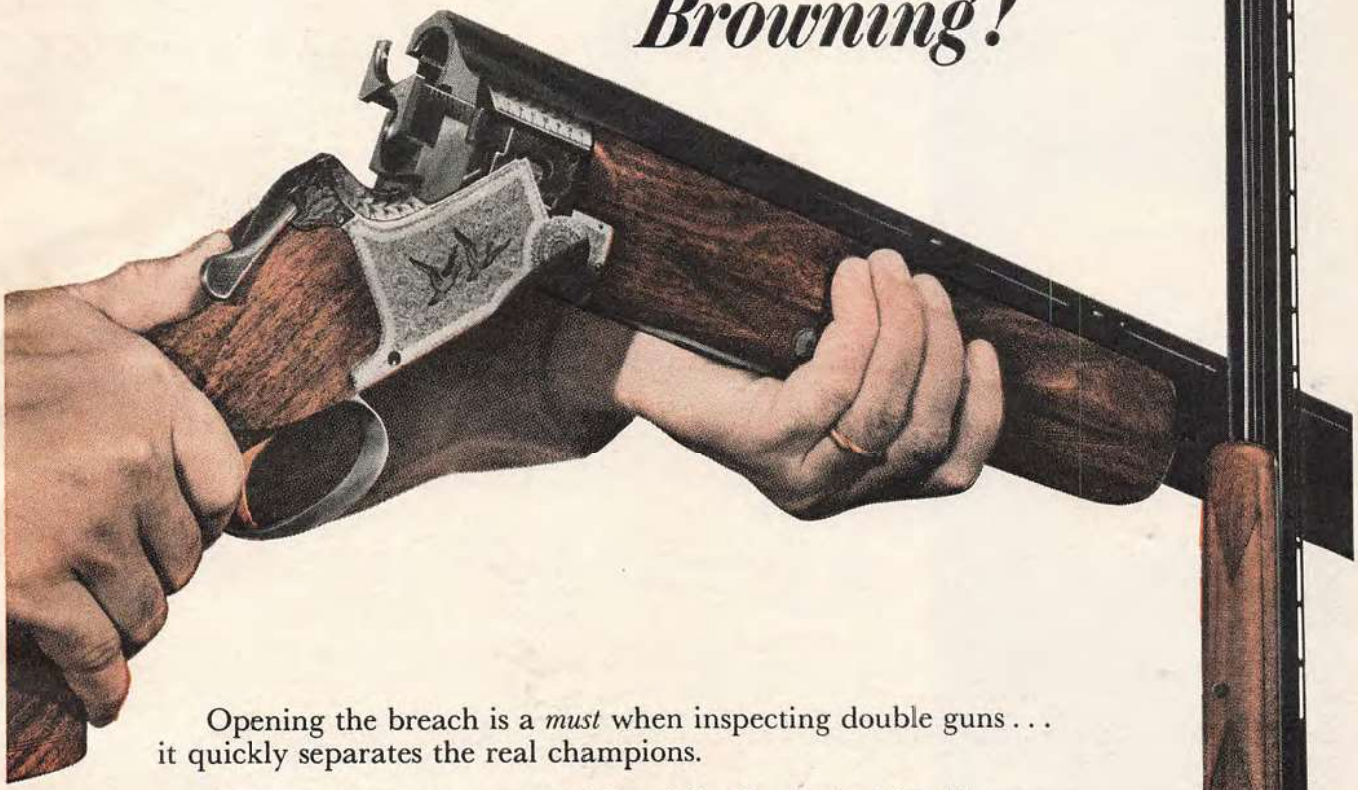

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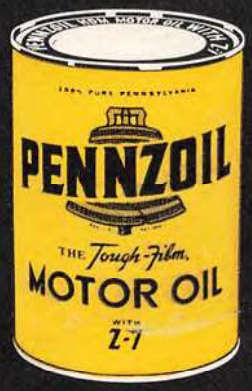


*It's worth asking for!

# TRUELY YOURS

**tell it to TRUE**
**67 West 44th Street,**
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## Town Takers

Thank you for *A Prosperous Town Is Forced To Accept U.S. Poverty Money* by Gene Caesar in the August issue. This should be read by every taxpayer in the United States. I hope Congress, the Senate, Johnson, Humphrey and Shriver all get a flood of mail.

Too bad there aren't more with the guts (excuse the expression) of Roy Smith to protest and expose these scandals. . . .

—*J. Miller*
*New York, N. Y.*

. . . what will it take to open the eyes of the good people of this country? The creeping socialism has been replaced by flying socialism. Incentive will soon be a dirty word. The new theory is how much more can my country (taxpayers) do for me!

—*Billy Norman*
*Fayetteville, Tenn.*

Hip, hip hooray!

Somebody finally exposed that political pork barrel "War on Poverty" for what it really is. I sincerely admire the guts it took to print it and expose this socialistic, bureaucratic nonsense. . . .

—*Ray Wilson*
*Louisville, Ky.*

**There's nothing wrong with the concept of a "War on Poverty"—but TRUE believes the battles should be waged where poverty exists.**

## Unholy Angels

Congratulations on your article in August TRUE concerning *Barbarians on Bikes*. It not only reveals the IQ of the average Angel but shows the laxity of the government. In my estimation, an officer of the law should be encouraged to use his service revolver when attacked by one of the Hell's Angels. An officer would be commended if he shot down a rabid animal, so why not a vicious person? A few short bursts from a submachine gun, aimed about six inches above handle bars would make urinating mandatory, only once. And the decrease in club membership might have a sobering effect on some of the other idiots.

—*J. Miller*
*McConnelsville, Ohio*

I think the article *Barbarians on Bikes* is a lot of crap. (Since when can 18-year-olds get in bars in California?) If it isn't, California cops are a bunch of stupes who deserve everything the Angels do to them. Any man who cannot drop 20 of those clowns with a Thompson (or who will not do it under the circumstances mentioned in your article) should not be allowed to carry a badge.

How gutless can you get? I have only a nine-shot automatic, but the first time those jerks pulled my girl out of a car, there would be nine dead ones!

—*K. L. Westbrook*
*New Orleans, La.*

. . . what struck me especially was your comparison of these modern outlaws to those that plagued the West, decades ago. The difference in the two situations is this—the old time outlaws were shot, hanged or imprisoned, while the modern ones are coddled and analyzed. With the old methods, the West was rid of outlaws. With the new ones, the problem grows every day. . . .

—*Dan Walters*
*Klamath Falls, Oregon*

I'm sure that all of America's 5,000,000 law-abiding motorcyclists feel as you do about the Hell's Angels. There is no doubt that they are one of the most despicable organizations in the country. These men and women are not only outlaws but they are also dangerously inept drivers. May we remind you, however, that these people are not even one-half of one percent of the large fraternity of motorcycle enthusiasts. . . .

. . . undesirables also drive sports cars. Yet this does not mean that all sports car enthusiasts, or even a part of them, are derelicts, bums and criminals. The Hell's Angels would be despised if they rode horses, mules, surfboards, bicycles or skate boards.

[*Continued on page* 4]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

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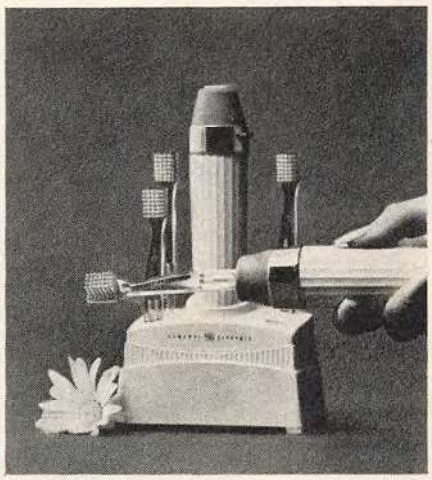

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[*Continued from page 2*]

Unfortunately, they picked motorcycles. The other 99½ percent of the nation's motorcyclists enormously regret this choice.

*—John C. McCormack*
*Santa Ana, Calif.*

### MALE CALL

Re Mrs. Gordon Goodrich's letter in TRUE*ly* YOURS, August, and her question: "Wouldn't it be nice if women could get a taste of the noble variousness of men without being called sluts, makeouts, whores, easy, hot pants, bitches in heat, dogs and pigs?"

Tell her to come to Jacksonville and taste the noble variousness of men. I have 25 or 30 friends who are willing to oblige and would not call her anything but a cab.

*—Everett Hall*
*Jacksonville, Fla.*

**Afterward, we presume.**

### HOODWINKED OR HOODED?

Thank you for the excellent article on *How To Hoodwink Canny Creatures* by Byron Dalrymple. (August). My Doberman bitch attacked a cat like the one shown in your first illustration and the cat went bounding out of a defoliated cotton patch onto the road—where it was killed by a car!

*—J. O. Jameton*
*Houston, Texas*

**That's not exactly what author Dalrymple had in mind.**

### PESTICIDE POLLUTION

Stewart Udall called the late Rachel Carson a "poet with a gentle pen" but her "gentle pen" sure uncovered a lot of true facts on pesticide poisons and pollution in the U.S. Udall is trying to soft pedal these glaring facts for his own benefit and that of the government, so the large chemical manufacturers, water polluters and the U.S. government can continue their violations without too much squawk from persons opposed to having their streams and wells polluted year after year. Garbage used to be buried in pits at forest service campgrounds, but now you're asked to take it with you when you leave. In spite of all efforts to stop pollution, it will continue for many years.

*—W. Thayer*
*Wenatchee, Wash.*

I would like to commend you and Secretary Udall for the very important article regarding the far-reaching effects of insecticides (August). As Secretary Udall says, every citizen must be educated in this regard to protect not only himself and his family but those (human and otherwise) who may be indirectly harmed by his use of these agents. There are too many farmers now throughout the country who do not use insecticides, and we attempt to purchase as much of our food as possible from them and the stores that carry their produce.

*—John E. Mitchell*
*Sioux City, Iowa*

### LEGAL AID

Mr. "Misinformed" Warshofsky's attack on the injured people in *our* courts is an attempted direct hit by the insurance companies *that must have hired him.* He assumes that the average American jury is stupid—which they sure as hell are not. He fails to mention the millions of cases where the honest and conscientious jury hears and considers both sides of the case after hearing the law that applies. He fails to mention the millions of cases where the injured man's family must seek public welfare while *waiting* for his day in court, because the insurance company will not pay a just award.

[*Continued on page 9*]

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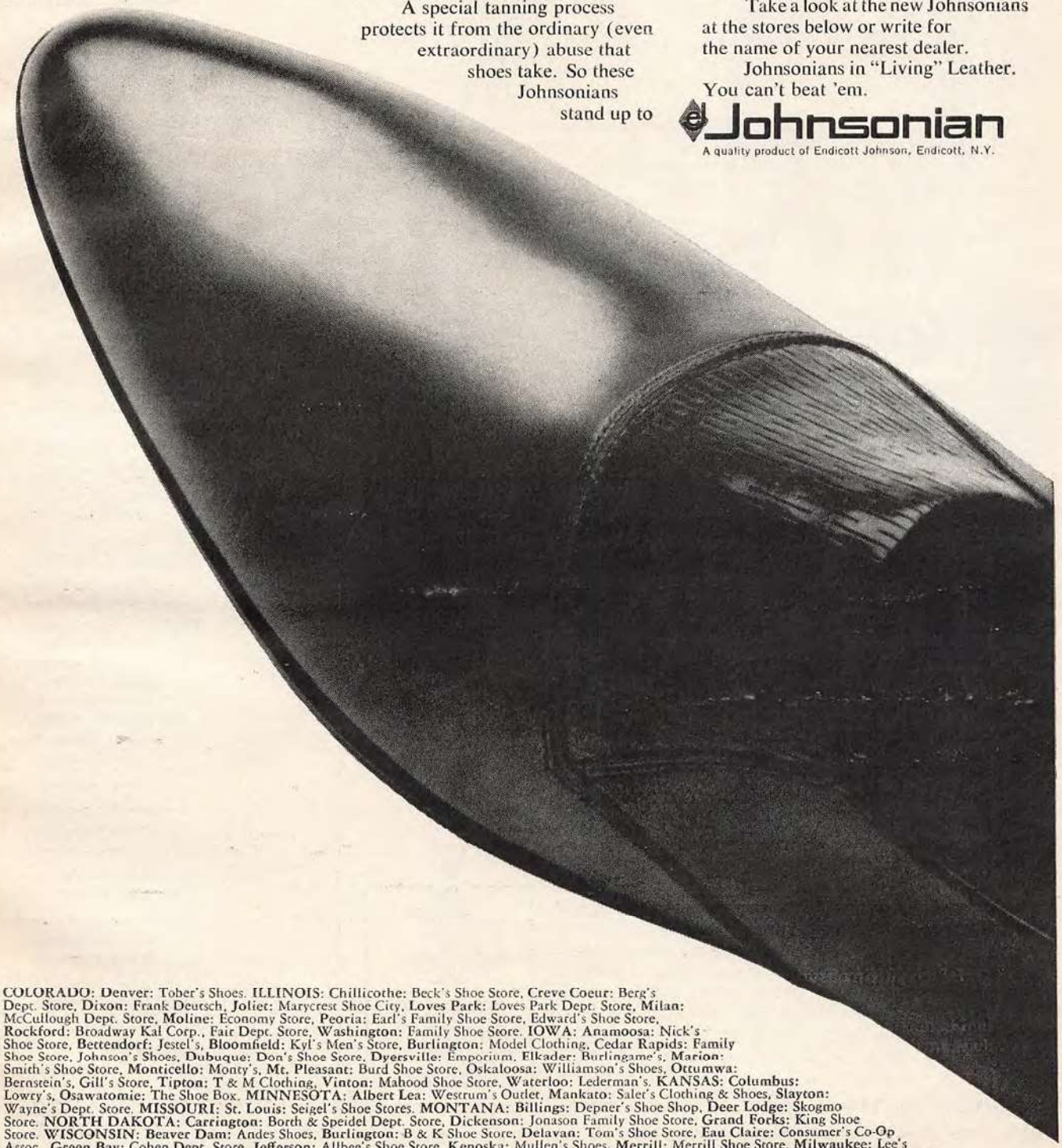

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**For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.**

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

# TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

OCTOBER 1965

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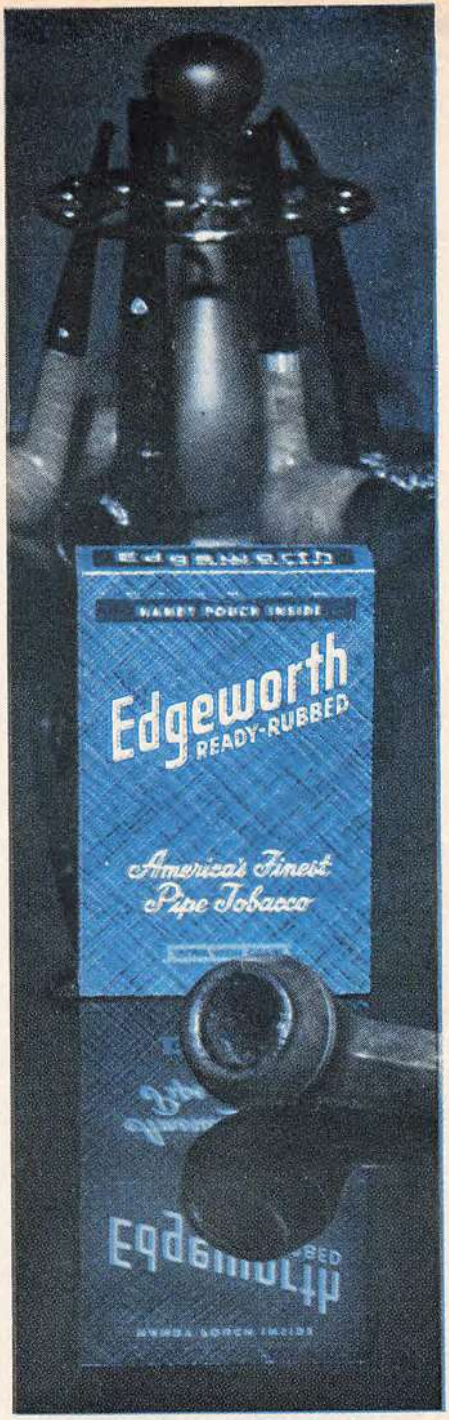


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# IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

**By Ron Smith**

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## SLINGIN' SAM'S FIRST PASS TO PAY DIRT

Slingin' Sammy Baugh is best remembered by pro football fans as a tall, bony quarterback who set record after record during a 16-year reign as the peerless passer of the Washington Redskins. But one talent little known by the public was Sammy's ability to make money.

George Preston Marshall, the big-talking, little-spending owner of the Redskins, came to know a lot about Sammy's way with a dollar. For instance, Sam never was happy with the annual salary Marshall wanted to pay him. One year he simply mailed back his contract, unsigned, with a note on the envelope, "Opened by mistake by Sam Baugh."

In 1937 Sam was fresh from an All-America season at Texas Christian. Marshall was fresh from a financially awful season with his Redskins. Marshall wanted Sammy's passing and Sammy wanted Marshall's money.

"I've called a press conference at the airport," Marshall told his rookie by telephone. "I told the reporters what a famous cowboy you are out West. So wear cowboy clothes. Hat, boots, shirt—the works."

"Shucks, Mr. Marshall," said Sammy. "Ah ain't no cowboy. Ah'm a farm boy. Never worn those things in mah life."

"Never mind," the owner snorted, thinking of the publicity. "People expect to see a cowboy. Buy some clothes. I'll wire you $100."

When the airplane landed Sammy was wearing an outfit that would have struck Gene Autry color blind. He loped down the gangway, his spurs jingling and pointed boots clicking. Marshall beamed proudly.

The next day the newspapers were filled with stories about the Redskins' home-on-the-range quarterback. Marshall was dreaming of long lines at the ticket gates when Baugh entered his office with an expense account. He handed it to Marshall:

Ten-gallon hat $50. Hand-stitched shirt $50. Tailored trousers $50. Hand-tooled boots $50. Plus a whole lot of other items. Total bill $500.

You could hear Marshall's scream from three blocks away. "What about the $100 I sent?" he hollered.

"Waaalll," drawled Sammy, "half went in taxes and the other half in Texas. This being a cowboy is new to me, Mr. Marshall," he added, as he pushed back the brim of his big white hat and plunked a spiked-heel boot onto a chair, "but ah think ah'm gonna like it."

Marshall coughed up the dough. He had to. Now that he finally found a drawing card he couldn't afford to let it get away. Together he and Sammy went on to big money days. It was the last time Marshall ever went overboard for a rookie, though. And he never forgot how Baugh operated.

Not long ago Marshall was in his office. His secretary came in. "Long distance call from Texas," she said. "It's a Mr. Baugh." Marshall looked up. "Is it a collect call?" he asked. His secretary shook her head. "Then hang up," said Marshall, putting on his hat and coat and leaving for lunch, "because if it isn't, it ain't Sammy Baugh."

[*Continued from page* 4]

If Mr. Warshofsky gets run over by a train, and the railroad is liable, have him call me—I'll still represent him free of charge, if he will read his article to the American jury he has called stupid.

—*Leonard M. Conry, D.A.*
*Eureka, Calif.*

You have done a real service to the legal profession and to the public by printing *The Big Liability Scandal.*

There are at least four reasons for exhorbitant verdicts in nonliability cases: (1) Lawyers who are willing to sacrifice professional ethics for money; (2) Plaintiffs who are looking for something for nothing—even at the expense of perjury; (3) Appointments to Appellate Courts for political reasons rather than merit; (4) Unscrupulous doctors. . . .

—*R. E. Sommer, Atty.*
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

Congratulations to author Fred Warshofsky for his very factual and forthright presentation of *The Big Liability Scandal.*

It is rather obvious that the larcenous bilking of insurance companies has finally replaced baseball as the grand old American game. . . .

—*David H. Walke*
*Shreveport, La.*

### Wrong War

So the *Constitution* (*Old Ironsides*) fought the *Guerriere* during the Revolutionary War (*Man to Man,* August). Neat trick, considering she wasn't launched until 1795. Make it the War of 1812. . . .

—*Robert L. Smith*
*St. Michaels, Md.*

**Make it the *Derriere.* Ours. To be kicked for the error.**

### Man's World

Now you've done it! Ordinarily, I agree with most of the things I read in your magazine, but when you go and pick on Barry Goldwater's tattoo (*It's A Man's World, August*) that's getting pretty small!

—*Joan Meyers*
*Prescott, Ariz.*

**It was a small tattoo.**

In reference to that item in August *Man's World, Bounce Those Coeds:* Since colleges are "designed to educate men," and since this article was obviously spewed forth by a member of the illustrious male sex, I would like to suggest that the author immediately avail himself of the services of the nearest institute of higher learning. Such drivel could hardly have emanated from the mind of an educated man!

Does he actually believe that the male animal has a greater capacity for learning?

—*Judy O'Shea*
*Tucson, Ariz.*

**Yep.**


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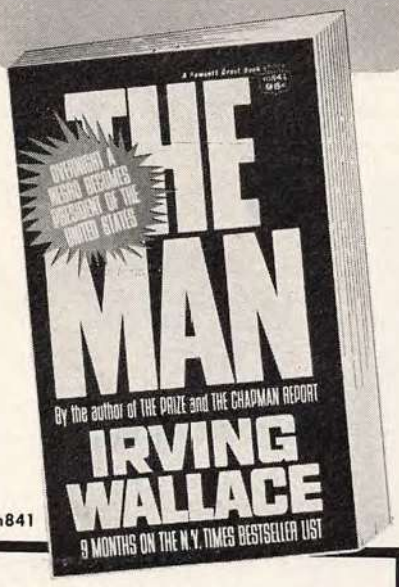


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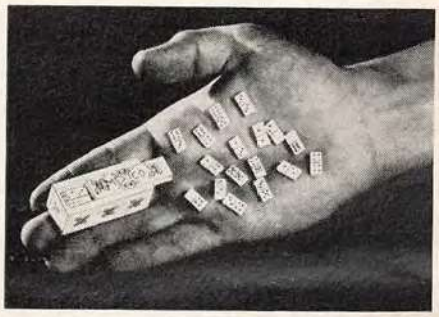
*This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.*

SPORTS CAR INSIGNIA AND CAP. Any Foreign or American sports car insignia on a fine linen, wool or corduroy cap. Adjustable in Small, Medium or Large. Colors: Red, White, Blue or 2-tone Green. Be sure to specify insignia, type of cap, size and color. Complete price is $4.25. You can order from PLG Industries, P. O. Box 295, Harrington Park, New Jersey.

DRESSER VALET AND WATCH STAND ends that mess we leave on the dresser top every night. Ceramic tray is sectioned to hold keys, pen, wallet, loose change, jewelry, etc. Authentically detailed wooden Colonial style Grandfather's clock holds your watch securely. Personalized with your first name. $3.50 plus 45¢ pp. & hdlg. American World, Department 219, Oceanside, N. Y.

FLORENTINE GOLD BALL is delicately suspended from a gold chain. All the gold is 14Kt and it's designed to be worn with a fine necklace or as a single pendant. This handsome gold orb has a circumference of approximately ½" and makes a magnificent gift. Hand-cut Florentine gold. The price of $7.50 includes the gold chain. Order from Mandarin House, Box 148, Syosset, N. Y.



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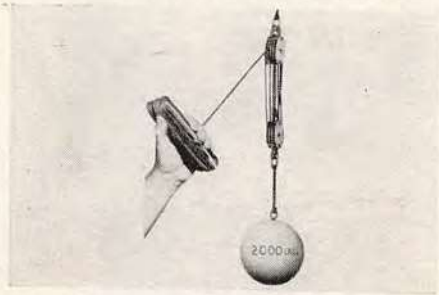


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*For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 120*

# $70,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

**"Your $1,200.00 check arrived this morning by Special Delivery. Thanks ever so much for your telephone call and prompt payment. It still doesn't seem possible. It's been a great thrill."**

That's the way Emory Mead of Albany, N. Y., just one of our many big winners, reacted to receiving his cash prize. Dozens of men and women of all ages have cashed in as members of our exciting PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB.

Our Club winners got their cash awards for solving puzzles in their leisure time. Our Club also has awarded huge prizes for contests based on names of U.S.A. cities and towns, statement competitions and word-building contests.

We've awarded cash in hundred-and-thousand-dollar units to retirees, sewing women, farmers, salesmen, war veterans, office workers, clerks, secretaries—people who never before dreamed of having the kind of money that movie stars make.

This announcement is an invitation to you, as a reader of this publication, to find out for yourself if you have the talent to win up to $70,000.00 in cash. If you are over 18 and like to play word games, the information below may lead you to thousands of dollars in extra cash you may use as you wish. Win our games of skill right at home.

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$1,100.00 in cash went to Diana Davis of Patterson, Calif. Mrs. Davis, whose husband started a small farm with PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB cash, called her victory an "overwhelming thrill."

**Your chief advantage in contests sponsored by our PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB is that you have only limited competition. Only members of the Club may compete and only members can win.**

Members of our Club win cash prizes at home, just by solving puzzles and entering Club contests. They turn an educational and enjoyable hobby into pure profit. **You can too!**

In 1963 we offered our members $35,000.00. We actually paid out more cash than we said we would—$35,511.25, to be exact. In 1964, we again offered $35,000.00. Again, we paid out more than we promised—$40,778.11. And now we're offering our members $70,000.00 in cash prizes. Most contest groups offer about $4,500 or $5,000 a year. **Our Club gives you the opportunity to win double that every month!**

As a member of our Club you will be eligible to enter every cash prize contest we sponsor and you'll get at least four new contests each month. You'll have three weeks to solve each set of contests. One week after the deadline, you'll receive a new copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper** with names and addresses of all winners, correct solutions, and your new puzzle contests. When YOU win, you receive your prize within two weeks. No contest organization, anywhere, pays off faster than our PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB.

This 60-year-old retired U. S. Army officer gave the $1,200.00 he won to his wife. Emory Mead says: "I've never seen a puzzle place as fast as yours and I'm going to keep on trying."

"I was amazed to learn I won $500.00," said Mrs. Florence Humphrey of Cincinnati. "The prize money came at a dandy time as I've had some debts to pay off. Thank you."

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Without paying a penny, we give you the opportunity to preview everything in your own home before making up your mind.

The coupon below will bring you, absolutely FREE, a sample copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper,** the only newspaper in the world exclusively devoted to contests (and it's published for members only). When your free copy of our newspaper arrives, sit down in a quiet place and read about our winners, our prizes, our contests. Try our stimulating word games to see if you can do them. You are under no obligation to enter our contests. If you do decide to go after our cash, there are no boxtops, no jingles to complete, nothing to buy, no gimmicks or tricks of any kind . . . just puzzles and contests guaranteed to give you hours of fun and enjoyment with the added thrill of cash prizes in the offing.

Clip the coupon now and please be sure to print your name and address clearly. Then read about $1,000.00 winners like Mrs. Belle Smith of Yakima, Wash. Discover how hundreds of other members cashed in just by doing our puzzles in their spare time. Find out all about this exciting and profitable hobby now. You may receive your first big prize in a few weeks.

"I still can hardly believe it," Mrs. H. C. Despain of Houston, Tex., wrote to us after receiving $1,000.00 in cash as one month's winnings. She is a seamstress who works for a living.

Dorothy D. Powell, a winner from Portsmouth, Va., got her prize within five days and said: "Many thanks for your prompt $500.00 and the knowledge I've gained."

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625 • In The Still Of The Night, Chicago, Shenandoah.

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630 • Be My Love, An Affair To Remember, C'est Si Bon, more.

628 • Lonesome, She, The Bull Frog Song, Walk On Little Boy.

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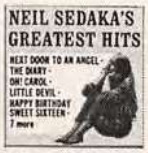



432 • Calendar Girl, Run Samson Run, King of Clowns, etc.

327 • The carefree Vienna of long ago in 6 Strauss gems.

593 • He's So Fine, Walk Right In, Hey Paula, El Watusi.

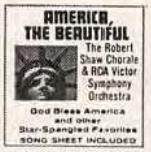
550 • Swingin' Shepherd Blues, Stranger On the Shore, etc.

582 • Satan's Doll, Unchained Melody, Lovesick Blues, etc.

536 • Timothy, Lujon, Fallout!, Experiment in Terror.

589 • Stand by Me, Only One Step More, Farther Along, etc.

545 • Red Roses for a Blue Lady, Goodnight Sweet Dreams.




467 • Star Spangled Banner, Marine's Hymn, 17 in all.

616 • You'll Never Know, There's That Smile Again, others.

564 • 10 stirring favorites to set your blood a-tingle.

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**603** • My Gal Sal, You Made Me Love You, others. Ⓔ

**604** • That Old Black Magic, Gypsy in My Soul, Love for Sale.

**606** • You Made Me Love You, Margie, Lazy River, others.

**527** • Guilty, Blue Boy, The Blizzard, Am I Losing You.

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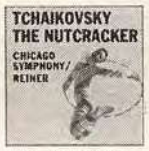


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# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

*A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place*

## KISSIN' COLD

Our mother taught us that kissing spreads colds. So when we thought we heard a distinguished lady say, "being in love makes people immune to colds," we were astounded. Particularly since the lady was Dr. Katharine H. Hain, director of medical services for makers of a familiar cold-relief medicine called Coricidin, who ought to know her stuff about colds. "I said 'seems' to make them immune," she said patiently. "I don't believe any scientific research has been done that supports the theory, but according to my own observation I'd say that people who are really in love seem to develop some kind of immunity to colds—and to other contagious illnesses as well. Other doctors have made the same observation." She conceded that cold viruses are spread by sneezes, contaminated objects and kissing, all right. But kissing the object of one's affections is different from promiscuous osculation and, we gather, relatively safe as far as catching cold is concerned. This theory should not be publicized too widely. A man with a cold is miserable enough without having his true love screaming at him that he caught it from another woman.

## INDOLENCE, THY NAME IS WOMAN

**Not long ago we gave superb reasons for barring women from college, to make room for men with urgent work to do in the world. Encouragement and hints that the situation is correcting itself have come from an unexpected source, Marion Stephenson, only woman vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company, Inc. She told members of the Women's Advertising Club of Chicago that proportionately fewer women are earning college degrees today than in the 1930's. How come? Too many women lack motivation (other than man-hunting). "They do not universally have the drive, desire or interest to seek out and achieve success," Miss Stephenson said. "Challenge is not in their vocabulary, as it connotes hard work." To put it bluntly, too many women are plain lazy. Better to have them lazy at home than cluttering up our colleges.**

## WHITHER MAN?

Is man heading toward chaos that can destroy him, or toward a magnificent future? We recently sat in on a discussion of the question by eminent panelists assembled by The Travelers Insurance Companies. Not to prolong the suspense, we can state the consensus that there are reasonable grounds for optimism about mankind's future.

Nobody guaranteed anything. In fact, Dr. Edward Tatum, Nobel laureate and famous geneticist, calmly considered the possibility that nature might some day obliterate man in favor of other species. But as a geneticist he pointed out that we are coming to a revision of knowledge as to why organisms tick, and what determines the survival of genes in a civilization. He is optimistic about the adaptability of man, "but if man can't adapt, he doesn't deserve to survive." Dr. Margaret Mead, curator of ethnology at the American Museum, remarked that it used to pay to go to war—the victors got plenty of loot—but this is no longer true and civilization has a new element of stability.

Leisure may cause us a lot of trouble, though. "Nobody has ever been able to come up with a good picture of heaven," said Dr. B. F. Skinner, professor of psychology at Harvard, who has been called "father of the teaching machine." With all needs satisfied, there's nothing to do. We'll have to invent some activity to keep idle hands busy. Altogether, the panel found little reason to expect utter chaos in man's future, and we hope you'll rest a little easier.

## HIGH COST OF ROMANCE

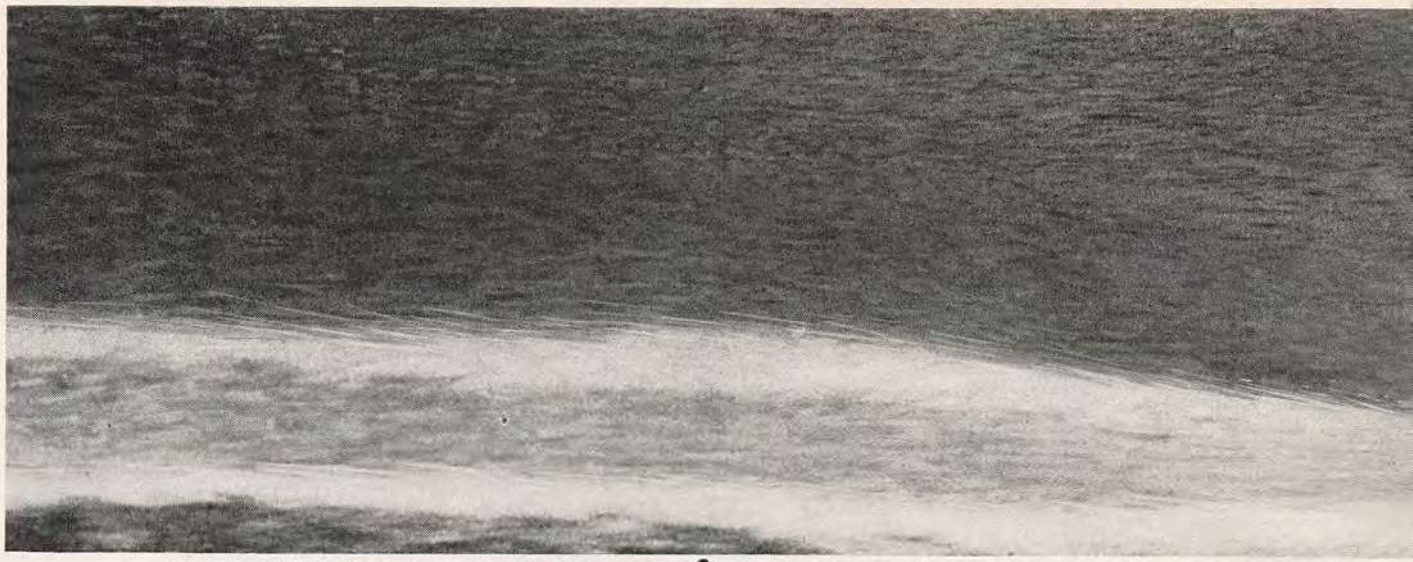
**Do you get the ring back if the girl breaks the engagement? Probably not if she's hell-bent on keeping it and the convertible and the cottage you turned over to her in anticipation of matrimony. A Brooklyn widower signed over his house and his late wife's jewelry to a woman who took the gifts and threw him over. He had no legal recourse and she booted him out of his house. A bill to permit legal action by a jilted suitor for the return of gifts has been introduced into the New York state legislature but hasn't passed yet. Beware of dames craving gifts.**

## ROYAL FLUSH

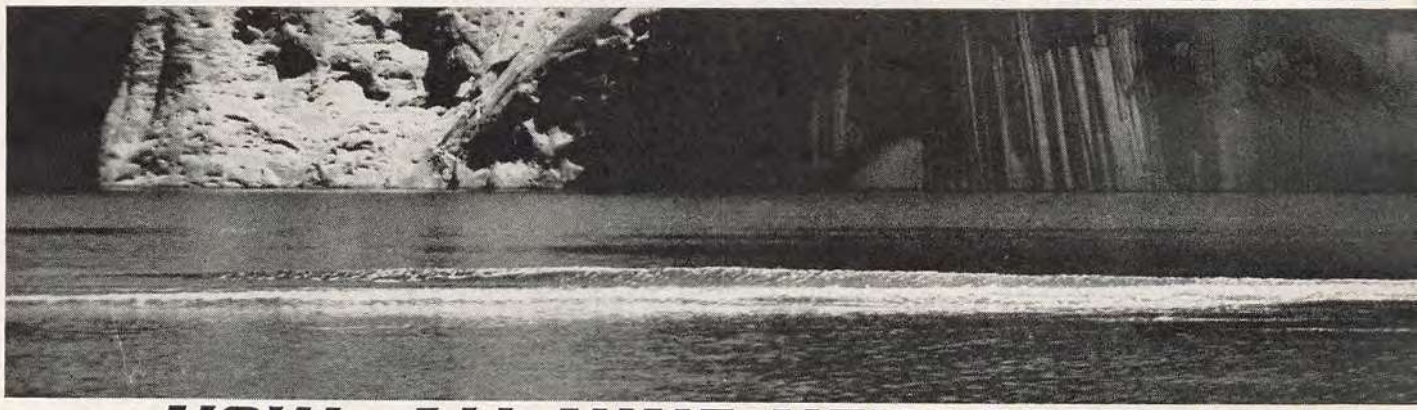
Prince Rainier may hit us over the head with a pig bladder for saying so, but we're bored to the nostrils by his fiefdom of Monaco. This puling principality, about the size of a Hilton motel with beach rights, is populated by a few thousand loafers who are exempt from all taxes. Money pours in from suckers who gamble at Monte Carlo and from tourists bemused by a comic opera country they could see more cheaply in an old nickelodeon. Nevertheless, Monegasques, as they call themselves, rear up on their hind legs now and then and pretend that they belong to the world family of nations. Prince Rainier is in a dreadful twit with his old buddy, Aristotle Onassis, the shipping magnet—no relation to the original Aristotle, who wrote that women have no teeth, indicating that he kept females at arm's length and so became a famous philosopher. The prince is pouting because Onassis, who owns a majority of Monte Carlo shares, is loath to renovate facilities which evidently are so dumpy that trade is being lost to more glittery tourist traps along the Mediterranean. The prince swings a mean powder puff and clouds of talcum are arising as the feud goes on. We have

(Continued on page 20)

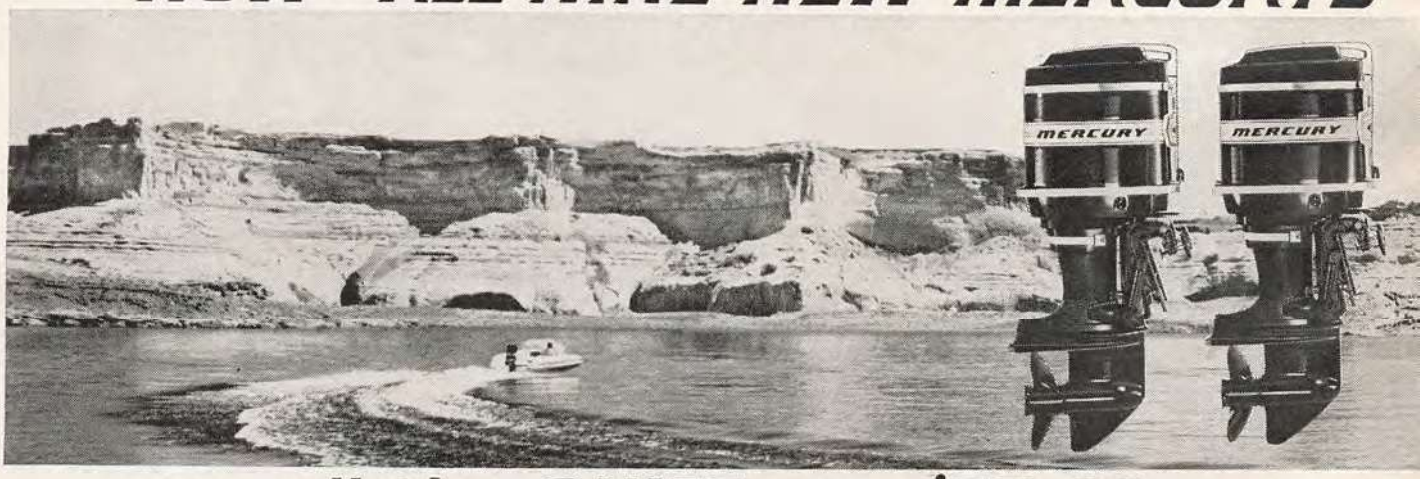
Some guys have it. Some guys never will. Black Label After Shave, Spray Deodorant, Bath Talc. A buck each.



# NOW—WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL



# NOW—ALL NINE NEW MERCURYS

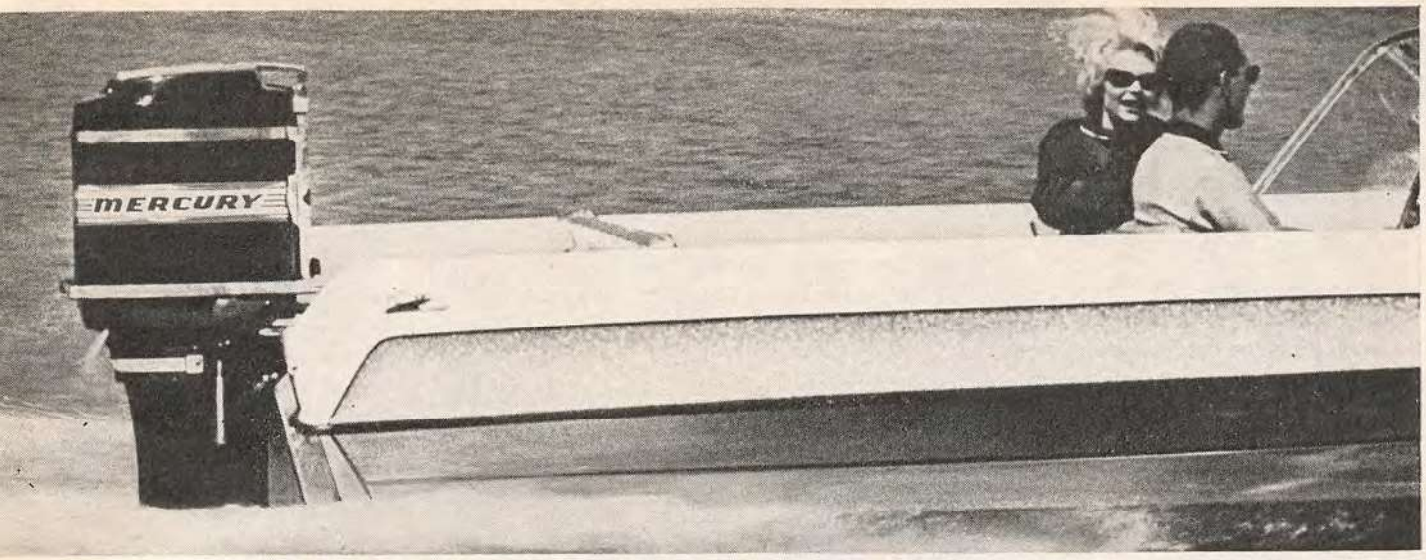



# see all the QUIET new '66 Mercurys

From the pioneer in competition-proved high-horsepower outboards comes a new champion—the new 110-hp Merc 1100! What's it like to ride herd on 110 horses? Point the bow at the farthest point on the lake, crack the throttle—and that lake's suddenly smaller! The Merc 1100 is the great new successor to the Merc 1000—holder of more international performance and endurance records than any other outboard ever built!

From the sleek new Merc 1100—and the exciting new 95-hp Merc 950—all the way down the line to the trim 3.9-hp Merc 39, these new Mercs are quiet—*quietest outboards you can buy!*

Also new for '66: now you can safely use a 50:1 gasoline-oil ratio with our new *Formula 50* Super Outboard Motor Oil. *Polar-Gap* spark plugs—developed by Kiekhaefer during World War II for costly military engines, now refined and produced exclusively for both six-cylinder Mercurys. *Polar-Gap* plugs cut fuel consumption, last more than twice as long as ordinary plugs, even on leaded fuel. Two new powerheads, three other models redesigned

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**LEAN AND RUGGED**

**MERCURY '66**

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

FIRST IN MARINE PROPULSION

# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 16)
a sneaking hope that Onassis holds out long enough to compel Monegasques to discover their noses through which taxes are paid. Only then can they belong to a self-respecting free country.

### VIVA LA DIFFERENCE!

**A Federal law prohibiting job discrimination on grounds of sex became effective in July, and hellzapoppin'. If strictly enforced, newspapers won't be allowed to run "men wanted" and "women wanted" classifieds. It will have to be something like "people wanted." Those West Coast eateries where topless waitresses serve the trade will be in a jam if an unemployed waiter who is willing to work in his shorts applies. Businesses that give maternity benefits to women may have to give paternity benefits to papa. Chamberboys will be on a par with chambermaids. A businessman who wants a male secretary to travel with him may have to take a woman and she'd better be wary. Probably a girl who applied for a job as attendant in a men's room would be turned down, as against public policy, and no doubt the all-sexes-are-equal notion will be watered down as it becomes obvious how phony it is. But lax enforcement will not make a preposterous law any less preposterous. Congressmen should be given a $50 bonus for every hunk of noxious legislation they rescind. They'd make more money than they can by talking at commencements, signing ghost articles, and other forms of moonlighting, and the country would be better off.**

### CREATIVE MEN

How many ways can you think of to use a brick? How many things can you imagine would happen if the level of the world's oceans dropped five feet? These are some of the tests used by psychologists to identify highly creative men, and you're welcome to try them. Never mind if you didn't get top grades in school. Creativity seems to be a special mental quality not necessarily associated with high intelligence, though it often is. Creative men aren't always "pleasant." They're pretty complex, independent in their judgments, rather self-assertive, and they can juggle a lot of ideas in their minds at one time. Creative men are quite sensitive and open in their feelings, and thus seem to be more "feminine" than noncreative men, but they have much sexual drive and are more vigorous than ordinary people. Now do you want to take that brick test?

### BASKETEERS

**They're so fanatical about basketball in Evansville, Indiana, that one divorced couple, who had no trouble at all about financial settlement, almost stayed married because they couldn't agree on who'd inherit their season basketball ticket. Even fans who shoulda stood in bed rush off recklessly to cheer Evansville College's basketball team. Like Mr. and Mrs. Benedict A. Brougham. They had tickets for an Evansville-Southern Illinois game at Carbondale, Illinois, 110 miles away. Mrs. Brougham also had "false labor pains." What of it? They flew to the game in Brougham's private plane. Just before the game began, Mrs. Brougham informed her husband that a stadium was no place for delivery of a baby. They rushed to the airport and flew home in much distress because the plane's radio was loused up by static and they couldn't pick up the broadcast of the game. An ambulance got Mrs. Brougham to the hospital at about the same time her physician arrived. The doc had been attending another game at the local stadium. He insisted on having a radio in the delivery room. All ended well with the Evansville team winning and the birth of a daughter just as the game ended. Wonder what Evansville folk do for off-season entertainment?**

### HONEST JOHNS

An inspired man whose only hope is to serve the people has been stopped cold by shabby politics. David L. Book of San Diego has proposed a Free Toilet Act which, if approved by voters, would strip the locks from all pay toilets in California. Hirelings in the state attorney general's office, probably guys who have private keys to facilities of Pompeian splendor, kept the proposal off the ballot on a flimsy pretext. They said Book hadn't proved that he was a registered voter. Book's campaign must be taken up in other states. Federal action may be necessary to enforce a civil right. Pay toilets are an affront to the Constitution. They make a mockery of equality and leave a dimeless man in something worse than quandry. Not everybody who is effluent is affluent. Pay toilets discriminate against those least able to afford them. This blot on the privy seal must be erased by a campaign of vigorous action. Write your legislators and public safety commissioners! Start sit-in demonstrations! Support honest johns everywhere!

### FRENCHWOMEN CAN BE RIGHT

"Frenchwomen are not only astonished and amused, but sometimes shocked by the power and position of mothers and wives and girl friends in the American family and society, as evidenced to them in newspaper, magazine, radio and TV reports and in the American fiction and films they read and see." The above is quoted from *France Actuelle*, published by a private association of French businessmen who ought to know their women. Well, Frenchwomen, or American women either, don't read such nonsense in TRUE, and occasionally we have to educate innocent gullibles whose ideas of American manhood come from women's page articles telling wives how to be a martinet and rule the roost in 10 easy lessons. "A Frenchwoman," say our French authorities, "would have less than full respect for a man who elevated her into being boss." The same is true of American women, so be firm if she yips with rage when she tries to wear pants that are already occupied. About 60 percent of Frenchwomen say they would never accept being under the orders of a woman, but of a man—*oo, la la!* Only 65 percent of Frenchwomen think women should have any vote at all.

### DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

**A people-sized bottle that a person can sit in enables scientists at the Illinois Institute of Technology to collect odors that distinguish men from women and bank presidents from coal miners.**

**A folder offering happy travel club membership to holders of an oil company's credit cards promises red-hot extra benefits: $100,000 if husband and wife are killed in the same accident.**

**—THE EDITORS**

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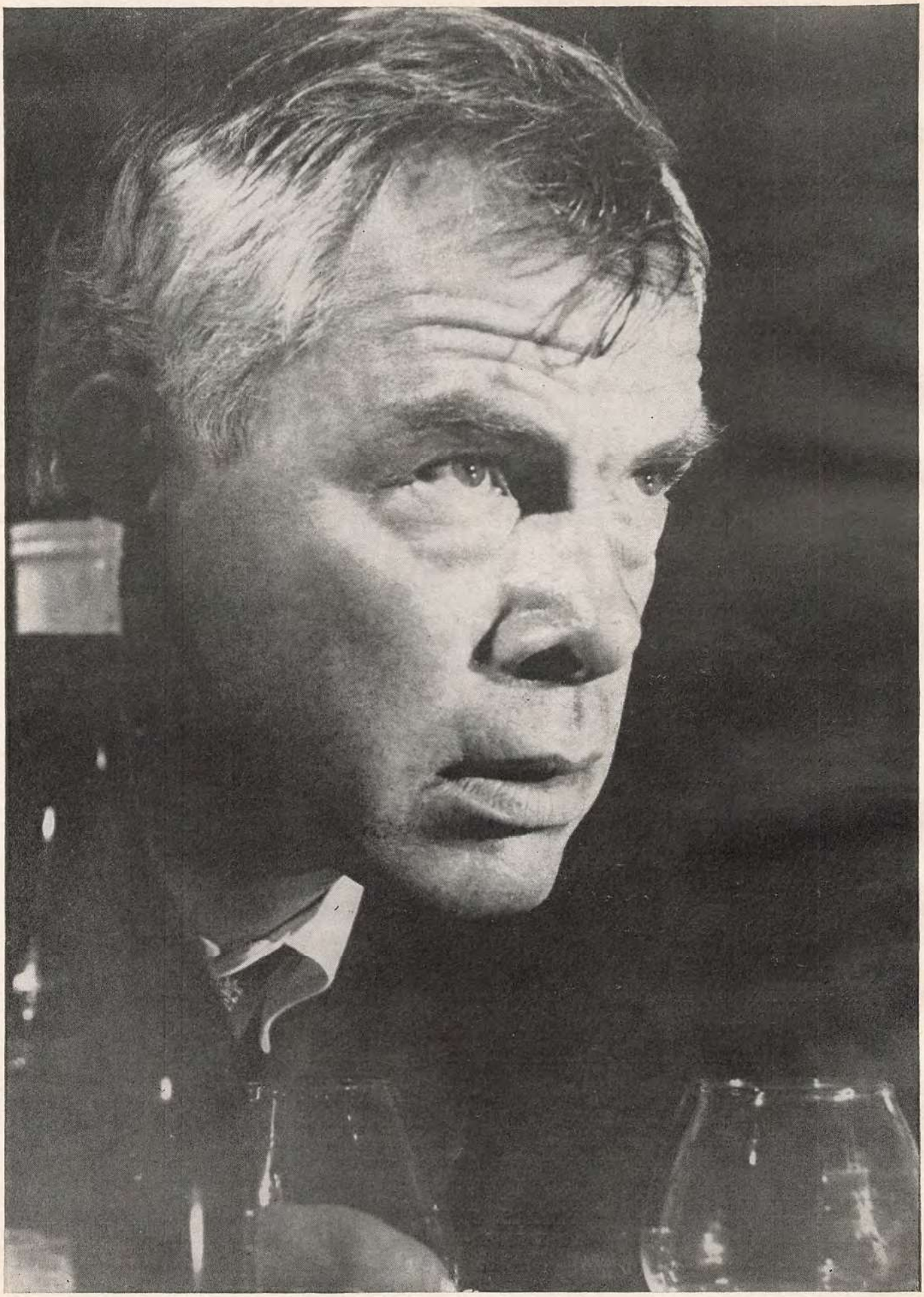

BY MARTIN COHEN

# A COOLHEAD HITS IT HOT

He's an ex-Marine who hit 21 beaches, a savage loner in the Hollywood jungle, an actor whose heart is as violent as the roles he plays

■ Lee Marvin is the Humphrey Bogart of the '60's, a rollicking tough who has engaged in epic barroom fistfights and face-downs with such screen good guys as John Wayne, James Stewart, Glenn Ford, Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra and Spencer Tracy. He has terrorized small children and old ladies, and his sneer has stopped strong men in their tracks. He's a homely, intense, freewheeling 41-year-old actor who, in private life, is filmland's most notorious loner, who earns $500,000 a year for acting tough, who bugs out regularly to fish off New Zealand or hunt jaguar in Panama, who frequently drinks too much, but who—both offscreen and on—is gifted with the sort of "cool" and resourcefulness which made Bogart the idol of a generation of filmgoers: women *and* men.

The superficial facts are these. Marvin has acted in 30 movies—among them: *Bad Day at Black Rock, The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, Donovan's Reef, The Caine Mutiny, Violent Saturday, Raintree County, Not As A Stranger, The Killers, The Rack*—most often in the role of a psychotic heavy, a compulsive killer, or a snarling sadist. He tried television in 1957, and came up with a successful detective series for NBC called *M Squad;* in 1963, he was back with another titled *Lee Marvin Presents Lawbreaker.* (These two series are played 300 times a week on U.S. television stations; no day goes by during which Marvin is not visible on American TV somewhere. Of *M Squad,* he says: "I hated doing it. It was a real grind. But I can't knock it. I got fame and position and, what the hell, it went ahead and made everybody rich.")

In between, he won an Emmy nomination for his TV role as a tormented, violent veteran in *People Need People,* and much praise for his impersonation of the Indian Ira Hayes—one of the flag-raising Marines in the celebrated photo taken atop Iwo Jima's Mount Suribachi—in a TV play called *The American.*

Most recently, Marvin has completed a brace of flicks—*Cat Ballou* and *Ship of Fools*—which have critics insisting that 1965 is The Year of Lee Marvin in the film business: the twelvemonth in which 15 years of varied apprenticeship will finally produce the golden jackpot for this rumpled, crotchety, unpretty actor. In *Cat Ballou,* he plays a dual role: Silvernose, a black-clad, sinister hired killer, whose real nose was bitten off in a fight, persecutor of actress Jane Fonda (as the lissome Catherine Ballou); and Kid Shellen, a rumpot ex-gunfighter who customarily needs a pint of booze to steady his trigger hand.

Marvin's performance in the latter role is a vastly comic caricature, the most deft of his entire career, and one which moved one reviewer to declare: ". . . veteran Lee Marvin steals the picture guns down. . . . There's a scene in which Kid Shellen prepares for his last Showdown—like a great matador getting ready to throw the bull of his life. It may just be the funniest 10 minutes since the eating scene in *Tom Jones.* Marvin won't ever go back to *M Squad* after this."

Even more unrestrained was the estimate of *The Hollywood Reporter's* critic James Powers. Marvin's performance "as a sinister killer and as the played-out, whisky-soaked gunhand, is some of the funniest movie

*In* Cat Ballou, *an offbeat western, Marvin plays a dual role: drunken good guy (above) and mock-sinister villain.*

*As passenger—along with Vivien Leigh—in* Ship of Fools, *Marvin probes inner fears, hates of washed-up ballplayer.*

**GOOD PARTS IN TWO NOTABLE FILMS MAKE THIS "THE YEAR OF LEE MARVIN"**

RING THE BELL TV on Archive.org

comedy since the heyday of W. C. Fields and the Marx Brothers," wrote Powers. "His hangovers, as the tippling character, are head cracking. His efforts to assemble himself in one piece after a shattering night with the bottle are agonizing. Marvin makes it some of the most hilarious comedy ever filmed." Marvin later explained wryly, "I've been in training for that role for 41 years."

In *Ship of Fools*—a magnum opus which many consider to be Stanley Kramer's best picture—Marvin portrays a boorish, frightened, alcoholic, whoring, twisted, third-rate ballplayer adrift on a German passenger freighter in 1933 bound east from Vera Cruz to Bremerhaven. In the picture, Marvin faces down such well-seasoned theatrical timber as Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret, Jose Ferrer and Oskar Werner. For such chores as these, Marvin is paid $100,000 per picture (eight weeks' work) plus $33,000 per week overtime; his fee for a one-hour TV show is $10,000.

But who in the hell *is* Lee Marvin, anyway? He's an ex-Marine who hit 21 beaches in the South Pacific before being seriously wounded on Saipan. Film director John Ford *(Stagecoach, Cheyenne Autumn, Donovan's Reef)* says: "He's one of Hollywood's best actors and my kind of guy. He's a man's man." One co-worker says: "Lee has violence in his heart." Another answers: "I doubt that, but I'm not going to call his bluff." Marvin is a hipster who speaks a *patois* somewhere between Steve McQueen, Casey Stengel and the Mad Hatter. He's an animal who uncoils from a chair, never moves flat-footed, always is on his toes. He has a long torso, no stomach, no hips, oversized hands which flick ahead of him eloquently as he speaks. The hair is short and grey, the teeth uneven and tobacco stained, the nose scarred. His beetle brows dominate small, arrogant eyes. The jaw is always thrusting forward. Whether he's leaning forward in his chair or hunched back, there's a muscular tension about him like an explosion about to happen. But the voice is deep throated and controlled, nasal and throaty at the same time, a marvelous instrument for any actor.

Here's Marvin: "When I lean on somebody I really lean . . . just destroy. People think bad guys play by rules but there are no rules." Other Marvinisms:

□ "Drink up and be somebody. Don't tell the troops, but you can have your booze and drink it too."

□ "I like to believe that I do as I please most of the time. Maybe it's like being a beachcomber and you walk down those empty miles and you find something that interests you, and if it doesn't, you leave it alone. Living is simple. You want something, you shove 'em up against the wall and grab 'em by the ass."

□ "Sure, I'm tough, but not the way they think. I have the endurance to get what I want."

□ "I can't take crap from [*Continued on page* 26]

*As wild-and-comic beach bum in* Donovan's Reef *(1963), Marvin showed pros again he was on the verge of stardom.*

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[*Continued from page* 24]

a man. And I couldn't knuckle down to a woman. Yet what makes women so attractive to me personally is the element of danger when you fool around with them. They are a constant sexual threat. Why did Samson fall asleep? Because Delilah balled him and he woke up in chains. For the first time in his life, he relaxed—and after that he couldn't push down temples." Marvin recently separated from his wife of 13 years, and has been seen nightclubbing with a series of glamour girls. Of the marriage, he says: "We were a pair of domineering bastards."

That's gutsy talk, but how much of it is the real McCoy, and how much is crap—to use one of Marvin's own favorite words. How much derives from a true Bogartian "cool" and how much is fancy footwork? How thick is that shell of gruffness which makes him appear eternally the skeptic? (TV columnist Jack O'Brian described the actor's manner on a recent panel show: "Lee Marvin said some reasonable things in an edgy, professionally-who-cares fashion . . . he seems habitually on the brink of insult. . . . Actually, he remains faintly, resentfully polite. . . . Like Ben Casey, maybe he should try to smile more.")

It is a fact that Marvin frequently does his own movie stunt work, whether it's a high fall, judo, or a free-for-all fight. In tribute to his skills, a group of Hollywood stuntmen named him one of two actors they'd want alongside during a real fistfight—the second was Robert Mitchum. Recently, Marvin paid out several thousand dollars to a banjo player who claimed the actor had knocked out his teeth during a barroom melee. Marvin says, "I really didn't know what happened until my attorney told me the next day."

During the filming several years ago of *Raintree County*, a stunt man was called in to perform for Marvin. The role called for him to feign drunkenness, climb to a high balcony, swing out from a chandelier to a banister, and come rollicking down to the ground floor in a reckless spin. The stunt man went through it several times, but the director, Edward Dmytryk, wasn't satisfied. Marvin went up to him and said, "Eddie, is this the way you want it?" and did the stunt for a perfect take.

Later, on the same set, a college track star was hired to impersonate Montgomery Clift and win a footrace against Marvin. In the first take, Marvin won. Dmytryk complained: "Lee, you're supposed to lose the race." Marvin said: "Eddie, all you told me was that he would beat me. You didn't tell me to lose."

Marvin's Marine Corps career probably accounts for the incredible profanity of his speech. He lectured a class of drama students at UCLA last year, and was invited back on the condition that he'd "ease up a little on the terminology." Whenever old television hands get together and discuss the early—and live—days of TV drama, somebody invariably remembers the time Marvin was appearing in a live TV teleplay, and got so carried away with his role that he ad-libbed some of the gamiest and ripest dialogue ever heard outside a Marine barracks. In Dubuque, according to one witness, there's a little old lady whose eyebrows haven't come down yet.

Exactly where the tough guy appearance ends and real life begins is a matter of confusion to Marvin himself—an ambiguity curiously demonstrated in his speech, which switches back and forth from the profane argot of the hipster to an almost professorial articulateness. Lee Marvin trying to understand himself makes for a character as strange and harsh as any role he has ever played. His agent, Meyer Mishkin, an associate of 15 years, doesn't see Marvin as a "mean son-ofabitch." Mishkin says: "Marvin's decent. In his own way, he's a gentleman, and if I had two more like Lee, I wouldn't handle anyone else. When he comes to the office, he asks outside if I'm busy. Others think they own me, and barge in. At his home, Lee's the kind of a guy who has to walk you to your car and open the door for you.

"But Lee was always tough," Mishkin adds. "I remember a couple of years ago he had a date to hunt in the Panama jungles when the anti-American demonstrations broke out in Panama City. I said to him: 'Maybe you ought to go to New Mexico or New Zealand instead. Those are bitter riots going on in Panama.' He said: 'Yeah, I read about them. I think maybe I'd like to go and have a look.' So he went, and he turned tout to be the center of a few near-riots himself. *M Squad* was popular in Panama, and he was mobbed a few times by fans."

Marvin's earnings allow him to bug out when he's feeling jumpy; mostly he goes off on lone-wolf hunting and fishing expeditions to such places as the aforementioned Panama, Mexico, New Zealand, Canada and Colorado. He doesn't even take along his oldest child, Christopher, 11. "I don't really go in for the father-son bit," he says. "I was deprived of it myself, so, like father, like son." Not long ago, he gave up motorcycle racing. "I got away with murder on the bike, so why stick with it until you break your back. I've got my recognition. I don't have to prove anymore that I'm a tough guy. I've always been attracted to things that have the element of risk, but I'm beginning to see that some of the things I do are a juvenile contest on my part. I've come to the age where the risk is in my work. I play a scene right on the hairy edge. I walk that line and push the other actors as far as I can."

But one of the surest things about Lee Marvin is that he is—whether tough or not—a true loner. An interviewer recently asked him who his friends were. Marvin shot back: "Friends? Good luck. When my wife really got frightened for me, she said, 'You realize you don't have any friends,' and I said, 'That's right, baby. I know about that. Lay off.' " He told a *New York Times* reporter that one of his idols was Toshiro Mifune, the Japanese star. "This guy hypnotizes you with his genius," Marvin said. "Those eyes! The battered samurai warrior standing alone, not wanting outside help."

[*Continued on page* 30]

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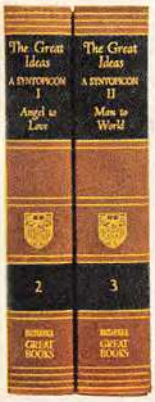


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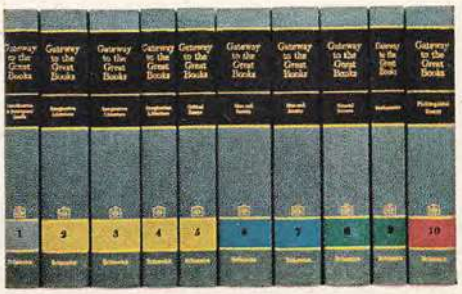

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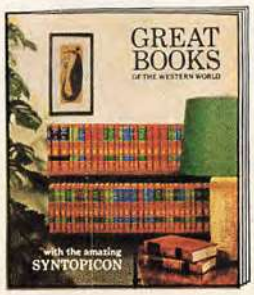


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**GREAT BOOKS**

[*Continued from page* 26]

A well-meaning co-worker once approached Marvin on the set of a film, and said: "Lee, you know what I like about you? You take your own lumps." Marvin observed the man coldly, and replied: "Who takes yours?" *Whammy!* That's the kind of exchange Lee Marvin delights in—deft and lethal. Recalling the moment, Marvin smiles and says: "That fellow never spoke to me again." But Marvin does indeed take his own lumps, and like a veteran ballplayer, takes pride in never "rubbing." While filming a fight scene for the TV series *Route 66*, he stopped a vicious punch with his nose and needed 22 stitches to close the gash. "The guy was smart," Marvin says. "He didn't say a word afterwards." Marvin was back on the set the next morning.

This natural belligerence often works itself out in odd ways. Marvin attended the 1960 Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles, and was a strong supporter of the late John F. Kennedy, partly out of his conviction that Kennedy would do most for the cause of civil rights. He describes his feelings on the matter this way: "I understand another man wanting to survive. I don't blame Negroes for fighting. You're goddamed right, man! If they aren't giving it to you, you get up and punch the crap out of them. If it has to be that way, that's it. I don't say I like it that way. I've had a stomach full of violence. So maybe if I can do something for civil rights in my own way as a white Christian, it can help avoid some of the murder."

This sense of moral rectitude comes naturally to Marvin. He grew up in a well-off, well-educated family. His father was an advertising executive and his mother a magazine fashion editor. Thus his immediate heritage is incongruously genteel and bourgeois. His remote heritage is Puritan. A paternal forefather, Matthew Marvin, arrived in New England in 1633 and became the first chief justice of Connecticut. The Marvin family got to New York after the Revolutionary War when General Seth Marvin moved into the Hudson Valley. Marvin notes: "During the Civil War we were pretty well shot up, and the family is very depleted." Marvin, and a brother who today is an artist, were brought up in New York City. At the age of four, Lee ran away and wasn't found for two days. He recalls: "I wasn't having any too much discipline, even then. My father was tough. At least he *thought* so, and I guess I have a lot of his traits."

As a youngster, he was a pretender, always looking for the excitement he couldn't find around his middle-class home. "As a kid," he says, "I first fixed the tough guy image on myself, the same part I play today. I remember movies like *All Quiet On the Western Front*, and identifying with the tough sergeant. Shells didn't bother him. Nothing scared him. But maybe what also attracted me was his kindness to the troops. He'd chew them out, but then he'd go out to get them some food."

Belligerent and a daydreamer, Marvin was in and out of several schools. "The only thing I liked was athletics, but I wasn't cooperative enough for team sports and wound up on the track squad." His formal education ended as a junior in high school at St. Leo's Benedictine School in Dade City, Florida.

With his father's permission, Marvin quit St. Leo's during World War II to join the Marines. "After a sheltered life," he points out, "I went the other way. I wanted to prove how tough I was so they could rake me down, do anything and it wouldn't get me angry. I was asking them to dish out everything they could." He was shipped off to the South Pacific, and had made 21 landings when he was hit on Saipan, a bullet cutting his sciatic nerve. The incident is one which Marvin has rarely discussed, leading friends to believe that it was deeply traumatic for him, and may even have influenced the course of his life. What *is* known is that he spent 13 months in a hospital recuperating. "When I got out, all my values had changed," he says. "Up to that time I was playing it tough, but then I knew you have to be tough to survive."

After his discharge, he enrolled in a stenographic course, but didn't finish it. He returned to the family house in Woodstock, N. Y., and worked as an apprentice plumber and dug septic tanks. The second summer, in 1947, he walked into the Maverick Playhouse—an appropriately-named establishment—at Woodstock to flush a plugged toilet. Instead, he found himself a home. "I watched them rehearsing, and asked for a job," he recalls. "That's how quick it came to me. I guess acting is what I always wanted without knowing it. They gave me seven dollars a week, room and board, and I kissed the leading lady."

At the end of the summer, Maverick's director, E. J. Ballentine, passed Marvin on to writer-director Lynn Riggs, who gave Marvin, his first role as a heavy. Then Marvin moved to New York's Greenwich Village and entered the dramatic school at the American Theater Wing. In 1949, he toured in *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *The Hasty Heart*. He occasionally picked up work as an extra and in bit parts when movies were made on location in New York. It was a very small part—that of a mean swabbie in the film *You're In the Navy Now*—which was the turning point.

The director, Henry Hathaway, took Marvin to Hollywood for some additional shooting. Hathaway phoned agent Meyer Mishkin to come over to the set and meet Marvin. Mishkin recalls: "Hathaway wanted me to take Marvin on as a client. He handed Lee a script and told him to read another actor's part. That was enough. Like Hathaway, I was impressed by the way he handled himself, his coordination, his presence." Marvin went back to New York to play Hallam in the 1951 production of Herman Melville's *Billy Budd*, his first and only Broadway appearance. Says Marvin: "It was a damned bore. The New York stage is a hustle. The audience is half-boozed and you can't really wake them. I got my tail back to Hollywood."

"What a terrible thing to say to a dog!"

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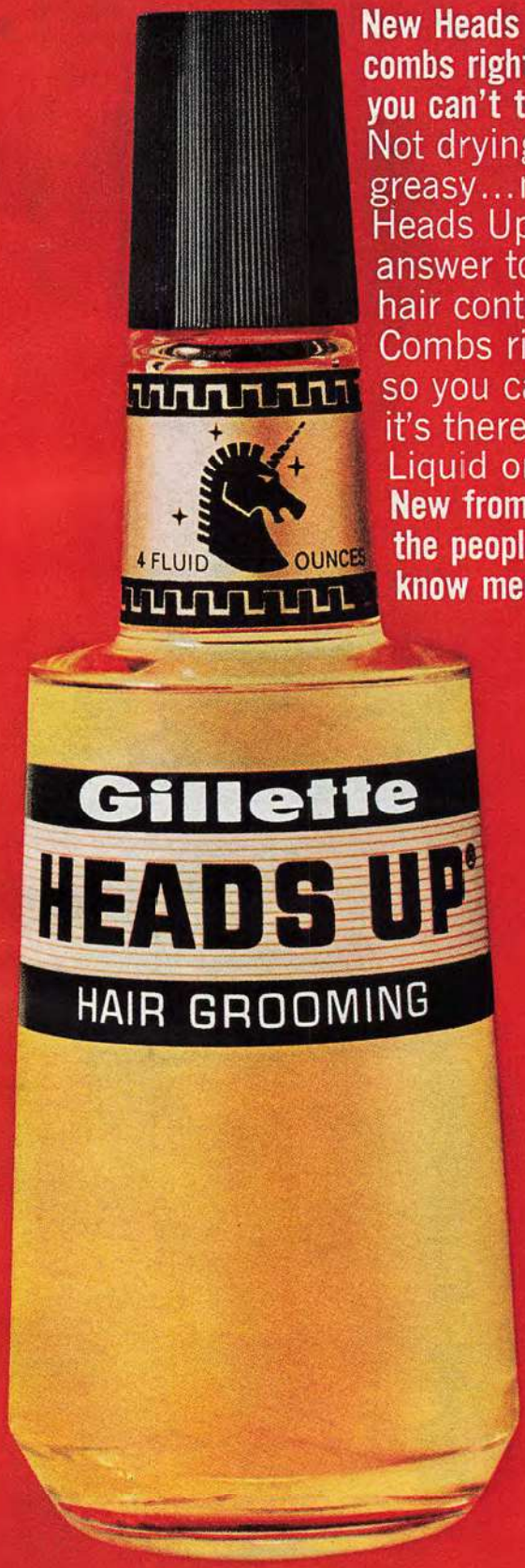


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Not drying, never greasy...new Heads Up is the answer to clean hair control. Combs right in so you can't tell it's there! Liquid or tube.
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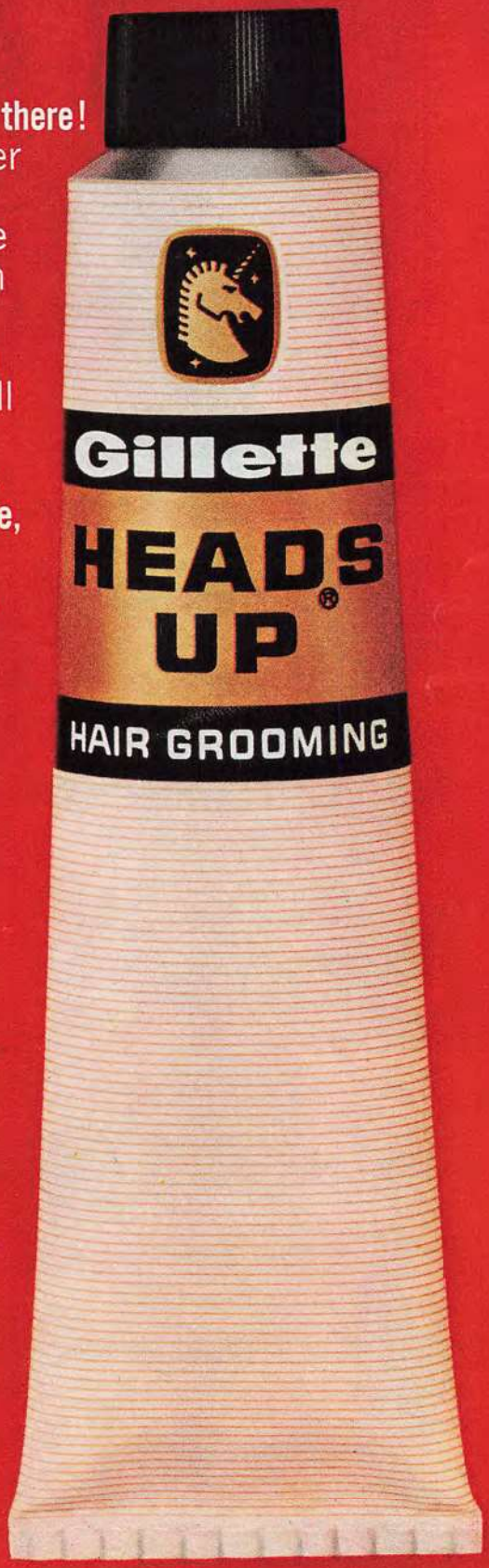


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# Hiram Walker's TEN HIGH

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*as only* ***Hiram Walker*** *can make it*

*86 proof straight bourbon at a welcome price*

***LOOK FOR THIS LABEL***

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He asked Mishkin if he could afford to spend $600 on a secondhand car. Mishkin promised Marvin plenty of work, and delivered. Marvin considers an early assignment on the *Dragnet* series the first consequential role of his career. "It was a wild scratch. I was a coolhead who kills 14 hitchhikers." Mishkin coaxed producer-director Stanley Kramer into looking at the *Dragnet* rushes and Kramer signed Marvin for his first star billing in *Eight Iron Men*, a World War II picture. Marvin played a roughneck soldier whose squad was penned up for most of the footage by machine-gun fire. It was on this set that Marvin first demonstrated his personal knowledge of weapons when there was the need to strip down a machine gun. Marvin stepped in and did it so easily he was named technical advisor in addition to his acting duties.

His next film role was as "Chino," the leader of a gang of motorcycle tramps in the Marlon Brando picture *The Wild One*. Marvin's repulsive portrayal of a beer-drinking adult delinquent convinced Hollywood they had found a new screen menace. By 1955—only four years after Marvin arrived in Hollywood—the film critic of *The New York Times*, Bosley Crowther, described the film *Violent Saturday* as "a vicious and sadistic account of a bank robbery," and added: "In this unedifying spectacle, the most gruesome performance is turned in by Lee Marvin, who is rapidly becoming the Number One sadist of the screen."

Offscreen, the tough image grew proportionately. Marvin invited one and all to battle him in drinking bouts where he ordered his usual, a boilermaker with three ounces of gin in beer. He bought a motorcycle and entered the runs at Big Bear, Checker and Moose. He says: "I wasn't playing with it. I was racing all the time. You get a bunch of guys who are flying and they aren't going to wait for you and vice versa, and you're always over your head if you're riding the bike right."

By this time, he had married a pretty ex-model and UCLA graduate named Betty Edeling, who subsequently bore him four children before their estrangement earlier this year. He moved into a 40-year-old ranch house in Santa Monica, about which he said: "There's no swimming pool, no butler, no upstairs maid. I don't go in for the fancy Bel Air crap. My place is just woodsy." His television career prospered with *M Squad* and *Lee Marvin Presents Lawbreaker*. Today, Marvin's financial situation as a "heavy" is considered to be far better than that of many leading men—the guys who always get the girl. His only comment on this speculation is a wry: "Well, I just lost $190,000 on an oil deal so I'm going to have to build up my fortune again."

Marvin's new picture *Ship of Fools* is based on the best-selling novel by Katherine Anne Porter. It tells the story of a transatlantic voyage, prior to World War II, by a collection of characters who represent a rough cross section of 1930's-type humanity. Marvin recently admitted he had signed for the picture without ever reading the book. ("A book by a 72-year-old broad? Not me!") He describes his role this way: "In essence, it's the Ugly American. He's an ex-ballplayer, a has-been, a washout, a drunk who's spent his life pursuing Spanish whores—there's a load of them aboard ship. He's a childish adult, a little afraid, trying to work out values in his own way. A little like me."

When Marvin wasn't before the camera, he was in a poker game or bull session. But once settled in his dressing room, he was relaxed and talkative: "Acting is man's work," he said, "one of the high forms of freedom because nobody can tell an actor what to do. They try, but you're pretty much on your own. Sure, they call me down. So you pull rank and go right over them, but if they have more rank you shoot it out. They want you to do it their way, so you ask, 'What's your point?' So it's a little shoot-out, but all with blanks."

How does it feel to get bumped off in so many movies, he was asked. "It gets to you," he said. "Each time, you have to consider how you would go down, and who in the hell wants to consider his own death. If you come up with a good death scene maybe a little bit of you really dies for a minute, but you don't like to see it die. You want to pull it back, so after work you get stoned or something to get rid of that feeling.

"What it comes down to is that self-knowledge is a very destructive thing. An actor looks into himself a lot and you don't like everything you see. So you go out and get a belt, and that's what I think booze is all about. You know Leo McCarey and John Ford were pretty good belters, and they turned out some good crap, so maybe they were fighting something, and maybe I'm fighting something too."

As Marvin went on, he sounded like one of his Puritan forefathers painting a picture of hell and damnation. "When I do a scene I make it as rough as I can. Knock a man down with one round, then walk up to him and put three or four more in his face. Roll him over and put one in his back. Make it ugly. Today on TV, violence looks so easy that it's almost an invitation to try it. I say make it so brutal that a man thinks twice before he does anything like that."

Has he ever committed a crime? "Not that I know of, but I *could* kill someone. If you jeopardized something very important to me I might. If some little girl is in a bad family way and wanted to force a situation, I might very easily kill her with no regrets."

Had he ever known fear in the Marines? "All the time. That's why I joined. I don't think it's a very attractive page to tear out, but if you're afraid, you want to face it, and so you pick the most exciting form, and you select a unique group such as the Marines. What can I tell you? I was just as chicken as any Marine. In the Marines, everyone wears a mask. If there is one guy in front of you when you're moving into heavy fire then you got to go, but if you're in front you want to lay back, and it changes just that quick."

His being wounded on Saipan may well contain the key to Lee Marvin's alienation from so much of the world around him—his lone-wolf attitudes, as well as the remorseless tough guy image which clings to his professional and private self. Pressed about the matter, Marvin sighed for a moment.

"Well, I was going across this opening when we were ambushed. It was kind of wide, and right away we were under heavy fire. I got hit, and I knew I'd never be able to get up. I was done. Sure, there were guys around me, but nobody was going to be a hero and carry me out, the way I'd seen it done in movies as a kid. There were guys on either side of me, and I talked fast. I asked them just to get their hands under my chest and push me up a little, so I could get to my knees. That way, I got to my feet and ran to the other side and got in some brush. Then some guy steps on my ass. Another guy falls over me dead. Oh, crap, you know, it starts getting worse and worse.

"That same evening I'm on a hospital ship. It's a starlight ship with clean sheets, music, ice cream and it's all crap. I could still hear the sounds from the island, and I really felt cheap because I knew all the assholes were fighting it out. This is interesting Marine Corps psychology. You get nailed and get pulled out, and they say you're lucky, but you really feel like a coward.

"I spent most of 13 months in a hospital on my back thinking, and I concluded it's every man for himself. You can't let your guard down a minute. When I walked out, I said, 'Screw it, man; sweat because I ain't going to sweat no more.' That doesn't mean I don't sweat now, but I sweat from the top. I stay on top of it. Me, alone. The most useless word in the world is h-e-l-p."

So there it was, all out in the open. Marvin had dropped his cards on the table, face up, and appeared relieved. A listener might easily have recalled Hemingway's eternally apt definition of courage: grace under pressure—not the absence of fear, but the toughness to surmount it; not the mindless involvement with crisis, but the sinew to absorb it and make it work for you. Such a talent effectively blurs the line between the so-called "tough guy" and one who has an impressive talent for acting tough. As long as a man plays his role well and never backs off in the clinches, the difference doesn't matter a damn.

So, what kind of guy is Lee Marvin? He's something like that.—**Martin Cohen**


**COMING . . .**

The oldest profession returns to a Nevada community

**A TOWN THAT WANTED PROSTITUTION BACK**

Don't miss the unusual story of a desert oasis that rose in rage when the law dimmed its red lights

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

# BIG BOOM IN OLD BOFFS

Phony cigars, fake blood and make-believe cow plop are all enjoying a huge revival with gag-happy Americans. It adds up to real money for an unreal industry

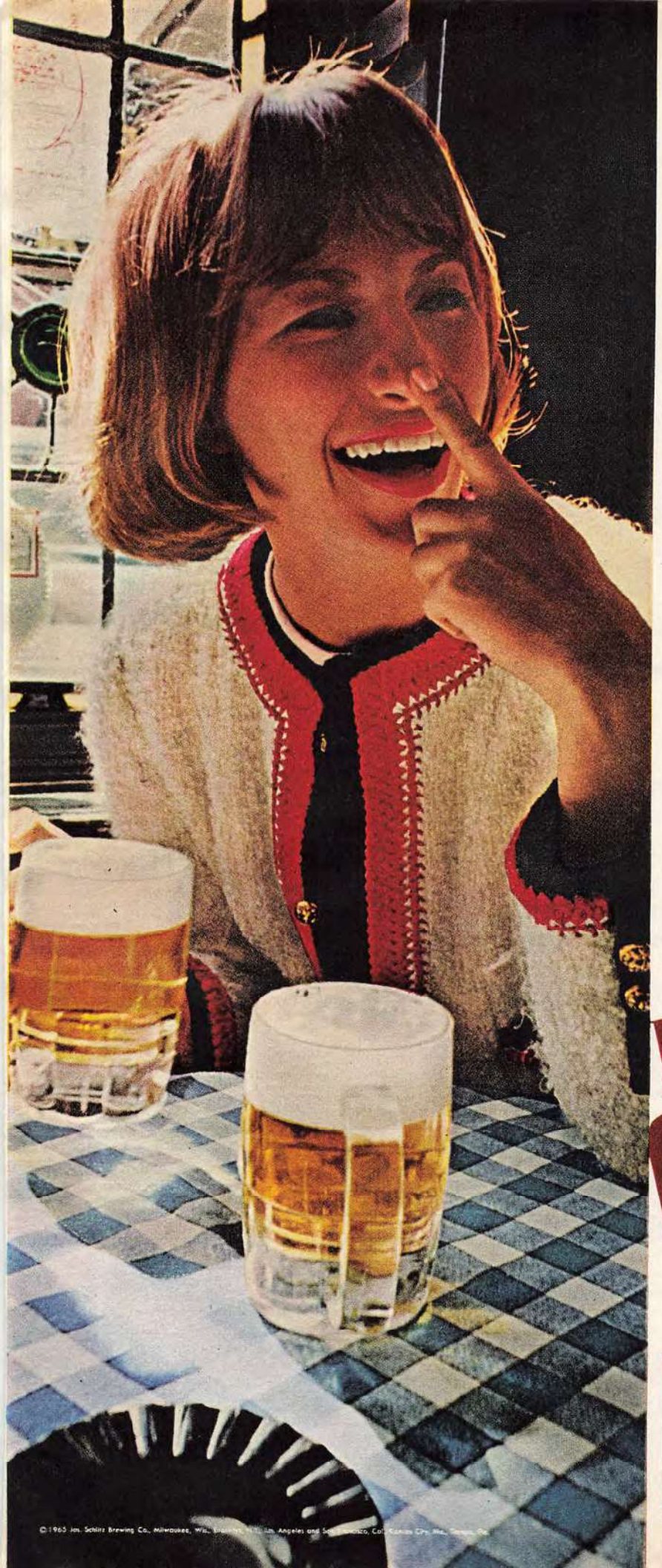
BY DALE SHAW
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT VELDE

■ While the U.S. rolls along in the throes of a business boom, prosperity is revamping almost every sector of the economy—even the practical joke industry. After muddling along with marginal success for 50 years, the gag business has suddenly found new life. Last year, Americans spent $25,000,000 (an all time record) for the highest per capita consumption of rubber hot dogs, plastic cow plops, ersatz wiggling snakes and fail-safe cigars in history.

The wealth that has hit the gagmen has them bending hard over drawing boards designing bigger, better or dirtier laughs. It also has involved them in a kind of guerilla war. Secret agents prowl rival factories. Patent penders have been replaced by pirates. Johnny-come-latelies are blasting conservative joke-makers out of the marketplace; the old hands are retaliating with automated packaging, streamlined new distribution methods, cost cutting and plenty of unfunny hard work.

At S. S. Adams, Asbury Park, New Jersey, or Fishlove's in Chicago, or Sam Oumano's in New York City, the pressure of success and rivalry is beginning to tell. Oumano's Franco-American Novelty Co. on bustling lower Broadway in New York City, is the world's largest distributor, a joke broker extraordinary as well as a manufacturer. Oumano himself is a crackly old man in his seventies, possessed of a very direct expression and a complete unwillingness to explain what makes Americans laugh: "*That,*" he says behind a cluttered desk, "I keep trying to find out, and still, I don't know."

Oumano has a staff of road men calling on joke-store operators, mail-order houses and, in today's boom, even drugstores and supermarkets, with the latest in laughs. It is axiomatic in the business that if the dealer cracks up, he'll [*Continued on page* 36]



*He's witty, he's charming,*
*he drinks Schlitz.*
*I think I'll marry him.*

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## in a great light beer

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[*Continued from page* 34]
buy—and if he buys, his customers will buy. But joke dealers are notoriously tough to impress with a gag.

Oumano's plant on South Broadway is a labyrinth of storage shelves and assembly tables. Thousands of items are pulled by number and rushed into the packing room to meet dealer orders. In the midst of the command-post showroom, flanked by dozens of horridly lifelike rubber masks, Oumano whips instructions to his subordinates.

"Sidney, Sidney," he calls, "We gotta get more Crazy Cracks, Crazy Cracks. Cobras are low, too. Cobras. Make a note —cobras."

Oumano can bear the pressure of success just so long; punctually at 5, he deserts the joke factory, enters a chauffeured limousine and scoots to a refuge in the country. At 10 a.m. he returns, braced for more in the fun and games melee.

"We've been revolutionized by mass distribution," he steams at you. "Plastic blister packs and spin racks did it. Now the practical joke business is out in the open. Every American loves a laugh. Now they got them."

Oumano was an entrepreneur in the gag game, starting in 1909 when the industry grossed a mere $100,000. He still carries a note pad in his pocket, hopes someday to get in idea that will top his personal favorite—a cute doll that belches instead of saying "mama." In recent days, he has been responsible for a paperweight on which a gold-plated bolt with wire legs is chasing a gold-plated nut, also on wire legs. On the base are the words, "NO! Not without a *washer!*" But today's booming joke factories are not depending on the lewd or risque party gag; 75 percent of the cash receipts come from the "straight" practical joke, which may be funny, annoying or downright sadistic. "Crazy Cracks," for example, is a sheet of plastic decorated with lithographed shatter marks: apply to any car window or TV screen. This item is selling at a fantastic clip.

"We got anything you could name to make you laugh," coos Oumano. "Fake ham, fake cheese, fake blood, fake hot dogs, a plastic ice cube with a real bug inside. You want a tiger in your tank? We sell a nice tiger tail; we made a sensation with that. Now everybody's got one.

"Oumano keeps up with the times, you can't stand still. More than 50 years I been in this business, and I haven't stood still since. Right now we been drifting into masks. Not just Halloween—all-year-round masks. Look at those products, the best available. We have hidden factories, top security, you couldn't go in there if you tried."

Rubber face masks have reached such heights of astounding or horrible accuracy that they have become as popular for spur of the moment joking as the exploding cigar used to be. They sometimes make problems for their creators, too.

"All the time detectives come around," Oumano groans. Did we make this mask? Sure. We make. Turns out some guy stuck up a bank in *our* mask. He needs the best. Plenty of banks were stuck up in Oumano masks. Society parties? Oumano masks. We had a big number, the J.F.K. mask, and Jackie, too." He waves a finger at the mask-laden wall. There hang the sagging faces of the former President and his wife. Oumano continues. He tells how, one November day, the order was rushed to the mask-makers: "Hold everything, the President was shot!"

Change in Washington brought change in the mask business. Soon new molds were made. Now a Lyndon Johnson mask hangs from its peg in the sample room. So far, L.B.J. hasn't held up a bank.

Oumano and his salesmen believe they have a firm picture of the American sense of humor based on how gags sell. The New England states, they say, are dry, tight with a buck when it comes to laying out the loot for a laugh. The Midwest is willing to spend heavily for spoofs. The Southwest likes a preprocessed gag. And the West Coasters throw economy to the winds. "Out there," says an Oumano man, "if you didn't find something to laugh at, you'd die. People need laughter. I've been on the road 17 years, and I've had people tell me they wouldn't buy a gag because they know plenty of practical jokes. They're the real sadist-types who let the air out of your tires so you drive off a cliff. Why nail a guy's shoes to the floor when you could do better to buy something original? Our canned gags are only a beginning. The buildup takes imagination, real acting talent. Take our imitation doorknob and our imitation faucet that sticks on any kind of wall by suction. A fellow with imagination can turn these into real good jokes. We had a man in Teaneck who started a little fire in a wastebasket and yelled for water. His party guests all made a jump for the faucet. Everybody started laughing and forgot the fire. Some curtains got involved. Half the living room burned up. You see, you have to handle the joke right to get the most out of it."

Humorist and advertising executive Ed Zern used to be a master at going a long way with a little prop, taking a lot of time to make the prop he needed. He once sculptured a pair of absolutely perfect hands in a clinging pose, painted them flesh tone. One morning, these two lifelike hands, somehow found themselves clutching the outside window ledge behind Zern's desk in a Philadelphia office building. From a fixture above the ledge, a window washer's torn harness swung gently in the breeze. Zern, his back to the window, industriously handled his mail, and never even cracked a smile as aghast visitors came into his office.

Anybody with a few dollars to invest and a good gimmick can get into the prank business; there are thousands of basement-workshop comics laboring away on items they will eventually try to sell themselves or consign to the big dealers for cash or a royalty.

A Californian named Bill Sullivan started with a cellar full of empty boxes and a notion—an "executive" wastepaper basket fitted with a miniature basketball basket and a backboard. This item is now sweeping the nation and promises to cure the memo epidemic.

But pirates take their toll of good ideas. It's piracy, the threat of being "knocked off," as they say, that drives newcomers to the prank business mad. A successful upstart company was Milbit Mfg. of Uniondale, Long Island. David Gilbert and a couple of partners were grossing $500,000 a year on such items as "jewels for the navel of the girl who has everything," mink eyebrows and smart-remark plaques. Gilbert was one of the early discoverers of the fact that you can sell a four-cent slab of wood or a half-cent piece of paper for prices up to a dollar if you print something sharp upon it. A good plaque, he learned to his joy, would net him $10,000 in four months if he could get sufficient distribution before the pirates copied it. Gilbert takes credit for "Work fascinates me—I can look at it for hours," and a few other big sellers that rocked the plaque market. But pirates became bolder, and even the patented navel jewel was no more sacred than the copyrighted "Thimk" sign. Gilbert's creative orgies soon turned to sleepless delirium. No matter how clever his inventions, the pirates became quicker at copping his action, at lower prices, "Made in Hong Kong." Tired of seeing his best ideas stolen, Gilbert finally hollered "uncle" and sold out, at a profit. He went to work for the New York's World's Fair.

Upstarts like Sullivan and Gilbert were asking for their lumps when they tried to crack the prank racket. Bucking a fickle public, piracy and the staying power of the old established companies takes more than a sense of humor. It takes things like distribution and superior packaging nowadays.

Paul Fried, who has revitalized the old D. Robbins magic and trick house in New York, says, "When we were kids, we mooned over stuff in comic books. Eyes that glowed in the dark, dribble glasses, sneeze powder. But after the war, comics and pranks went into a decline. You had to find a way to get the merchandise into the general marketplace. However, kids and even some of the grownups who like practical jokes are also often the type who think it is a pretty funny to *shoplift* the joke. So general merchandising failed. Then along came the blister-pack card. It was much harder to steal."

Fried and several other prank men credit the gag boom in large measure to these card-mounted rigid plastic display devices. In addition to being too bulky to slip into a pocket, they make possible portable prank depots that can be set up in any drugstore or supermarket in min-

**COMING . . .**

Hubert H. Humphrey—the man behind the image

**WHO IS THE VEEP?**

A close-up look at the changing personality who is a heartbeat away from the Presidency

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

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2. We select and buy the *best quality propellent powders* made in America. These powders must have the right burning qualities to give our shells *consistent* power; they must also have storage stability so our shells will never lose power. Where necessary, we further blend the powders to achieve just the right propellant for each loading.

3. Next we add the wad column, featuring our *exclusive ALTITE® composition wads* to effectively seal and harness the powder gases behind the shot. Felt wads are also used to give extra cushioning to the shot and help us develop top velocities without increasing inside pressures. In the plastic Hi-Power loads, a new plastic shot cup assures even greater long range performance.

4. Last comes Federal's round, uniform shot. In Hi-Powers, it's specially made lead shot with extra antimony to make each pellet extra hard. Our exclusive extra hard shot gives you better patterns and better penetration at long range.... Are you shooting the very best? *You can depend on Federals!*

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*Federal Cartridge Corporation in Minneapolis, Minnesota, manufactures an entire line of paper and plastic shotgun shells, big game centerfire rifle cartridges, varmint cartridges, as well as rimfire .22 and pistol ammunition.*

utes. This revolution caused a coast-to-coast invasion of rubber spiders and other menaces which has yet to abate.

Unlike most prank merchants, Fried admits he is a joker who likes to be the life of the party. He keeps his kids in stitches with the stuff he carts home at night. He can even find amusement in the strange requests of his customers. "These nuts get more ideas than we do," he says, "like the guy who wants a life-size plastic woman. We get suggestions for some really mean things, too. I have a golf ball that explodes in the air after you hit it, but I think that's all right. Japanese. The Japanese are big jokers. We have stuff coming in from West Germany, Hong Kong, wherever they can make it at the price."

Paul Fried's remark about overseas prank manufacturers makes a commercial, noncultural point. Actually, we Americans first canned and organized the practical joke, the pioneer in this work being a man named Sam Adams who started with sneeze powder at the turn of the century. Today, the American prank industry is rivaled by no other. Joke-store owners report that foreign tourists visiting the U.S. often stock up for a really long laugh. According to a nameless source, that flatulent fund of embarrassment, the Whoopee Cushion, has turned up at the United Nations General Assembly, and plastic phony foods have on occasion invaded the U.N. cafeteria. All of which may be regarded as tribute to Sammy Adams, who died last year, laughing, some said, after half a century of doing for the prank what Henry Ford did for the automobile.

The Adams company is still foremost in the prank business today, held aloft by son Joe Adams. A trip to the large ivied brick building on sleepy Railroad Avenue in Asbury Park, New Jersey, is a short course in the history of American pranks. A high clock tower gives the factory the look of a stately town hall, but within those walls half a billion gut-popping jokes have been made. The company turns out a gross well over a million dollars a year.

Joe Adams is a middle-aged, diffident man whose expression is one of amused resignation. His eyes are tired. His handshake is desperate (and buzzerless), as though he were reaching out to be hauled to safety from shark infested waters. The joke business seems to have him down.

"Listen to that phone!" he pleads. "Everybody yelling for a shipment. A hundred gross of disappearing ink squirters here, a hundred gross auto scare bombs there, a dozen cases off-center golf balls for somebody in St. Louis—and *monogrammed!*"

Joe Adams eagerly takes you through the prank factory, down long lines of gnomelike figures hunched at machines, workbenches and packing tables. Adams speaks fondly to each employee. There is a man who has been molding rubber doughnuts for 20 years. He seems happy, contented until someone asks him, "Do you eat doughnuts, personally, that is?"

"Not if I can help it."

Another worker diligently sharpens rubber pencils, a product indistinguishable from the real thing, except that they are all eraser. The sharpener's face bears an expression of exquisite boredom.

Farther down the line, a cigar-maker is rolling good Jamaica leaf around a spring device which is restrained by a tightly-knotted string. When fire cuts the string, the cigar will fly to smithereens.

"When explosive cigars were legal," explains Joe Adams, "my father sold shooting plugs for cigars and cigarettes, but around 1916 a coal miner over in Pennsylvania loaded a cigar with dynamite and blew the head off the man who smoked it. Since then one legislature after another passed laws. They're all made with springs now."

At a nearby bench a woman is loading Joy Buzzers, clamping in place the spring drive that has tickled the palms of millions. Beside her a tester winds and releases each buzzer with a *buzzzzzorrkkk* kind of sound.

A crazy business? Unbelievable.

Consider Adams' special kitchen where a little old Irish gal in flying gray hair whips up batches of yellowish plastic jammed with grits and granules designed to make the mess resemble the former contents of a discontented stomach. Each puddle must be heat-set on a regular chef's griddle, and gets removed with a pancake flipper.

Adams explains, "That's *Glop*, a big seller. We have something new for windshields, a pigeon calling card. Sensational. We call it Plop."

Wince or laugh, Adams sold $50,000 worth of Glop and Plop last year. Back in his office, Adams relaxes briefly before going home for the day. He laments his long hours, but most of all the lack of time for making brainstorms to rival the pioneering gags of his father.

"It's quite a different place with Dad gone," says Adams. "He was always pulling jokes on people, trying new things. His dream was a bathing suit that would dissolve when you went into the water, but his dream was unfulfilled. I have ideas myself, but I don't have the time. Business is too good. How can you keep up with these orders? I want to go fishing, I need to go fishing. Last week my best rubber-pencil sharpener quit. We hardly ever lose people. But he told his girl what he did for a living and she laughed at him so he quit."

No look inside the prank industry would be complete without a talk with Irving Fishlove, an aging, genial joker who, with his 30 employees, hold forth in a neat factory on Chicago's North Franklin Street. Among other things, Fishlove has given the world "Giant Specs," which was pirated on a global basis.

Fishlove is a man of sagging jowl who will declaim against gag pirates for 15 minutes on a single breath. His workmen stay with him 20 and 30 years, death causing most separations. "This is my maximum security," he says, "but when you go on the market, what can you do? Patents? Poof!"

Fishlove started out with his father's door-to-door toy soldier business around 1916, trended toward toilet gags and magnifications—lifelike exaggerations of real things: a monster fly seven inches long, a nine-inch rabbit's foot, a 15-inch toothbrush, a two-inch wide cherry and an egg-size olive for gagging Martinis.

Like most prank men, Fishlove is proud of his calling. During World War II, jokes held shipping priorities right along with hand grenades. Even Fishlove was puzzled by this, so he pressed Washington for an explanation. He was told, "Anywhere Bob Hope goes, your stuff goes, too. We've had combat-fatigue cases that never cracked a smile for weeks, until somebody handed them a gag wrapped up in tissue paper."

The end product of the great gag boom may be tears of joy and smiles of therapy, but in the grim, grinding trade all is not cheer and skittles. Nowhere is this more apparent than at the annual toy and novelty show.

At the Hotel New Yorker in the spring of 1965 prank-makers gathered for their annual push to jobbers and dealers. On one floor, Fishlove bound from display to display, an ear to ear grin anchored on his teeth, bracing prospects for the sale.

In a corner three sets of false choppers click on windup motors. Nearby someone is testing a shoe-attached squeaker. Someone else is blasting off with a plastic ketchup dispenser that ejects a two-foot stream of screaming scarlet cord into your face.

"That's the big one this year, sure fire, you bet," Fishlove haw-haws.

On another floor, Joe Adams holds his fort laconically, checking the trade. In another sector, an Oumano man is filtering jobbers from curiosity seekers and potential spies.

The Johnny-come-latelies are anchored in tiny rooms with one and two items, selling cash-carry to local dealers when they can. How would you like a plastic nose that squeaks. Buy a dozen. The things can't miss.

It's been a hard day; things are tough all over. You don't go in the gag business for laughs.

"Giant Specs," says Irving Fishlove, "is world famous. I had patents everyplace. Do you know what it is costing to fight the pirates in court? But the inventor, I already paid him $60,000 royalties. Fishlove plays square. You know anybody with a prank idea, send him around. I need ideas all the time."

The latest? A plastic salami, and a lettuce and tomato sandwich. Find yourself a victim and set that in front of him.

"Sensational," says Joe Adams. "And when he asks you for a slice of pickle, you know you've got him." **—Dale Shaw**

**COMING . . .**

One of history's biggest riddles nears solution

**"HEY, ANYBODY THERE?"**

Learn about science's newest gadgetry to probe life on other planets

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

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DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

# What's so good about The Sure One?

## Ask The Sure Ones.

They're the people who know better whiskey when they taste it. And they've learned not to settle for less than Seagram's 7 Crown. Experience has taught them it adds a special quality to their pleasure any way it's poured. It should. Better whiskey always makes a better drink. **Say Seagram's and be Sure.**

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C., BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

# the TV plot to slander manhood

Standard television comedies rely on a single, worn-out idea: make the male look like a jackass. Here's how and why they get away with the weekly insults

BY MAX GUNTHER

■ *The Flintstones*, they call the show. It's a half hour of typical TV comedy—a real barrel of laughs, man. See, there's this knucklehead called Flintstone. Lives in a suburban-type neighborhood. Next door to him lives another gibbering idiot named Rubble. Flintstone and Rubble spend their spare time thinking up unworkable schemes for various purposes like making money or improving the neighborhood. Their wives are sensible, feet-on-the-ground types who can outthink Flintstone and Rubble without even trying. Nearly every week's episode follows this hilarious formula:

1) The men cook up a scheme.
2) The wives perceive that it can't work.
3) The men go ahead with it anyway.
4) It doesn't work.
5) The wives straighten out the resulting mess.

The last scene usually shows Flintstone and Rubble gloomy in defeat. The wives sigh resignedly. Their attitude is one of indulgent exasperation—the kind of attitude you might have toward a dim-witted kid. "Well, we married you two jackasses," their attitude says, "so we suppose it's our job in life to keep you from fouling everything up." Funny? It's a scream.

*Hazel*. Here's some more great comic entertainment. The jackass in this show up to now has been a fellow

Shirley Booth, as **Hazel**, tells the Baxter family what's what. Hazel will turn out to be 100% right and good old Steve will end up, naturally, looking like a jackass.

In **Bewitched** Elizabeth Montgomery has magical powers. Good thing, too. She needs them to get her nitwit husband out of the silly situations he always stumbles into.

# A female audience inspires boob tube slurs

called George Baxter. This season the scene will switch to the home of George's brother who will doubtless turn out to be equally idiotic. George was a lawyer and apparently a good one. Judging from the size and furnishings of his house he was drawing down a mighty good salary, 40 grand at least. In the world of business, we must believe, he was a whiz. But at home he was a blundering nincompoop just like Flintstone and Rubble. At home, you see, it takes *real* brains to operate well. Luckily for simpleminded old George Baxter, he had two women to keep him straightened out there: a wife and a maid named Hazel.

The unwritten agreement among them was that as long as George kept coming home with his paycheck, the women took care of everything else. The $50,000 house was theirs, not his. Not even the room referred to as "George's study" was really George's. Hazel used it to confer with people about home problems—and this was perfectly proper, since the problems were usually George's fault anyway. One hilarious episode went like this: George thinks he's man enough to lift some heavy bundles upstairs from the cellar. His wife and maid warn him he'll hurt himself. Tish-tush, says George, and lifts the bundles and sprains his back. Haw, haw! *Funny?* Enough to make a man split his tubes with uncontrollable laughter.

*The Donna Reed Show.* Hot dog, here's another stimulating half hour. Everybody in this one is rather sincere, so there's some question as to whether it should be categorized as comedy or high drama. No matter. It portrays the same situation as *Hazel.* Donna Reed is a suburban housewife. Her husband is a fellow exactly like George Baxter. Makes out well in the professional world, brings home plenty of loot—but at home can barely knot his tie without his wife's help. He's so much like George Baxter, in fact, that he and George could swap homes and their wives probably wouldn't even notice. In one typical episode, Donna's jackass and a fellow from across the street decide to throw a surprise birthday party for one of the wives. They want to organize this party all by themselves, see. And not only that, but—get this—they want to do it *without their wives finding out!* Haw! To think that a man could handle any such organizing job by himself—and above all to think that, with his dim intelligence, he could even hope to hide such a project from the acute perspicacity of his wife! The wives find out immediately, of course. They cleverly help the men organize the party, in such a way that the men don't know they're being helped. *Funny?*

Funny, hell.

No man in his right mind would watch any such drivel more than once. The first time is enough. But it's getting so you can hardly find any other kind of comedy formula anywhere in TV's vast land of laughs. No matter where you turn the dial, there it is: the Jackass Formula.

A jackass is a male ass. The world abounds in female asses, too, but you'll hunt far before you find any on TV—or, for that matter, in any kind of comedy today: on Broadway, in the movies, in comic strips. Whenever somebody wants to get a laugh out of a family-type situation, or out of any situation involving some conflict of ideas between men and women,

Another hot one: **The Flintstones.** The bumbling husband, Fred, once again is being comforted by his ever-sensible wife. She loves him in spite of his moronic schemes.

**The Dick Van Dyke Show.** What nutty idea is in Dick's head now? His wife is worried, but rest assured, she will competently straighten out the resulting mess

out comes the same moth-eaten formula. "Many times the man is shown to be incapable of performing even the simplest tasks without getting into difficulties," notes Robert C. O'Hara, mass-communications expert at the University of Minnesota, in his book, *Media for the Millions*. "When he does do something against the better judgment of his wife, disasters ensue. . . . It is usually something done by the man, rather than the wife, that sets the comedy situation in motion, and it is up to her to see that things are once again normal before the program is over."

The women in the formula are sensible, clever, keenly perceptive, at least twice the men's intellectual weight. Their function in life is to protect the jackass from his own pitiful foolishness. In the end, thanks to them, the problems he created are solved. The women pat the jackass on the head and tell him they still love him despite his utter incompetence. The jackass nods humbly. The story ends.

Nor is this unattractive image of American manhood restricted to husband-and-wife situations. "In most cases," O'Hara points out, "TV children look on their father with amusement, which at times approaches mere toleration, as he blunders from one situation into another. They much prefer to take problems to their mother." And in the world of teen-agers, as on the *Patty Duke Show:* "Media daughters, like their mothers, are shown to be far more aware of the facts of life than are boys. In many ways, the manner in which the young girl manipulates and dominates the boy would seem to indicate that part of the process of courtship is a conditioning of the male for the role he will later have to assume as husband and father"—the role, that is to say, of jackass.

Yes, it's everywhere. Flip the dial at random. Here's *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet,* a family situation opus in which dear old Dad tries to solve household problems and eternally makes them worse. Here's *Leave It to Beaver,* about a kid who makes a jackass out of his old man. Here's one of those daytime soap operas, *As the World Turns.* It isn't supposed to be funny, but the nearest thing it has to comic relief is an old jackass called Grandpa Lowell, a meddlesome nitwit whose blundering attempts to solve family problems lead to all kinds of catastrophes. The women on the show weep over his utter ineptitude.

A new entry in the sweepstakes this year will be called *Green Acres.* As we understand it, city-bred jackass Eddie Albert will be mystified by rakes and hoes. His wife Eva Gabor will solve all these tremendous problems for him. Ho-hum.

Look elsewhere than TV. Here's the comic strip *Peanuts,* for instance. The jackass in this one is a kid named Charlie Brown. In a review in *The Reporter,* a critic had this to say of poor old Charlie: "Since it is ordinarily two girls, particularly one named Lucy, who make Charlie Brown's life miserable, it has been suggested that the strip is a microcosm of America's female-dominated society."

The Jackass Formula isn't anything new, of course. It has been around for a long time. You can find traces of it in ancient Greek comedy. In more recent times it showed up full-blown in the comic strip, *Bringing Up Father,* which originated [*Continued on page* 82]

Condensed from *Anatomy of a Phenomenon* by Jacques Vallee. Copyright © 1965 by Henry Regnery Co.

# THOUSANDS OF MYSTERIOUS SKY EACH YEAR—MANY BY PERSONS RELIABILITY. WHERE DO THE ARE THEY REAL? A NOTED STARTLING BOOK, ARGUES THAT SCOFFING AND TAKE **A NEW**

## BY JACQUES VALLEE

■ Ever since the amazing series of sightings of unidentified flying objects in France in 1954, I have been deeply interested in the problem of the origin, behavior and physical nature of the UFO phenomenon. When I was authorized to study the general files of the United States Air Force, I welcomed this opportunity to clarify my ideas concerning the official approach to the sightings and to understand better the attitude of the scientific and military authorities toward this problem.

In the course of this research I had access to many interesting reports which had never been made public. Simultaneously, I was able to conduct a thorough analysis of the European files kept up-to-date by a number of researchers. This resulted in the accumulation of a unique collection of data, the volume of which is at present double that of the official files.

I have always kept an open mind and have been careful not to reject extreme hypotheses merely on the ground of their "fantastic" character, for nothing can be more fantastic than a natural phenomenon not yet recognized and classified by the human mind.

We must view with contempt and irony those who will continue to call the problem ridiculous only because they do not know the solution. "Ridicule," wrote one of the eminent researchers in this field, "is not part of the scientific method, and the public should not be taught that it is."

This book is not intended to convince; the author himself is far from having reached a definite opinion as to the nature of the puzzling phenomenon he studies. The numerous observations quoted in this work are not there to prove, but to illustrate only. They are taken from reliable, but not exceptional, reports, because our purpose is neither to shock nor to demonstrate, but to lead the reader to the idea that the phenomenon

# OBJECTS ARE SIGHTED IN THE OF AUTHORITY AND COMPLETE WISPS AND DISCS COME FROM? ASTRONOMER, IN A SOBER BUT IT IS TIME FOR SCIENCE TO STOP

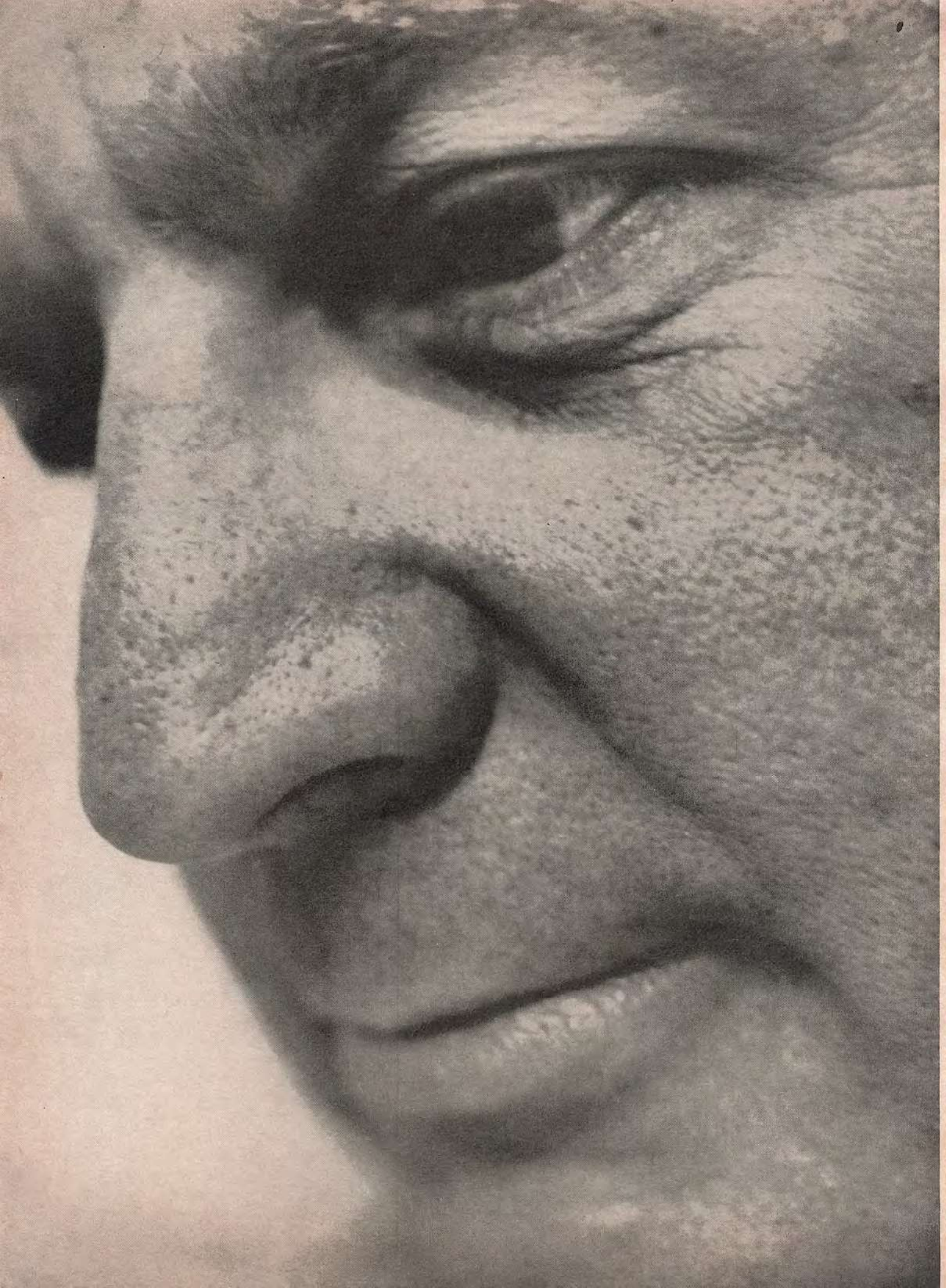
# LOOK AT SAUCER MYSTERIES

can only be studied in terms of classes, not as a collection of individual oddities.

How to progress in such an investigation with the greatest guarantee of scientific accuracy is the subject of this book. The phenomenon under study is not the UFO, which is not reproducible at will in the laboratory, but *the report written by the witness*. This report can be observed, studied and communicated by professional scientists; thus defined, the phenomenon we investigate is obviously real. Our problem is no longer to explain, but to analyze.

On January 24, 1878, John Martin, a Texas farmer who lived a few miles south of Denison, saw a dark flying object in the shape of a disc cruising high in the sky "at a wonderful speed," and used the word "saucer" to describe it. John Martin seems to have been a true pioneer; 70 years later another man, Kenneth Arnold, spoke of "flying saucers." This time the word was here to stay. The phenomena he described are still puzzling us today.

The legend of the flying discs has existed throughout history. Apparitions of strange objects in the sky have for centuries stirred popular emotion and have at times caused crises and panics. Tschi Pen Lao, of the University of Peking, has discovered remarkable drawings on a Hunan mountain and on an island in Lake Tungting. Possibly made in 45,000 B.C., these granite carvings depict people with large trunks, and cylindrical objects in the sky on which similar beings are seen standing. In 1961, the Russian astronomer Alexander Kazantsev brought to the attention of the readers of the Soviet magazine *Smena* a discovery made by Henri Labote in the Tassili plateau in the Sahara of sculpted rocks showing human beings with strange round heads, and other mysterious scenes. These sculptures were dated [*Continued on page* 125]



**In the three years after a fiery blast of high voltage turned him into a human torch, Ed Kobak underwent more than 100 operations and received 200 blood transfusions. Gradually, incredibly, after a quarter-million dollars worth of medical miracles, he became**

# THE MAN WHO GREW A NEW BODY

BY W. C. HEINZ

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TIM KANTOR

BRANFORD, CONNECTICUT

■ When Ed Kobak got up at 6:45 on the morning of the Monday that was July 10, 1961, and looked out of the bedroom window on the third floor of the three-family house at 37 Rogers Street in Branford, Connecticut, he knew it was going to be another dog day. It was clear, he saw, but too warm already, and this is something you regret if you are a utility lineman because when you put on the rubber sleeves and rubber gloves that are good against anything up to 10,000 volts you sweat inside of them. Then he noticed that there was a light wind beginning to move the leaves at the tops of the trees and he knew that the wind, if it grew, might be a saver. What he did not know was that five and a half hours later he was going to turn into a living torch, his torso roasted flesh from neck to ankles, and that the wind, grown, would save his life.

Kobak was carried into a hospital emergency room in nearby New Haven at about 1 o'clock that afternoon. "If the wind had not blown those flames away from his face," says the surgeon who saw Kobak then for the first time, "he would have suffered burns of his windpipe and lungs from inhaling that would have killed him. That was Act of God, Number One."

After Kobak shaved that morning he had put on a pair of light-khaki trousers and a light-blue work shirt. When, later, they would get him down off that pole just outside the substation on Totoket Road, in North Branford, all that would be left of these clothes would be a band around the waist, protected by his lineman's body belt, the sleeves and collar of the shirt and the yoke across the back of the shoulders.

"He had Cream of Wheat," his wife, Barbara, says, "and two cups of coffee. That's what he always ate for breakfast, and he left home about 7:30."

As he drove in the five-year-old turquoise and white Chevrolet station wagon into New Haven to the Eastern Street garage of the United Illuminating Company, for which he had worked for eight years, Kobak reasoned that, dog days or not, there would be only five more of them. Then, on Friday night, he would start his two weeks' vacation with pay. He would take his wife and their then 7-year-old daughter and 3-year-old son, and they would drive either up to Vermont or down to Virginia.

That was what Kobak was thinking, but instead he would spend the next three years in Grace-New Haven Community Hospital, for months on the danger list and throughout those years in pain so intense that he had to be dosed with sufficient drugs to turn him for a time into an addict. He would be taken to the operating room 149 times for skin grafts and dressing changes under anesthesia, and receive more than 200 blood transfusions. There would be 1,150 laboratory tests in his behalf and the pharmacy would fill more than 2,000 orders for him. He would receive 607 physical therapy treatments and undergo inhalation therapy, to assist his breathing mechanically, 220 times. For more than a year a daily average of 50 sterile gowns, gloves and masks would be used in his care, and it would require the [*Continued on page* 95]

BY JOHN KEATS

# DESIRE UNDER THE Campus ELMS

**As every senior knows and every freshman learns, no college lists sex as a subject on its curriculum. But it is the one course that all college students have to pass, one way or another**

■ Nearly all students and most faculty members today believe that sexual intercourse is not subject to moral judgment. They subscribe to psychiatry's general view that mutually agreed upon coitus is harmful only when the act leaves one or both partners filled with doubts, fears and a sense of guilt.

"What I do on a date is my business and nobody else's," an 18-year-old Sarah Lawrence girl said.

"If two people are in love, there is nothing wrong with their going to bed together, providing nobody gets hurt," a Smith girl argued.

"There is nothing guilty about sex itself, it is just that society thinks it is guilty," a Bryn Mawr student said. "Actually, sex is just the friendliest thing you can do."

"Having sex with a boy is the only way you can really find out everything about him," a University of Michigan co-ed explained. "Would you want to marry someone you didn't know everything about?"

"The only thing I'd miss by dropping out of college is regular sexual intercourse," a Harvard boy said. "Actually, that is the only thing keeping me here."

"Nobody expects to marry a virgin any more," a Cornell boy said. "We've progressed a lot since the days when everybody was frustrated."

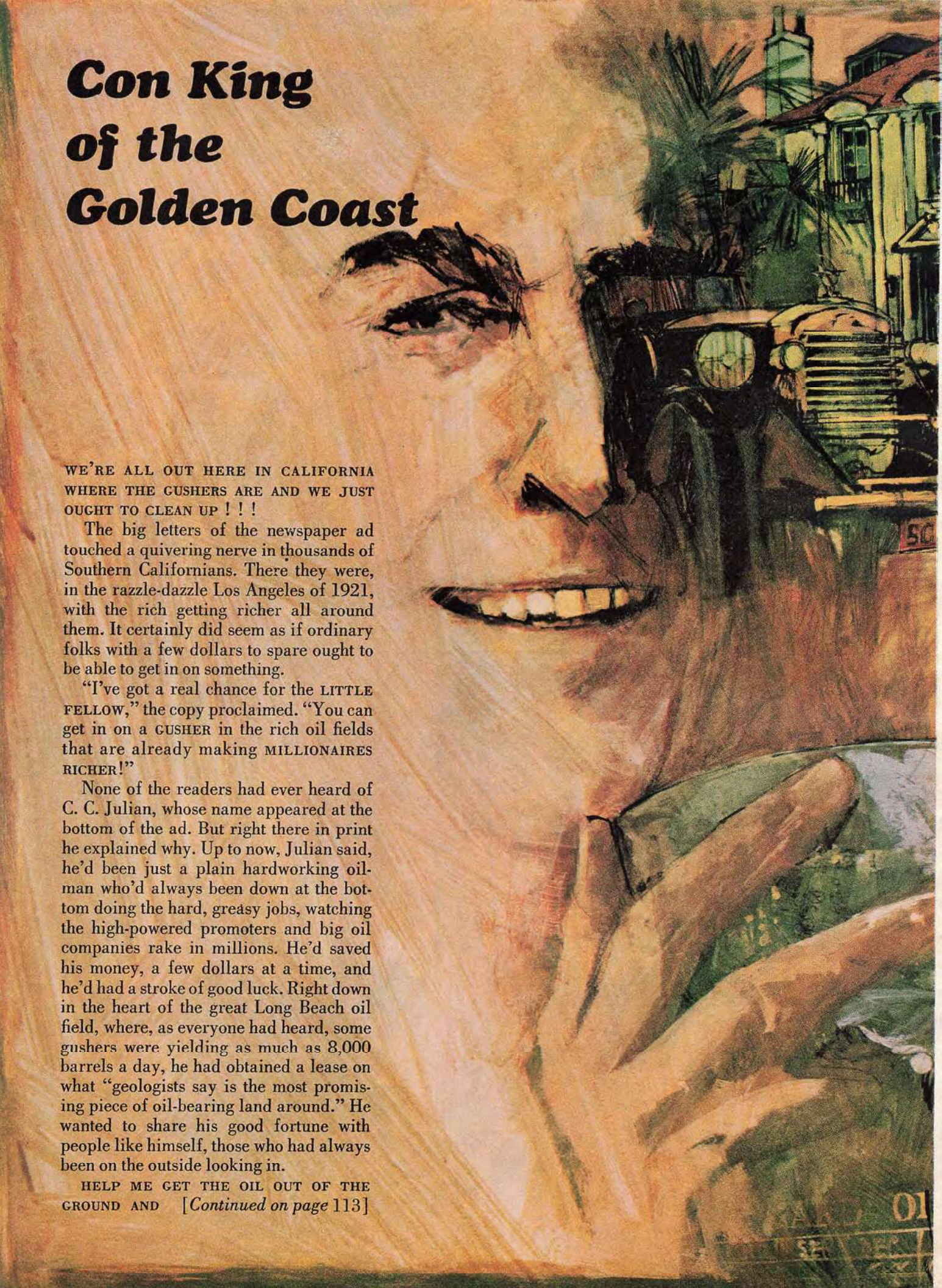
These remarks may suggest to older readers that the collegiate view of sexual matters has undergone a certain modification since their own youthful days. No statistics are available to prove that the number of students who engage in intercourse has proportionately increased over the years, although there is every reason to suppose it has. But we are concerned here with collegiate beliefs, and not with an attempt to keep score. The predominant student and faculty opinion is that each student has the right to decide whether to engage in sexual intercourse, and that if a boy and girl are in love, they ought to go to bed together. On the other hand, the overwhelming opinion of college deans and psychiatrists is that most undergraduates are emotionally unready for coitus, and that they should therefore not engage in it. Official action on this belief ranges from the strictest sort of chaperonage enforced at some schools to the University of Chicago's practice, as reported in *Newsweek* magazine, of dispensing birth control pills to any co-ed who asks for them. While making no moral judgment, Chicago does make every attempt to be sure that the girl really knows what she is about to do, and why and whether she is happy with her decision. The university urges—but does not demand—that she talk matters over with psychiatrists at the school's mental health clinic.

If, without further ado, we accept the proposition that some students copulate fairly regularly; that a great many more wish they did; and that practically all of them talk incessantly about sex, we can go on to ask some questions. For example, when a girl and boy go to a motel, are they really alone? Is no one else involved? Granted, the two youngsters may be in love—whatever that means—but who are they to judge whether their sleeping together is not doing harm to one or the other of them, or to the college community? Does sexual intercourse assist or hinder the cause of scholarship? What effect does loss of virginity have on boy and girl? Does premarital intercourse lead to better selection of a mate and so to relative bliss, or does it simply lead to early boredom? Is not sexual experimentation during late adolescence a normal development, and if it is, is it any business of a college to guide or encourage it? Doubtless the answer to all these questions might seem to be, "It all depends upon the individuals involved." Very well: let us look at an individual case.

Mary Doe dropped out of an Eastern women's college during her sophomore year when she became pregnant. Learning that she was pregnant at first filled her with a great joy, for she loved John very much indeed, and he had given her every assurance that he loved her. She believed herself engaged to be married when she went to bed with him in his college room. So, she imagined they would be married now that she was pregnant. She reasoned that his family had plenty of money, as hers had; so [*Continued on page* 88]

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT OSBORN

# Con King of the Golden Coast



WE'RE ALL OUT HERE IN CALIFORNIA WHERE THE GUSHERS ARE AND WE JUST OUGHT TO CLEAN UP ! ! !

The big letters of the newspaper ad touched a quivering nerve in thousands of Southern Californians. There they were, in the razzle-dazzle Los Angeles of 1921, with the rich getting richer all around them. It certainly did seem as if ordinary folks with a few dollars to spare ought to be able to get in on something.

"I've got a real chance for the LITTLE FELLOW," the copy proclaimed. "You can get in on a GUSHER in the rich oil fields that are already making MILLIONAIRES RICHER!"

None of the readers had ever heard of C. C. Julian, whose name appeared at the bottom of the ad. But right there in print he explained why. Up to now, Julian said, he'd been just a plain hardworking oilman who'd always been down at the bottom doing the hard, greasy jobs, watching the high-powered promoters and big oil companies rake in millions. He'd saved his money, a few dollars at a time, and he'd had a stroke of good luck. Right down in the heart of the great Long Beach oil field, where, as everyone had heard, some gushers were yielding as much as 8,000 barrels a day, he had obtained a lease on what "geologists say is the most promising piece of oil-bearing land around." He wanted to share his good fortune with people like himself, those who had always been on the outside looking in.

HELP ME GET THE OIL OUT OF THE GROUND AND [*Continued on page* 113]

When it came to raking it in and living it up, C. C. Julian was in a class by himself. He fleeced the public—from tiny investors to stock market wizards—of $200 million that he had no trouble spending

BY NORMAN CARLISLE
ILLUSTRATED BY O. G. WATSON

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ERNEST E. RESHOVSKY
PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES

BALUBA MALE GENIE MASK →

# fearful faces of the Congo

BWAME SECRET SOCIETY MASK

BAKUBA MASK TO SCARE WOMEN

BAKUBA MASK TO GREET V.I.P.'S

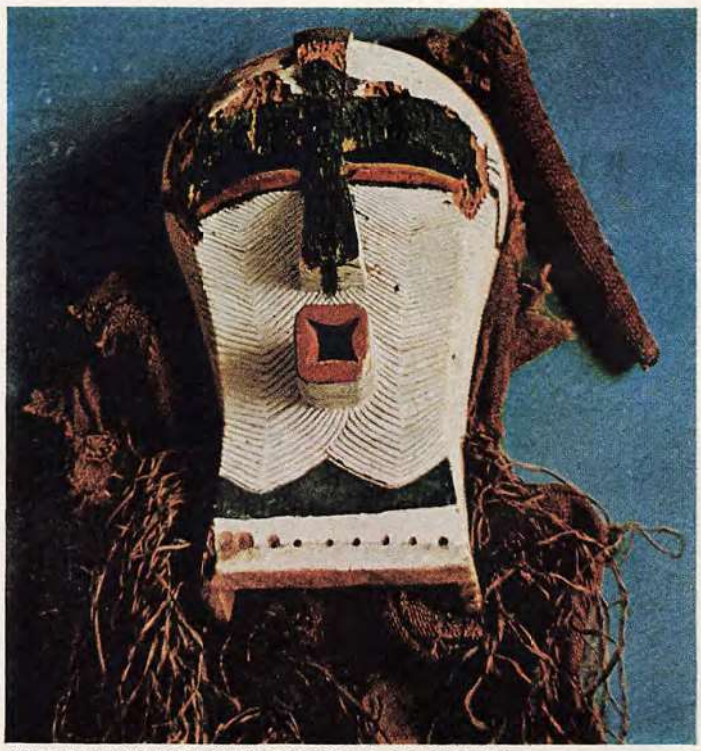
In the dark corners of the Congo special masks mark important events in primitive tribal life. TRUE presents on these four pages a group of rare ceremonial masks, some of which have never been photographed before. These masks are the cream of a 5,000-piece collection of Congolese artifacts recently acquired by the University of California at Los Angeles from Belgian adventurer Jean-Pierre Hallet. Hallet, who spent 12 years gathering his collection from 30 Congo tribes, brought it all safely out during the African turmoil of 1960.

Congolese tribal masks are full of symbol. For example, the 50-year-old mask opposite, used by the Baluba tribe for an all-male ritual dance, comes in two sizes: large to symbolize the power of a male genie and small for a female genie.

Wooden mask at top left is worn during ceremonies of the Bwame secret society of the Balega tribe. Members of this little-known sect have tremendous status and social power which counteract the despotism of the traditional chief. Strange mask at top right has a double function. Worn by a Bakuba chief in remembrance of a plague that overwhelmed the tribe many years ago, it is also used to impress and maintain authority over tribal women. Bakuba tribesmen wear another mask (center) to welcome important visitors or to install a new chief. The mask is supposed to resemble a member of the pygmy tribe, feared and venerated as their probable ancestors by the Bakuba. Rare mask at bottom, about 50 years old, is worn by Balumba tribesmen for ceremonial dances.

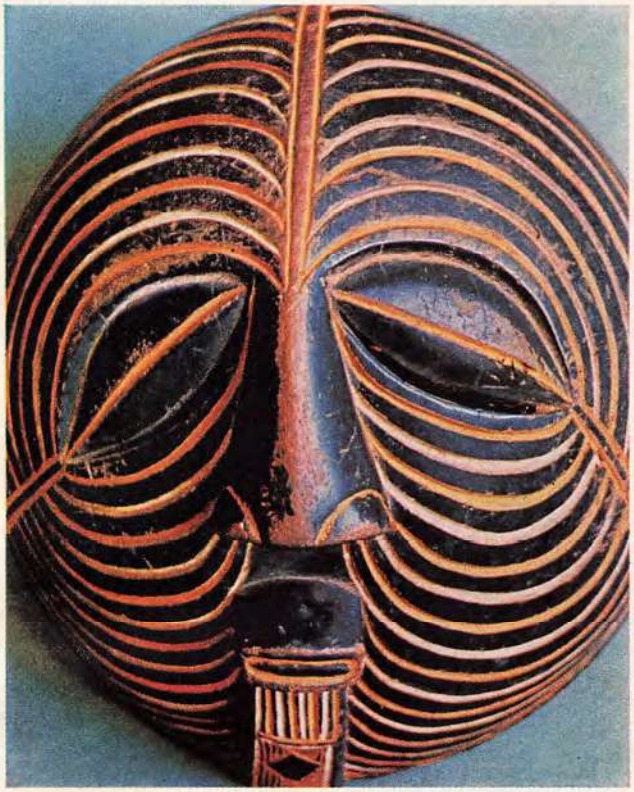
Fiber-bearded magician's mask on page 54 impresses patients during Bena-Konji witchcraft rituals. The striped "Kifwebe" or spirit mask at top left on page 55 is perhaps finest in collection. Carved about 70 years ago entirely with a primitive adz, it is worn when the supreme chief dies or another is appointed. At far right, giant mask, 33½" high, of the Bapende tribe is to initiate members. Mask is hidden in special hut in the forest at other times.

The center mask, for royal Bakuba ceremonies, has: elephant trunk for power and strength; leopard skin for intelligence; cowrie shells for wealth. Toucan feathers bottom left are worn by elders of Basala-Mpasu tribe during death ceremonies. Horrendous mask at bottom right scares already trembling youths of the Tshokwe tribe before circumcision ceremony at tribal initiation.

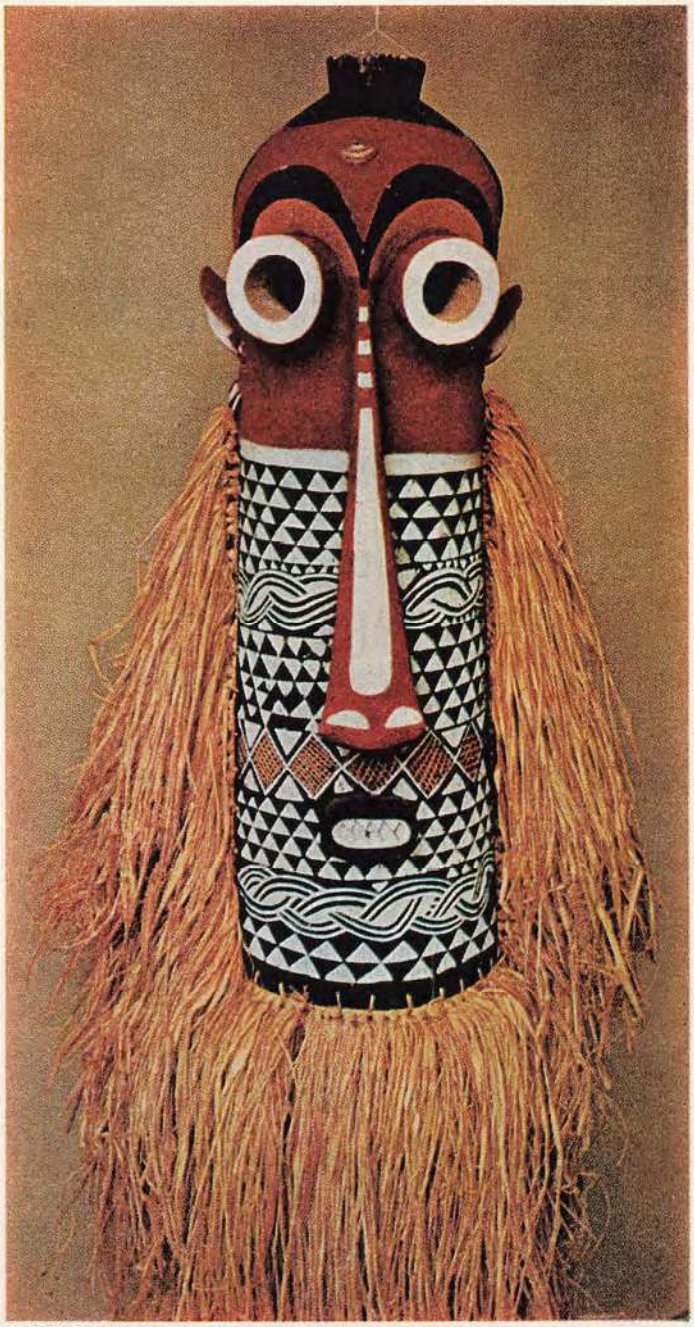


RARE BALUMBA MEN-ONLY CEREMONIAL DANCE MASK

# fearful faces



"KIFWEBE" OR SPIRIT MASK



BAPENDE INITIATION MASK

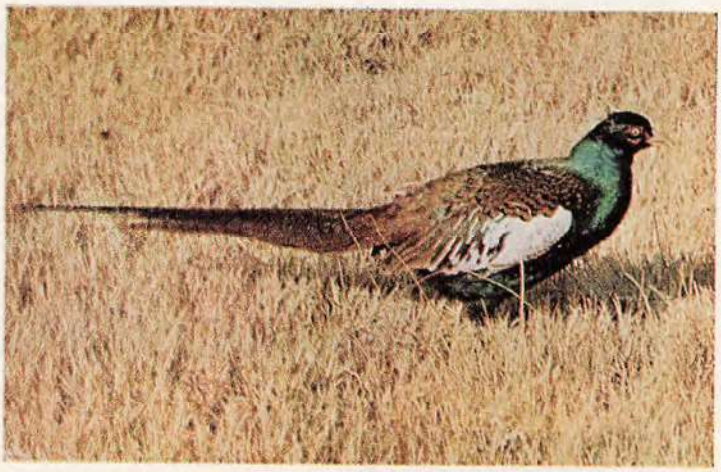
BAKUBA ROYAL DANCER'S MASK

BASALA-MPASU DEATH MASK

TSHOKWE INITIATION MASK

# It's A Helluva Way To Greet An Immigrant

The white-winged pheasant was imported from Afghanistan to New Mexico where it found a new home and liked it. Now it's open season on the most exciting new game bird since the ringneck came from China



BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

REDROCK, NEW MEXICO

■ The dawn was only a faint tint of light in the east, and the December frost was crisp under our hunting boots. We were in the narrow valley of southwestern New Mexico's Gila River, near the little settlement of Redrock. The black shape of mountains stood out starkly on the horizon. Far above the peaks, in the darkness of 6:30 a.m., the stars were still bright pinpoints in the sky.

I clomped along with my shotgun, winding through brush and cottonwoods. A stranger here, I carefully followed the darkly silhouetted hunters up ahead. They were on familiar ground. As we moved along I soaked up the special excitement of the morning. This was to be something new, untried and unique—a day that might well be recalled in years to come as a landmark in U.S. hunting history.

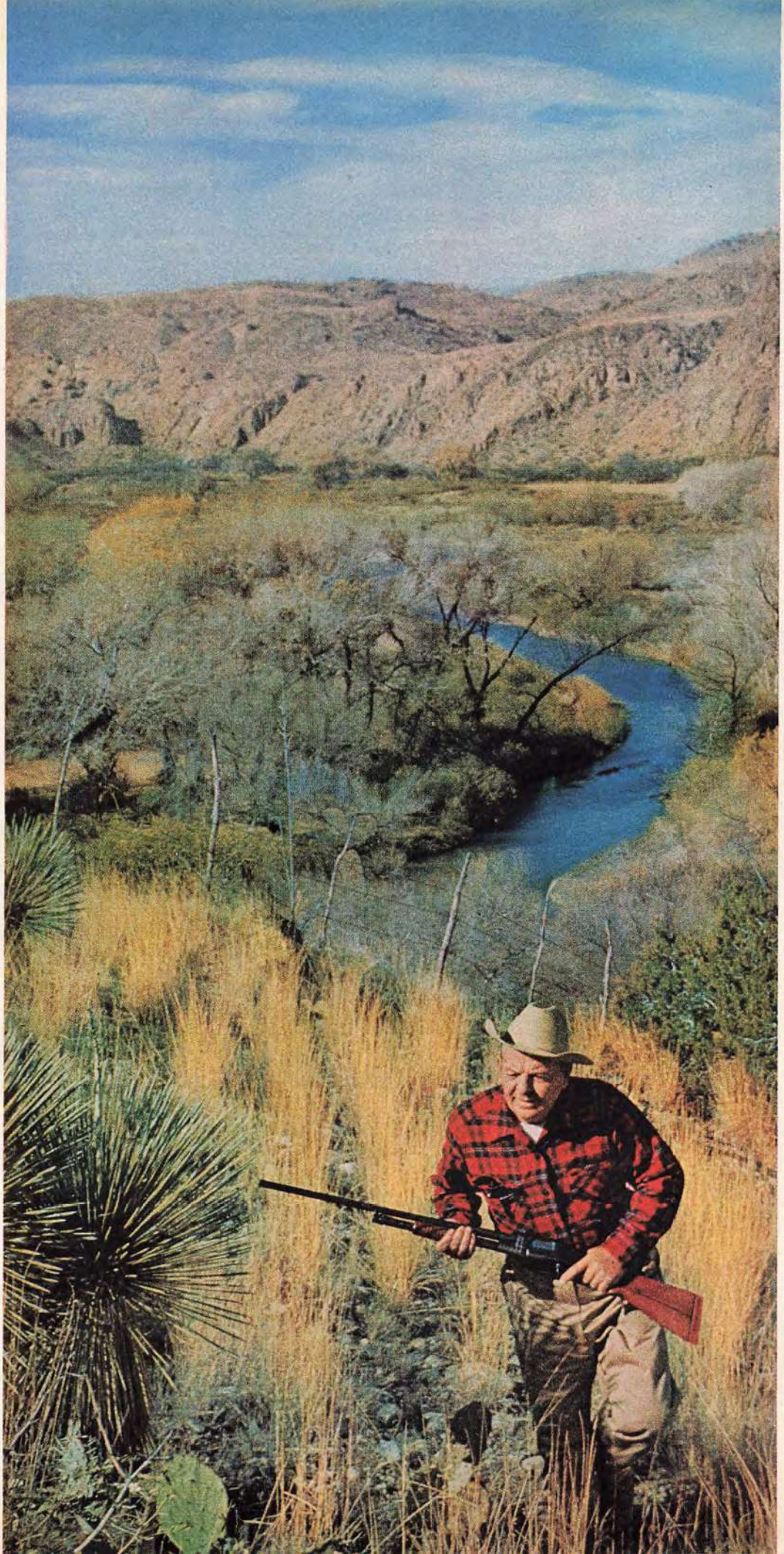
Two paces ahead, Bill Huey said over his shoulder, "A perfect morning for it. Still and cold. The birds will sit real tight."

Bill Huey, hunter and wildlife biologist, is chief of game management for the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish. He had invited me to sample the successful results of a long and painstaking experiment. The ancestors of the birds we were after had been live-trapped several years previously a whole world away, in the wilds of the Oxus Valley in northern Afghanistan. They were pure-strain Afghanistan white-wing pheasants, and this was the first open-season hunt for the birds in the United States.

Never before in this hemisphere, I knew, had these birds reproduced in the wild. Never before in the U.S. had pheasants of *any* variety successfully sustained themselves and reproduced consistently in the South and Southwest.

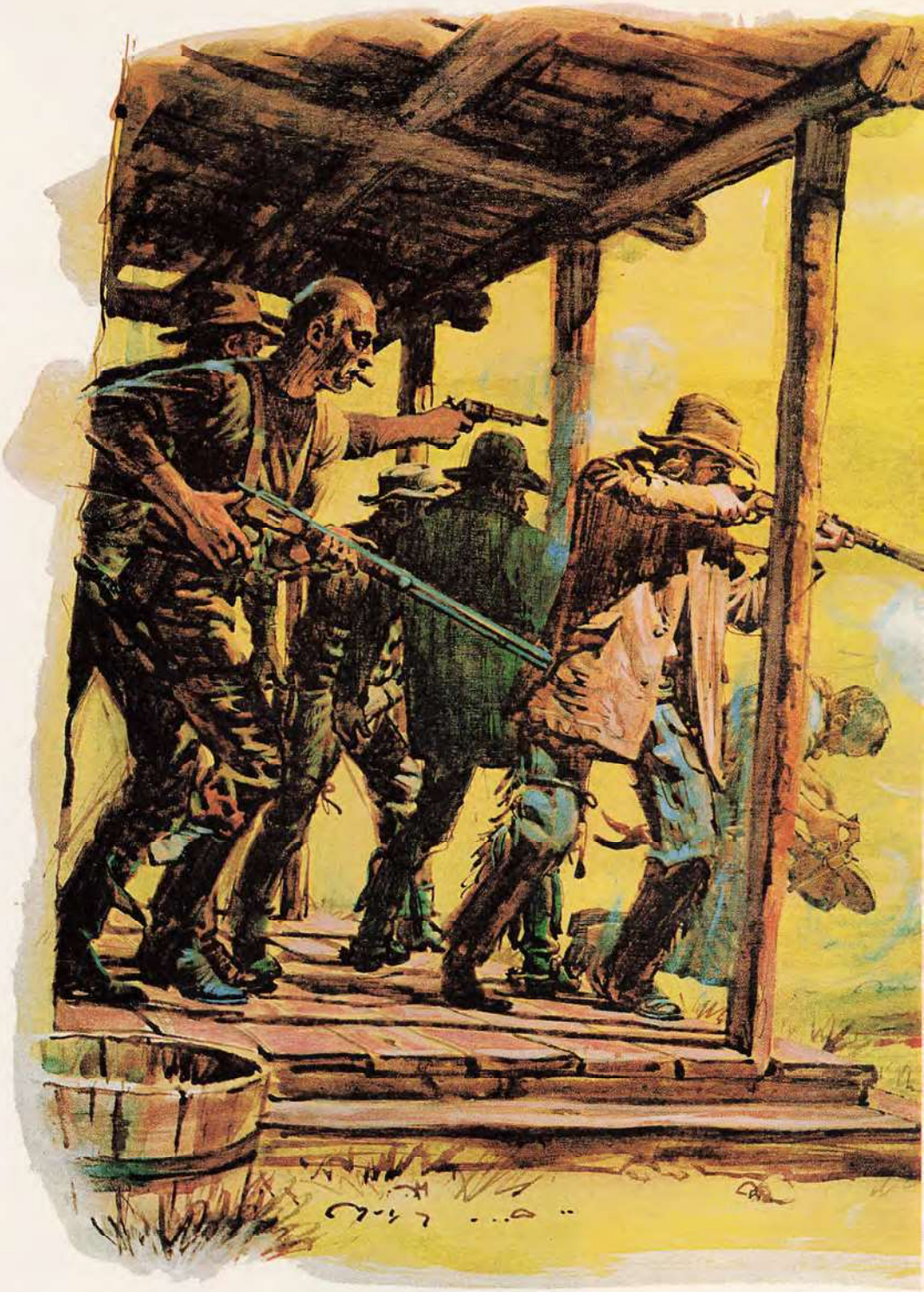
We moved out of the brush and along the edge of a water-storage pond. The eastern sky was now glowing with lavender and gold. We paused and huddled on top of the pond's dirt dam, impatiently awaiting daylight and legal shooting time. Our breaths made small wreaths around our faces. Bob Dunlap and his son, Royce, who lived in the region, were trying to get their German shorthaired pointer in check. The dog seemed to share our excitement.

Bob finally collared the pointer. "Don't want him to get in there and flush 'em before we're ready," he said. [*Continued on page* 92]



*The author climbs through desert scrub to drive white-wings out of cover. The new game bird has to be pushed hard and forced to fly.*

# ONE GOOD GUY VS OUT-LAW ODDS



■ Buckshot Roberts was a little man and he was ugly to boot. His left arm dangled at his side, made useless by the load of buckshot that had given him his name. He walked with a gimpy limp. Bullet scars from long-forgotten battles creased his face. He weighed only 120 pounds and some people said half of that was buckshot and lead. But on April 4, 1878, at Blazer's Mill in New Mexico this mangled little man, close to 40 and long past his prime, became giant size when alone he faced 14 kill-crazy gunmen.

The gang was led by Dick Brewer and Billy the Kid. Brewer was a pugnacious young psychopath from New England who had gone West to forget a lost love and had taken his bitterness with him. A huge man, he was quick, agile and physically powerful. He never expected his way to be blocked by an insignificant bundle of worn-out humanity.

Billy the Kid, we are told, loved to sing sad, beautiful songs to breathless, bright-eyed senoritas. He loved a party and the girls almost fell over themselves in

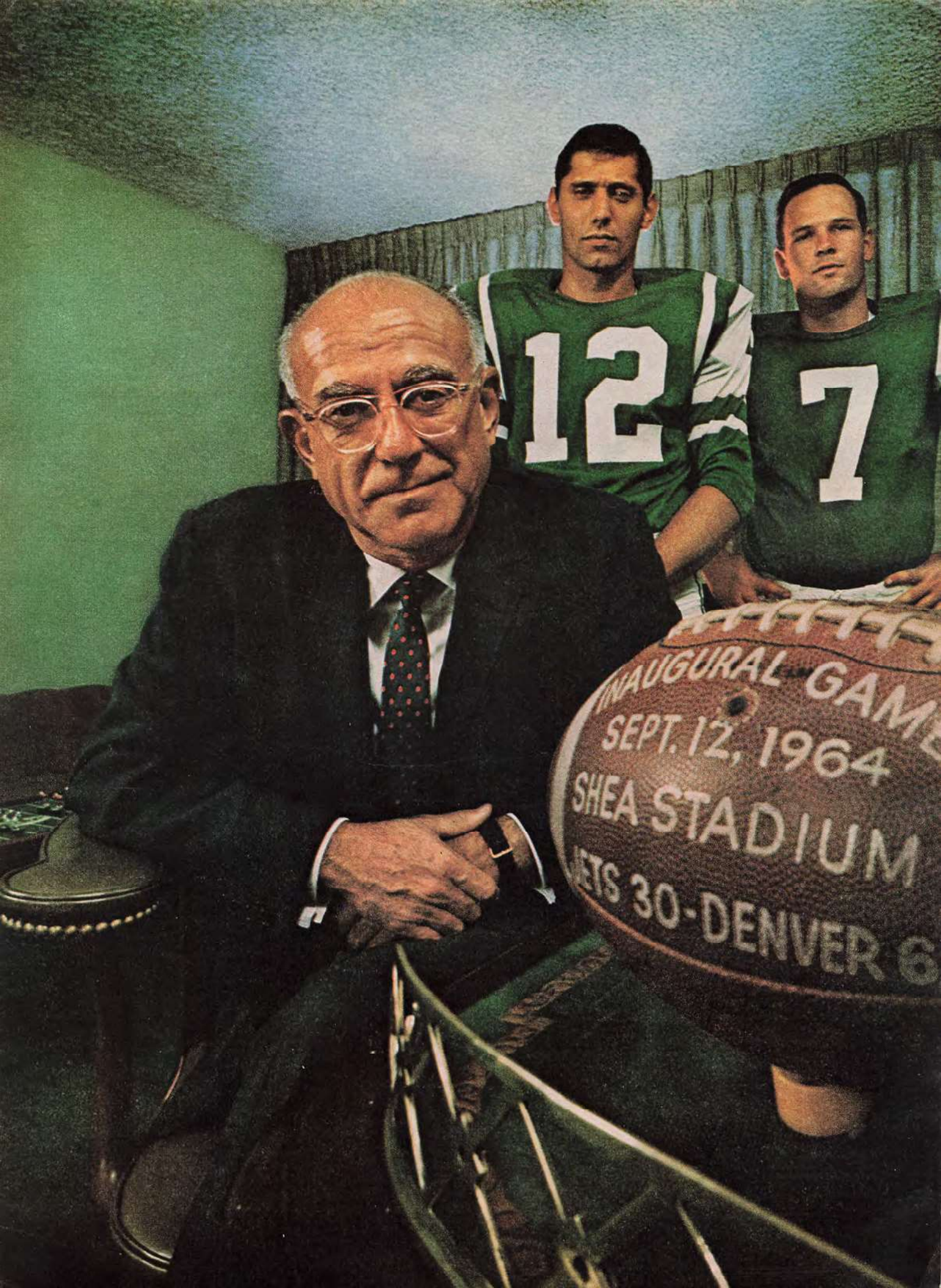
Buckshot Roberts weighed 120 pounds and had only one good arm. But he shot it out with 14 gunmen in the West's greatest one-man stand

BY M. L. COLLETT
ILLUSTRATED BY ED VEBELL

their eagerness to dance with him. But he was more than just a wild young man with a yen for women. Billy was destined to become a legend of fearlessness. In his whole life only one man ever backed him down. And that one man was this crippled little runt whom the beautiful senoritas would have sneered at.

Buckshot was an enigma. He had fought in the Civil War and in the Indian wars and for—or against—the Texas Rangers. Nobody seemed to know for sure just which. Some said he had been a Ranger, arresting 25 desperados single-handed. Others said no, he had been a desperado standing off 25 Rangers single-handed. Buckshot heard all the rumors and smiled. He never set the record straight.

Buckshot had come to New Mexico from the lonely buffalo camps on the flat desolate prairie to the east. He had left on his mule, riding off with a buddy, Sam Miller. They had gone west until the mountains reared into the sky ahead of them. They had ridden through the foothills, dark with [*Continued on page* 102]


12
7
INAUGURAL GAME
SEPT. 12, 1964
SHEA STADIUM
JETS 30-DENVER 6

BY DAVE ANDERSON
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

# HE TURNS FOOTBALLS INTO GOLDEN EGGS

Sonny Werblin, the show-biz-style spender who runs the New York Jets, has stunned the sports world by paying $600,000 to a couple of rookie quarterbacks. What's more, he says he'll do it again because, just like in Hollywood, stars sell tickets

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

■ The true showman is rare in sports. When he does come along, he usually depends on gimmicks. Such as the midget Bill Veeck once hired to pinch-hit for the old St. Louis Browns. Or the mule Charles O. Finley has traveling with the Kansas City Athletics. Or the aborigine diet Archie Moore used to talk about when he had to make the weight. But all this is kid stuff compared to what Sonny Werblin is doing for the New York Jets of the American Football League.

He's not using gimmicks. He's just using money.

Before he came to football, Werblin was in show business for 33 years. Spending money is not new to him. Football or show biz, it's all the same. He uses money to create stars. In Hollywood they take a blonde with a wiggle and give her a big buildup and suddenly she's a star. David Abraham (Sonny) Werblin is making the same move right now with two rookie quarterbacks named Joe Namath and John Huarte. Werblin is supposed to be paying Namath $400,000 and Huarte $200,000. Some of it in salary, some of it in bonus. People may not know how to pronounce Nay-mith and Hew-art but they know how to pronounce six-hundred-grand—and at that price, people think Namath and Huarte *must* be stars.

That's exactly what Sonny Werblin wants people to think. Stars sell tickets and Werblin, like everyone else in sports, must be a ticket seller. He estimates that his Jets "are committed to about $850,000 in bonuses" to 20 new players. But Sonny Werblin is no philanthropist. He's a sharp, shrewd businessman. "The other teams wouldn't sell me stars," he says, "so I had to go out and get the best college players available. I would have gone to $800,000 for Namath if I had to. I want the best show. And to have the best show, I have to have stars."

Sonny Werblin is 55, but to football fans it seems as if he were born only two years ago when he put together the five-man syndicate that purchased the AFL's bankrupt New York franchise. What few fans know is that Werblin had been a big name in show business for three decades with the Music Corporation of America. As an agent, he hammered out television contracts for Jack Benny, Ed Sullivan and Jackie Gleason. He is remembered by one old MCA associate as, "inhuman, a machine, a computer. The purest essence of the American ethic: success at any price. With him it was how big a buck and how fast he could make it."

Another says, "Anybody who knocks Sonny is doing it out of jealousy. Sure, he was a tough agent in a tough business, but you could trust him implicitly. He's a helluva guy."

MCA owns Universal Studios and Decca Records but its big money-maker has been TV shows. Sonny Werblin packaged them and peddled them to the networks. *Dragnet* and *Wagon* [*Continued on page* 105]

*Sonny Werblin grins slyly at the prospect of his Jets being led by two superstar quarterbacks, Joe Namath (12) and John Huarte (7).*

# the go-go-go cars

Even as the 1966 crop of sleek new passenger cars is unveiled, new breeds of vehicles are coming up fast in variety and popularity. Unlike family sedans, they go where the road doesn't

The pure fun of driving—the sensual excitement of taking a motor vehicle by the wheel and throttle and making it do all it was designed to do plus a little more—is, in its own way, a sport of kings.

Paradoxically, however, the more automobiles man has at his command and the more miles of road he builds on which to use them, the less sporting does the whole business be-

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Indirectly, with dollars from the Defense Department well, Uncle Sam has underwritten a lot of new research on how to move vehicles across terrain that is, both literally and figuratively, out of this world. At left, the Sidewinder (**A**) is a new double-jointed military-type vehicle which, by means of undulations that would put an Arabian dancer to shame, manages to maintain constant wheel-to-ground contact over jolting obstacles. Developed by Chevrolet for General Motors Defense Research Labs, the Sidewinder has three sections: a driver's cab, a central power unit and a payload compartment aft. It is 16 feet long, has 18 inches of ground clearance and swims at 2½ mph. with 14 inches of freeboard. The unmanned lunar crawler (**B**) is a GM research product designed for moon explorations. It has an electric motor driving each wheel and is radio controlled. Completely flexible articulation enables it to travel forward even with all axles tilted at wild angles. The Marsh Screw (**C**), a Chrysler experimental military vehicle, rides on revolving, Styrofoam-filled pontoons which literally thread their way through snow or any sort of gumbo at up to 10 mph.—or operate as propellers in water to achieve 7½ mph. It can operate for 10 continuous hours at full power carrying a half ton of cargo. Mobility over frozen tundra, mud or water is the specialty of PATA (**D**), a tracked, 1½-ton capacity vehicle developed by LTV Aerospace Corp. Its unique air-cell treads are inflated to only 1½ p.s.i. They provide flotation in water, a soft ride on hard surfaces and an exceptionally light footprint in soft soil. At full load, PATA applies only 1 pound per square inch of ground.

A

B

C

D

come. Once he was a knight on wheels; next he became a statistic in a national traffic jam. Eighty million passenger cars and three and a half million miles of paved road may represent the quickest way to get from here to there, but for many a man straight-line driving falls far short of satisfying that little bit of wagon master that still lurks in the true adventurer.

Happily for this breed of man, a new breed

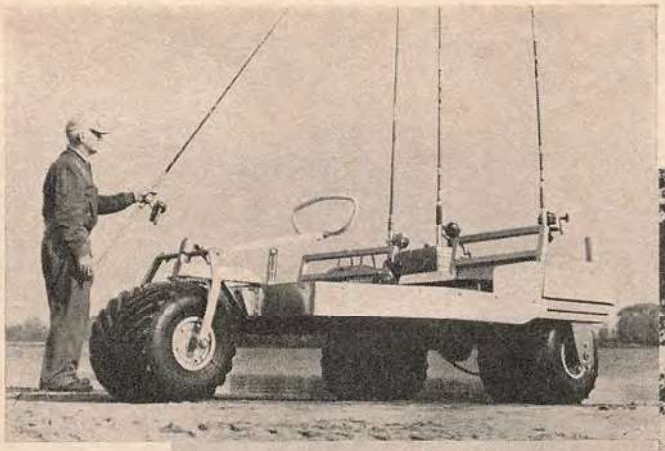
BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

A unique class of recreation and work vehicle makes ingenious use of doughnut-shaped tires for heretofore unheard of traction stunts. Desert Rat (**E**) weighs only 300 lbs., is 84 inches long by 51½ inches wide and is powered by a 4-h.p., 1-cylinder engine. It will climb 25-degree slopes and do 20 mph. on level surfaces. It is the product of Remote Area Transportation Corp., Santa Ana, California, and sells for $995. Sidewinder (**F**) weighs 210 lbs., uses a 1-cylinder engine, has a two-speed transmission, goes 25 mph. in high and climbs 30-degree slopes. GP Enterprises, Monrovia, California, sells it for $795. The three-wheeled fisherman's beach vehicle (**G**) is a homemade model by W. C. Tisen, a Goodyear employee. It is called "Drum Runner," is powered by a 6-h.p. engine and can move along at up to 35 mph. The tracked vehicle (**H**) is the Imp manufactured by Thiokol Chemical Corp. in Logan, Utah. It provides a 5 by 6-foot cargo platform, can carry two men and a half-ton burden and will climb 45-degree grades. It is steered tank fashion with twin joy sticks and is powered with a 4-cylinder, 30-h.p. engine. Ten wheels, five to a side, carry tractor tires. The rear pair does the driving; the other eight act as bogeys within the track. Imp sells for about $4,200. Trespasser (**I**) manufactured by Ray Brown Automotive, Pacoima, California, costs $3,450 with a Volkswagen engine or $3,950 for a higher performance version with Corvair engine. Chain drive through a four-speed transaxle brings power to all eight wheels, steering is accomplished by applying brakes left or right. The vehicle can turn a full 360 degrees within its own 8-foot length.

E

F

G



H

I

# four wheels driving...

of go-anywhere vehicles has come booming along to provide an exciting new passport to the wilderness. Never before have so many companies, big and small, designed so many ruggedly capable vehicles—not only the four-wheel drive types which have been the outdoorsman's friends for so long—but even more specialized transportation machines for even more specialized fun.

Some of these are derived from bizarre, way-out military or space vehicles which will soon be crawling up and down the craters of the moon. Some are designed around the uncanny climbing abilities of new, low-pressure, broad-profile tires (which can be filled with up to 5 gallons of emergency water instead of 5 p.s.i. of air for those who would tackle the desert's dry wastes). Some of the new motorized mules are the brainchildren of individual designers; some come from well known companies which

A

B

C

The Toyota six-passenger, four-door station wagon from Japan (**A**) is a four-wheel drive, go-anywhere vehicle powered by a 135-h.p. 6-cylinder engine. It will climb 30-degree grades in rough country and also deliver 85 mph. on the highway. West Coast price is $3,430; other Land Cruisers begin at $2,455. The famed Land Rover (**B**) is a product of Rover Motor Company in England. It is powered by a 4-cylinder, 77-h.p. engine and comes in two wheelbases, 88 or 109 inches—all four-wheel drive. The basic model begins at $2,595 at East Coast ports. The model shown is the short-wheelbase station wagon at $3,311. In the same family of vehicles is the Datsun Patrol (**C**), a rugged seven-seater available in soft top ($2,641) or hardtop ($2,932) models on 86-inch wheelbase and powered by a 145-h.p., 6-cylinder "waterproof" engine. It will deliver 75-mph. highway speeds.

have never built anything automotive before; some come from automotive companies which never designed this kind of transportation before. All are dedicated to the proposition that adventure begins where the road ends.

Sales and profitability begin at the same place, apparently. Almost every company, new or old, which is building off-highway sport and utility vehicles reports a healthy and growing demand. Sales of four-wheel drive cars are up 227 percent in the U.S. in the last five years. One company which manufactures tracked vehicles reports sales of nearly 200 units at over $4,000 apiece in the last six months. A Canadian company which has pioneered in the development of small amphibious vehicles claims 7,000 back orders for its $895 vehicle. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., the principal supplier of tires for many of the go-go-go cars, reports sales rising beyond all expectations for

## ...or many wheels swimming

D

Horst Ehrlicht

E

The six-wheeled amphibious Jiger (**D**) is a pioneer in its field. It is built by Jiger Corp. in Rexdale, Ontario, Canada. It weighs only 230 lbs., is capable of excellent mobility and sells for $895. The Fisher (**E**) is built by Canadair Ltd. in Montreal, Canada. Eight low-pressure tires on each side of the vehicle are mounted on continuous carrier belts. On hard ground at 10 mph. the wheels rotate as they roll; in snow, mud or water, at 3 to 5 mph. the wheels act as paddles for propulsion. It is powered by a single-cylinder, 9-h.p. engine, weighs 800 lbs. and can carry 600 lbs. of load. Cost will be over $2,000. The vehicle is not yet in production. Terra-Gator (**F**) is built by Andy Stewart, Inc. in South El Monte, California. Over 300 have been sold and the amphibian is now under test by the Swedish Navy. Speed is 30 mph. on land, about 5 knots in water. Price: $1,395.

F

their doughnut-shaped Terra-Tires in all sizes.

In the midst of success there is also occasional failure, however, and a number of small firms which jumped into the field with imitative products have already stumbled into bankruptcy. Like many other infant industries, time will sort out the best designs and decide the survivors. Meantime, from coast to coast and in Canada too, designers are running to the drawing boards with new ideas.

The result of all this creative activity is a vastly enlarged mobility for hunters and fishermen, for prospectors and rock hounds, for beachcombers and surfers, for anyone who hasn't forgotten what it felt like to chug across a pasture in a Model-T with high grass rattling against the straight axles and the whole car

## unusual imports...

A

B

C

D

The Farmobile (**A**), originally a German design, is a sort of motorized mountain goat built by Chrysler in Greece. It sells there for $952, is exported to some countries, but not to the U.S. It is powered by a BMW 2-cylinder, air-cooled engine mounted between the rear wheels. It will do 56 mph. on the road and a unique four-wheel independent suspension enables it to clamber across rough country. The Citroen 2CV Sahara (**B**) achieves four-wheel drive the hard way: with two engines, one front and one rear, each driving a pair of wheels. It is used as an all-purpose workhorse in Africa. Available in the U.S. for $2,450. Another French car, the Renault R4L (**C**) is front-wheel drive and famed for a soft torsion-bar suspension which produces a remarkably easy ride over rough country. The 32-h.p. station wagon version shown sells for $1,003 in France. British Motor Corporation's Mini-Moke (**D**) is also front-wheel drive with a 4-cylinder, 34-h.p. engine mounted transversely up front. It is derived from the famed Issigonis-designed Mini and has also been built with twin engines. The single-engine Moke is now available in the U.S. for $1,270.

pitching and rolling in an ecstacy of freedom.

Americans, who love cars with a passion, are nevertheless looking more and more for places where there are *no* cars, where boulders may be wheel high, where gasoline must be packed in and where smog is just a funny word. Assuming that any old Sunday driver can visit a national park in the family sedan nowadays (over 35 million did last year), real adventurers and dedicated sportsmen must push even deeper into wilderness to escape the swarming campgrounds, overflowing trash barrels and the shrill cries of other people's children who think they've just spotted Smokey the Bear.

There's only one way to do it—get off the road—and these are the cars that are making it possible—indeed, making it easy. □

## ...American favorites

The most familiar of all the adventure vehicles sold in the U.S. are in the class shown here. Sales last year, were 40,000 units and the figure is predicted to go to 70,000 by 1970. The world-famed Jeep (**E**) has now expanded into a full line of vehicles from the basic Universal model shown at $2,282.22 to a slick four-door, four-wheel drive station wagon, the Wagoneer, at $3,643.91. Engines range from a 60-h.p. Diesel to a 75-h.p. Four, a 140-h.p. overhead cam Six and a new 250-h.p. V8. The International Harvester Scout (**F**) offers a wide variety of body options on the basic vehicle and a choice of rear-wheel or all-wheel drive. It is powered by a slant-Four engine (actually, half a V8) developing 93 h.p. Prices begin at $1,890.85 for two-wheel drive. Ford Motor Company enters the field this year with its new sportsman and utility car, the Bronco (**G**). It will be available in three body styles—open roadster, short-roof pickup and station wagon—and only in four-wheel drive. It will be powered by a 105-h.p. Six and prices will probably begin at about $2,300 when the car reaches Ford dealer showrooms on September 15.

E

F

G

BY RUSSELL ANNABEL

ILLUSTRATION BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

# ONE-EYED MIKE

## Half blind, he had courage. Totally blind, he had pride

■ "Just like kings used to hunt birds," shouted my sourdough trapline associate, Starvation Smith. He was 100 yards distant across the snowbound landscape. Then he hollered out again, "Only they used falcons instead of hoot owls, didn't they?"

I didn't answer. I was busy unharnessing Mike, the lion-chested, 80-pound black Labrador whose life with me had become a classic case of diversified employment. When Mike wasn't retrieving birds or hunting rabbits or maybe coyotes or wolves, he was keeping bears out of camp or carrying a pack in the hills or toiling in harness as a leader of sled dogs. He was my personal solution to a long and urgent need for a sporting dog that I could shoot and work with, be friendly with, and whose toughness coefficient was high enough for the notably rugged Alaska frontier.

Today Starvation and I had been dogsledding a load of grub and gear to one of our winter cabins in the Talkeetna peaks. A welcome surprise, we had come upon an enormous flock of willow ptarmigan in a timber-walled opening above a creek flat. It was a gathering of these social-minded snow grouse that must have numbered hundreds. For as far as you could see, the drifts were webbed by trails the feathery-footed birds had made while feeding on last year's blueberries and wild-rose buds. I am an ardent, serious and enduring fan of the willow ptarmigan. I like to shoot the exciting, ghost-white birds and I like to eat them. Moreover, since game was scarce this winter, or our luck had been uncommonly lousy, we were hysterically tired of eating boiled beans and embalmed trading-post pork day after day.

The owls Starvation mentioned were likewise bent on killing themselves some ptarmigan, but they appeared to be faring poorly. They were Alaska horned owls, a pair of them. Ignoring us, they kept flapping back and forth across the opening trying to spot the perfectly camouflaged ptarmigan, which simply squatted in the snow, invisible, when they saw the air assassins coming. As Starvation had discovered, this operated greatly in his favor because it kept the flock pinned down. The tall, shaggy sourdough gunner flushed a squadron of birds that had to get up briefly or be trodden under his webs. He made a couple of kills before the worried flight pitched down again to the eye-baffling safety of the drifts. If you ask me why the whole flock didn't just beat it to more salubrious parts, I can only reply that I do not know. A lot of things about ptarmigan survival technique seems to make sense only to ptarmigan.

Anyway, Starvation downed a brace of birds and at once faced the problem that typically plagues ptarmigan hunters when snows have blanketed the land. "Hurry up and send Mike out here," he yelled. "I can hit these spooks all right, but damned if I can find 'em after I hit 'em."

I finished unhooking the impatient Labrador from the team of five Siwash [*Continued on page* 110]

R.E. MONROE JR.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

*Fisher and trophy, possibly the remotest animal in Africa.*

# sky-high safari for the world's shyest antelope

Climb two-miles high among Ethiopian peaks for *what*? It's called the mountain nyala, an animal so scarce it hasn't been hunted in 30 years

**BY WILLIAM A. FISHER**

ADDIS ABABA

■ It really wasn't much of a look. The last rays of the sun were in my eyes and across the canyon on the opposite slope, the gray-black of evening had already blurred the trunks of trees in thickening gloom. Even through my binoculars only one thing was clear —the ivory tips of the antelope's great spiral horns as it scrambled powerfully across sliding shale upward to the summit.

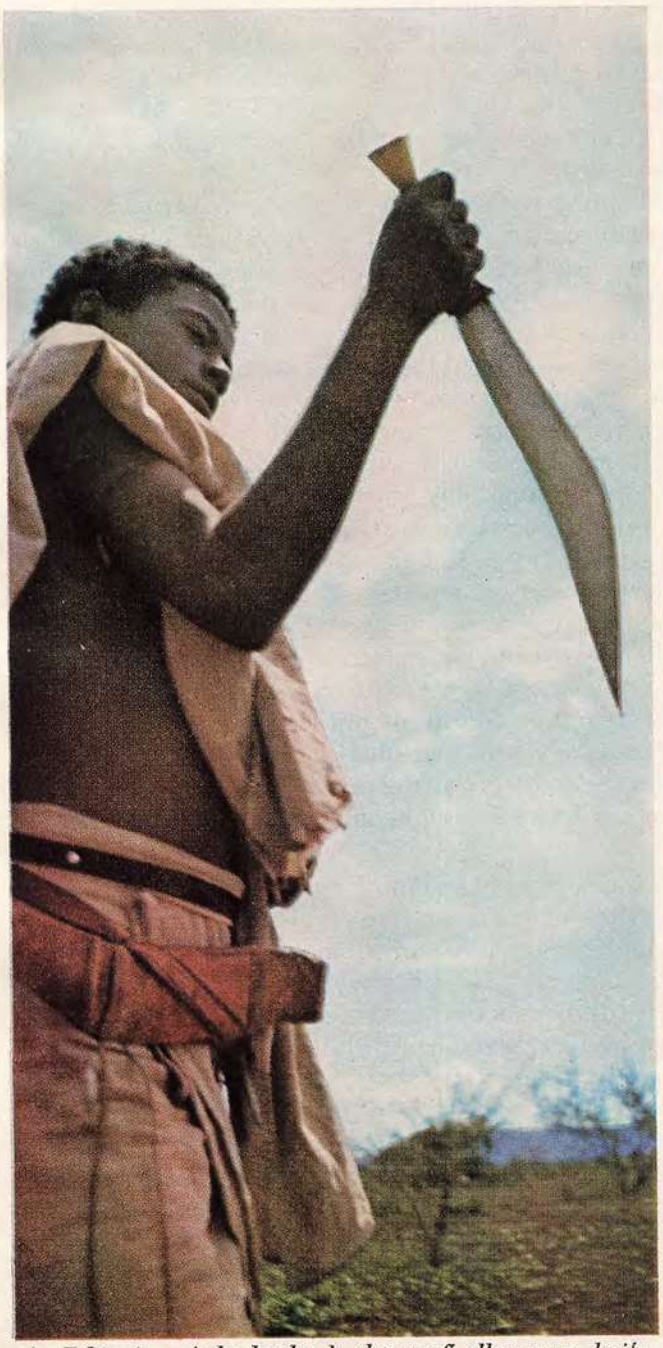
Against the sun and into the darkling slope the 400-yard shot was impossible. I waited for the moment when this shy, tricky animal must silhouette itself against the pale dusk of the Ethiopian sky as it crossed the ridge. My chance for a shot would be short.

Jumbled thoughts raced through my mind, ran down in reflexes to my trembling fingers. It had been a struggle in a strange land to reach the chilly mountain slope where I waited, more than two miles above the level of the Red Sea to the north. The next minute would climax a year's work and research. Even now, I was one of only a handful of people lucky enough to have seen the majestic mountain nyala, one of the world's rarest big game trophies.

Ethiopia is Africa's only empire, a proud and ancient land of harsh contrasts ruled by Haile Selassie I, the Emperor who traces his ancestry to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. The flower of his domain is Addis Ababa, a modern capital set high in the middle of the Ethiopian plateau. Not until I had flown into Addis in April did I realize the vastness of this plateau and the stark wilderness of the land.

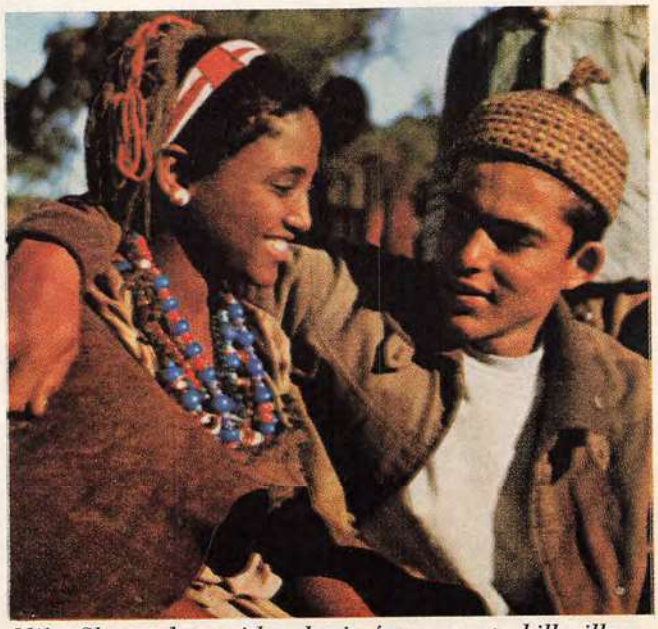
An excellent coffee is grown on the slopes of the high country, accounting for more than half of Ethiopia's revenue. And now, in a strong effort to bolster its economy with tourism, a direct air route has been opened to Rome. This was partly why I was here: I'd been invited to visit Hapte Selassie, now head of the Ethiopian Tourist Organization. I had come to offer suggestions for safaris that might attract Americans. With European courtesy, Selassie first ordered tea, spent minutes in polite talk, then plunged into business.

*"They went thataway," says a hilltop cattle watcher to Abdu at right. The game always seemed to be where the hunters weren't.*



*An Ethiopian of the lowlands shows off all-purpose knife.*

*Leslie with boy who wanted to buy her.*



*Mike Shatto chats with a lassie from remote hill village.*

"We've decided to open Ethiopia to big game hunting. Because of your reputation for going into rough country we decided to give you license Number One. We'd also like you to go over our new game laws and make suggestions. But first, I'd like to know why you're so interested in obtaining the mountain nyala."

I explained that I was making a personal collection of the nine kinds of spiral-horned antelope of Africa, something that had been done only twice before. So far, I'd bagged six.

"I'm sure you know that no legal mountain nyala has been taken in over 30 years," said Hapte, who is no relation to the emperor. "I hope you succeed."

Selassie's game problem was complex. At the time there was no game department in Ethiopia. The country holds most of the big game animals of East Africa along with the rare Abyssinian and Nubian ibex, black leopard, and in the near-unexplored south, big elephant and perhaps bongo, but true estimates of varieties and numbers were unknown due to lack of funds and adequate roads.

Hapte Selassie now grilled me about big game hunters and how game management should be undertaken for sensible harvesting of each year's animal crop. All this he did with a skillful mixture of politeness and energy. I felt like a pioneer when I left his office to make the first contemporary hunt for the magnificent mountain nyala. . . .

It was just at dusk the first day out of Addis when outfitter Ted Shatto and I were stopped cold. He is an American and the only person presently staging safaris in Ethiopia. April is the season of the early rains, and for hours we'd been splashing our way over wide asphalt highways when suddenly there was no more road, only a horrible bumpy four-mile-an-hour mess. Finally we came to a small river glutted by flood. We couldn't cross it. But beside our track were the crumbling remains of a once-fine concrete bridge.

"What happened here?" I asked.

"Remember 1935, when the Italians invaded Ethiopia?" Ted said. "That's one of the bridges they built —but the Ethiopians tore it down. These people had enjoyed continuous independence for 1,500 years, and in 1941 when they were rid of Mussolini they were so bitter and humiliated they tore up every bridge and road the Italians built. We're really progressing now though, and in a year or two we'll have good highways. Besides, if you hadn't been so damned busy with snakes and world records, we'd have beat the rains."

He was right. It was my fault.

Hours back, we turned off the highway onto a broad flat plain to get pictures of the rare grevy zebra and oryx. It was one of those times when you just keep going. Once we spotted a big cobra ready to strike at the truck. With thoughts of snakeskin shoes for my wife, I stopped the Land Rover and tried to stone the snake which slithered into a hole and wasn't coming out again that afternoon.

Just as Ted began talking about getting back to the road I spotted a Soemmering gazelle whose horns looked awfully big. Ted made no fuss and I went after it. It took over an hour to stalk the spooky fellow. We had the trophy now—a new world record. But the rains had us.

Ted shut off the ignition, and I turned to observe this guy who was to guide my hunting for the next month. He and the Land Rover were somewhat similar . . . the radiators of both were at the boiling point. Both were middle-aged, chunky, rugged and barrel-chested. And yes, by God, they even traveled alike. Shatto's short bowed legs gave him a rolling side-to-side walk that was a perfect duplication of the Rover as it slid from side to side over mud and rocks. And now the illusion was complete—they both were stuck.

Shatto crawled slowly out of the Rover and gained 10 yards through the center of the line before gumbo layered his boots too thickly that he couldn't walk. He pulled them off and waddled barefoot back to the Rover. Slamming the filthy boots on the floor, he growled in disgust, "What's so damn funny?" But I was laughing too hard to answer.

"You and your stinking Soemmering. Let's get some sleep."

I slumped down in the hard seat and tried to make myself comfortable. In a Land Rover this is for laughs.

Hyenas serenaded us just as dawn came. Sleepy eyed and stiff, we waded across the river and studied the situation. With one of us at the wheel and the other pushing, we cussed the car through the river. We ran the gamut of a portion of the Great Rift Valley, turned the Rover eastward and climbed steepening roadless hills onto the Bali Massif, eastern portion of Africa's largest elevated land mass.

Finally our steaming truck carried us to a sprawling native village of mud walls and bamboo roofs where primitive mountain nomads come to do their trading. Here great blue-green promontories began to lift skyward in rise upon rise as far as the eye could see. We parted from the Rover, shouldering packs and setting out on foot through the scrambled assortment of goats, chickens and small native children. But even then my eyes were on the peaks. Somewhere up yonder was our hunting camp—and, we hoped, the nyala.

It was a two-hour climb from the village to the base of the mountains. Here tangles of bamboo 50 feet high protected the soil from even a glint of sunlight. The dank air gave me an eerie feeling of time standing still. Eventually, working upward, we passed 100-foot junipers festooned with long hanging mosses and orchids. Hours later the huge trees thinned and we entered tangled masses of tree heather struggling to heights of 50 feet in battle for their share of sunlight. Finally the air grew thin, and only alpine heather survived. Ten to 12 feet in height, the dense mass of pale gray-green heather covered the final 500 yards to the peaks.

"It's cold up here," I puffed. "And this air is a bit skimpy."

"We're at about 11,000 [*Continued on page* 119]

# "One shot. Two ducks. The Winchester 1200 doesn't monkey around."

**David Ommanney, the Winchester man from Africa, admits he may have gotten a little lucky on his first duck shoot in America.**

The way our friend, the African hunter, bagged his two mallards reminded us of something he pulled in Tanganyika the year before.

We were on safari. And David was testing our Model 1200 slide-action shotgun on sand grouse.

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Well, the 1200 performed as we had expected and got David's okay.

But we didn't expect to see such shooting. Those sand grouse came in like swarms of bees. It seemed that every time David fired, at least *two* birds would drop!

Which brings us to David's latest 2-for-1, scored from our duck blind on the Atlantic flyway. He got his mallards on a passing shot. They came with the wind going like sixty when WHAM! A single Mark 5 shell from his Model 1200 sent them splashing. Our Labrador plunged in after them and pretty soon David was toting a brace of ducks. "Sure, it was luck," said David. "But don't forget, the Mark 5 is much better than shot shells used to be. And the 1200 is a real swinging gun. "So it's easier for you to get lucky."

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PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER, Men's Wear Editor

Aimed at "open season" anywhere, here's the latest in hunting gear and gadgets designed for the modern sportsman. Hunter at left wears camouflage outfit—Vist-O-Flage—by Game Winner, Inc., about $20. His Sub-Zero "Pac" boots with layered fleece insulation are by B. F. Goodrich, $20, and his checked wool shirt is by Pendleton, $14.95. He is holding a Winchester Model 1400 automatic shotgun; comes in 12 and 20 gauge, with Monte Carlo stock, $204.95. Hunter, right center, wears solid-red outfit by Woolrich. It includes jacket, $28.95; pants, $19.95; hat, $2.95; and shooter mittens, $4.95. Man at far right wears red and black all-American wool plaid outfit by Fox Knapp; jacket, $19.98, and pants, $14.98. His speed-lace MICRO boots are by Cedar-Crest, $17.95. Items in background, from left: an inflatable raft and/or motorboat (takes up to 7½-h.p. motor; not included), the Model 300 Speedyak by Kayak Corp., $225, with oars. Combination slip-on and speed-lace Hawkeye "Shenandoah" boots, shown inside boat, are by Acme, $18.95. Collapsible camp chair, by Abercrombie and Fitch, $12.95. Insulated Thermo-Ply boots, shown on camp chair, are by Red Ball, about $21. Portable propane-gas single cylinder camp stove is by Turner Corp., $14.95. Wilderness tent, sleeps two, by Abercrombie and Fitch, $82.50. Charles Harvan hand-tooled scope-rifle case, Harvan Sporting Goods,

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

$12.50. Items in foreground, from left: all decoys, from $2, are by Harvan. Remington Model 1100 automatic 12-gauge shotgun with modified choke, from $149.95. Armour, Wilson, and Chuck Wagon dehydrated and Freeze-Dry camping food, $1 and up. Red Wing Irish Setter boots, shown behind gun, featuring water-repellent leather, cushion insole, and speed lacing, $25.95. Snowshoes, with bindings, $29.75, and SVEA Swedish imported camp stove (shown at tip of shotgun), from Camp and Trail Outfitters, Inc. Portable propane-gas radiant heater, by Turner Corp., $23.95. Hunter's hand-carrying bag, by Abercrombie and Fitch, $42.50. Bristolite Thermoboot all-weather hunting boots, $16.95, shown with catalytic heater—gives constant heat regardless of outside temperature—by Coleman, about $30. Jon-e giant hand warmer, by Aladdin, $4.95. Portable medicine cabinet, containing drawers for toilet and first aid articles, and unbreakable mirror, by Apache Camping Trailers, $18.75. Hi-Power and field-load shotgun shells, available in plastic or paper casing, by Federal Cartridge Corp., price range according to gauge from $2.50 to $5 per box of 25. Lightweight, insulated, speed-lace boots, by George Shoe Manufacturing Co., $19.95, and portable heater, by Therm'x Corp., $27.95. For information on local availability of items shown here write: Men's Wear Editor, TRUE Magazine, 67 W. 44 St., New York, N.Y.

BY GENE CAESAR
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER

# THE UNVANQUISHED VET

***Debonair veterinarian David Roberts ran into more trouble at home than in the barn. Once, he was embarrassed when his mistress shot his wife. Then, another wife divorced him for infidelity when he was 82***

■ When Dr. David Roberts of Waukesha, Wisconsin, was at the height of his notoriety, with his mistress on trial for shooting his wife, a local lady told reporters that no female could be blamed for falling in love with him.

"He treats every woman like a queen," she explained.

Most of the difficulties in the life of this dashing doctor of veterinary medicine stemmed from the fact that women who are treated like queens rarely act like them. But on the other hand, a sizable share of his delights often sprang from such queenly pursuits.

Dr. Roberts was undeniably a good veterinarian. After achieving practically every honor his profession could offer, he branched out into the manufacture of patent medicines for livestock, publishing a do-it-yourself text called *Practical Home Veterinarian* designed to make any man his own cow doctor if he used the Roberts's home remedies. The dollar-wise Scandinavian dairy farmers went for this idea wholeheartedly, and the resulting pharmaceutical business is still prospering today on a nationwide scale. Consequently, throughout most of her 28-year marriage, Mrs. Mary Newman Roberts enjoyed a truly ambrosial standard of living.

Not that a fine home and expensive clothes were the only reason this stately, matronly lady was envied by Waukesha women—her husband was the sort of man who could bring a flush to feminine faces simply by the way he said good evening or passed a plate of chicken at a Baptist Church supper. In his youth he looked something like Ben Casey with a mustache, and even when his bushy hair and brows turned silver, his manners were still as perfect as his dignity was imper- [*Continued on page* 100]

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# STRANGE BUT TRUE

**By George R. Martin**

**Whirling dervishes** of the Near East became extinct a generation ago, but not until they achieved more human revolutions-per-minute than ever recorded before. These religious zealots believed they could achieve communion with Allah in the trancelike state induced by rotary motion. The ceremony began usually with a solemn parade of eight or nine performers before a seated chief dervish; after walking in a circle three times, the dervishes began their rotations. With head bent toward the left shoulder, arms crossed on the breast, eyes closed, each dervish turned very slowly at first, pivoting on the left foot, then gradually accelerated with arms spread until his tight-belted coat billowed out in an undulating disk. The whirling continued for some 20 to 30 minutes. Europeans who witnessed these human tops reported that no dervish ever appeared fatigued or giddy. A Constantinople dervish, clocked in 1921, whirled for 22 minutes nonstop at 52 rpm. Western ballet dancers can turn at 60 or more rpm, and ice skaters at nearly 100, but their spins last only a few seconds. For endurance, the dervishes will probably never again be equaled. *By Milton Legerman, Raleigh, N. C.*

**Smuggling went to the dogs** in France a century and a half ago . . . and they delivered the goods. Possibly no other customs dodge in history has ever put a larger number of helpers to work running contraband at one time. By 1825, prospering France had got her northern and eastern boundaries well plugged against horseback smugglers, who then reasoned: in place of large loads on large animals, why not many small loads on smaller animals . . . to wit, dogs? Enthusiastic free traders dwelling along 400 miles of border from the Channel to the Alps put dogs of every sizeable breed into training. When conditioned to "home" from some miles' distance, the dogs were taken across the border to a co-worker's house. There they were kept hungry and on an appointed night were laden with highly dutiable merchandise of little weight but much value—often, expensive laces, yards of which could be wound around a dog's body. Turned loose, the hungry dogs sped home. A good big dog could carry 20 or 30 pounds and make several trips before its luck ran out. For when the border began to be crossed nightly by hundreds of smuggler-dogs, the customs guards enlisted canine deputies. These savage law-dogs, unleashed to roam at night, took no prisoners. And a bounty of three francs per head had many citizens out capturing the smuggler-dogs. All told, many thousands of dogs paid with their lives for running contraband before the traffic was finally halted, in 1830.

**"Washboard" roads** puzzled engineers from the dawn of the automobile age, and until recently nobody knew why they developed. In theory, dirt or gravel roads should be rolled smooth by motor traffic. Instead, they corrugate in washboard patterns that can slow travel to a shuddering crawl. These corrugations, covering a few yards or many miles, may form as close together as 12 inches; U.S. unpaved roads usually corrugate at between 24 and 36; Australian roads average 29, North African 39. The process starts when some slight surface irregularity causes wheel bounce; the landing impact digs a crater and pushes sand forward in a ridge that causes another wheel bounce that digs a crater . . . and so on. Once begun, corrugations deepen rapidly; their spacing varies with surface material and auto speeds. One gloomy scientific fact: every dirt road traversed at more than 4 mph. is certain to corrugate and grow ever bumpier. The only cure is paving. *By Paul R. Thomson, Detroit, Mich.*

**Of all status symbols,** perhaps the oddest is one that was fashionable until modern times in many Eastern lands both primitive and civilized . . . namely, black teeth. Only aristocrats, the well-to-do, or warriors possessed black-toothed smiles, which they acquired by assiduously staining their normal white teeth with herb or mineral concoctions. The reason for this perverse custom is lost in antiquity, but a modern Nicobar Islander, asked why he blackened his teeth, remarked haughtily that dogs and pigs have white teeth. In Japan, where as late as 100 years ago the emperor and his court displayed black teeth, the practice was preserved among upper-class married women well into the 1900's. Its last stand today is among semisavage warriors of New Britain in the south Pacific who stain front teeth alternately—one white, one black, and so on. *By William M. Sayers, Hartford, Conn.*

**Towering grandly** above a village in China stands a huge Buddhist pagoda that was built to free the people from a very earthy influence. The village, on the Tung River north of the city of Waichow, occupies a peninsula where the river makes a sharp angle. On the opposite shore is a grotesque hill that startlingly resembles a woman's lower torso. This sexy scenery kept the men of the village so wrought up that, several centuries ago, the Buddhist temple was erected to elevate their minds to more spiritual things. Evidently it worked, for the village has lived placidly enough since, and the recumbent earth-figure remains a sightseers' curiosity.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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## THE TV PLOT TO SLANDER MANHOOD

[*Continued from page* 43]

about 50 years ago. It was about an Irish immigrant who grew rich and needed his wife to help him survive in high society. Then came *Blondie*. Most of the episodes in *Blondie* ended with Dagwood, a man with a head of solid bone, yelling for his wife to come and help him out of some fantastic predicament he had worked himself into. The Dagwood syndrome spread into radio comedy shows of the 1930's and 1940's, and then into a flood of movies perpetrated during and right after World War II, many of them starring Fred MacMurray as the jackass. Finally the formula blossomed in its full loathsome glory on television. There are at least 20 Jackass Formula shows on national-network TV today, watched each week by an audience that can be conservatively estimated at 50 million people.

You could live with the Formula, maybe, when it was restricted to a few comic strips and radio shows. Comics and radio don't have quite the dramatic impact of TV, the power to pull you into a fictitious situation and make you temporarily believe it's real. You could even live with the Formula when it appeared occasionally at your local movie house. It was here this week, gone the next several. But now it shows up on that round-cornered screen in your living room every night of the week, 52 weeks a year. That's too much.

A man can laugh at himself, sure. We can laugh along with the Jackass Formula sometimes. Maybe some of its weary clichés are vaguely based on truth, maybe a man does sometimes lift a heavy bundle and sprain his back and hear a woman say she told him so. Some of those old Fred MacMurray movies, taken in small doses—say, like once a year—were mildly funny. But when you get this brand of humor slung at you 365 days a year, your laugh nerves start to grow numb. You get irritated. After years of it, you get mad.

And you begin to fear that people will begin to take this kind of nonsense seriously. In particular you wonder about boys, tomorrow's men, supposedly tomorrow's leaders. Will they grow up with this cock-eyed image of American manhood in their heads? Will they think they're *supposed* to be jackasses, ineffectual, women dominated?

I was watching some kids playing in my neighborhood one day—kids maybe eight or nine years old. A wheel came off a toy wagon. One of the boys started to make repairs. He was doing fine. The problem was simple enough: a cotter pin had snapped and fallen out of the axle, and he correctly saw that he could bend a piece of coat-hanger wire to take the pin's place. While he was trying to break off a handy length of wire for the purpose, one of the girls shouted at him: "Leave it alone, stupid! You'll only make it worse!"

The boy shrugged as though agreeing with her and started to walk away. The episode made me mad and I went over to the kid and showed him how you can break soft wire by grabbing it with pliers and bending it back and forth. In the end he fixed the wagon and, I hope, gained some self-confidence. I couldn't blame either him or the girl for doubting his resourcefulness. They'd probably been watching *The Flintstones* or some other jackass show. The Formula was in their minds: kid's wagon breaks, man decides to fix it, woman tells him to leave it to the experts, man tries anyway. Another fine comedy is launched. The jackass gets his ear tangled in his shoelace, falls into the wagon, rolls down a hill and disappears through an open manhole.

Yes, gentlemen, the Jackass Formula has got to be stamped out—or, at the very least, cut down to its proper size. Before we address ourselves to the question of how this might be done, let's see if we can find out where the Formula came from. Why is it so much with us?

I've spent many weeks asking questions. I've put them to people in the TV business: producers, writers, comedians and comediennes. I have buttonholed learned authorities in the psych trades—analysts, iatrists and ologists. And I've talked to the people who probably know most of all, the ordinary man and woman in the street. I've been welcomed into some offices and barred from others. The subject, it turns out, is a touchy one.

One large group of respondents, mostly women, explained that the Jackass Formula exists because it is an accurate reflection of real life. Real men are real jackasses, in short. "Your precious male ego is bruised," sneered one woman, a high-strung lady-executive type and multiple divorce. I guessed she had been through experiences that had made her not fond of men. "No kind of art can flourish if it doesn't have some relationship to life," she intoned. "This is as true of comedy as anything else. This 'Jackass Formula' that bothers you so much would never have got off the ground if it didn't reflect reality. Nobody would have watched the shows."

Well, I didn't waste time arguing with her. Obviously and admittedly, jackasses exist in real life. I wasn't trying to prove that all men have good sense. I wasn't even trying to prove that the normal male's intellect is superior to the normal female's (though there is small doubt that this is, in fact, the case). All I wanted to know was, why are there a dozen or more male nincompoops in modern comedy for every lady nitwit? Why the huge disproportion, why the galloping bias against the male?

Another group of respondents, more inclined to think with their heads instead of their viscera, pointed out that men in real life are more likely than women to be innovators, risk-takers, cookers-up of schemes to get things done. "Situation comedy is accurate in this respect," said Alvin Kracht, a Madison Avenue advertising man who has worked with TV shows and thought about them long and seriously. "Behind many a successful man you'll find a woman shouting, 'Stop!' Women are more likely to be timid about taking risks, starting new ventures. The comedy wife portrays this familiar phenomenon."

Well, yes. It's true men are the gamblers in real life, women the security-seekers. In fact a psychologist at San Diego State College, Dr. Norman Kass, demonstrated last year that this difference between the sexes exists even in early childhood. He rigged up penny slot machines that offered various degrees of risk, ranging from no risk at all (the machine simply returned your penny every time you played it) to 8-1 odds (eight pennies returned once in eight tries). Boys and girls aged six to 10 were told to play any machine they liked. The majority of girls went for the no-risk machine. The majority of boys staked their money on high-odds machines in the hope of a big payoff

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Thus, if men are natural risk-takers, it's to be expected they will usually be the ones to create new situations, start balls rolling. When a scheme doesn't work they'll get the blame, and there will always be a woman around to say, "I told you so." Modern comedy shows this accurately enough. But the accuracy stops there. For the real-life ventures of real-life men don't always go down in ridiculous defeat. The majority of them succeed, at least partially. If they didn't we'd all have given up trying long ago.

No, the Mirror-of-Real-Life Theory didn't satisfactorily explain the predominance of the Jackass Formula. I took my questions to other observers.

Several of them sought an explanation in a personnel problem of the entertainment industry: the fact that there are more male than female comedians around—good ones, that is. "Obviously," said TV producer Allen Potter, "if you have a guy on your show who is a comic, you don't make him the straight man. He's got to do something funny. So he usually ends up being the 'jackass,' as you put it."

This point was valid, but only in a limited way. It's true there are more funny men than funny women in the entertainment business. On shows like the *Dick Van Dyke Show* with both male and female comics, the males are funnier than the females.

But let's look at some shows where the female comic dominates. Take *Bewitched*, for instance, a weekly story about a housewife who is secretly a witch with magical powers. The star of this show is a comic actress, and a pretty good one, named Elizabeth Montgomery. If the theory about the main comic's becoming the jerk is valid, then we'd see Miss Montgomery each week acting the nitwit. Does this happen? It does not. *Bewitched* is a Jackass Formula show like the rest. Each week, the witch's poor old husband fumbles goofily through some silly situation, often the result of a losing battle with his mother-in-law, and Miss Montgomery has to straighten him out.

Or take *The Flintstones*. Here is a comedy show that, from the beginning, had no need to worry about the relative availability of male and female comics. *The Flintstones* is a cartoon show. Its perpetrators had an open choice: they could have made the jerk male or female, fish or fowl. They could have mixed things up and had one male chump and one female.

What did they do? Well, *The Flintstones* has four main characters, two men and two women. The two men are the jackasses.

I still didn't have answers to my questions. I went to Steve Allen, TV comedian and commentator. Mr. Allen is a man of quiet humor who has only rarely tried to get a laugh out of the Jackass Formula. He has done a lot of thinking about comedy. He even wrote a book about it some years ago. He warned me my quest was going to be tough. "Questions about why people laugh at one thing and not another are relatively easy to answer on one level," he said, "but if you really dig deep you find you are dealing with an essentially mysterious subject that is almost impossible to treat scientifically."

But he suggested an answer. "Much humor has to do with the idea of expressing impertinence toward authority figures," he said. He pointed out that, in our society, a husband or father is an authority figure—particularly a father. A father is a man to look up to. In a youngster's eyes, at least, he's a man of stature and dignity. "If there's a great deal of dignity inherent in a man's reality or image," Allen said, "we find it funny when he suddenly loses his dignity."

A psychiatrist elaborated on this point for me. He was Dr. Ralph Greenson of Beverly Hills, who has counted many Hollywood comedy stars among his patients, including Marilyn Monroe, and who has spent a lot of time wondering what comedy really is. He said: "A family finds it funny when Dad slips on a banana peel. But when Mom has the same accident, nobody laughs. Instead of laughing, everybody gathers around her, worried and solicitous, wondering if she's hurt." Why the different reaction? Because Dad is usually the top sergeant around home. "We laugh when the mighty have fallen and we no longer have to fear them," said Dr. Greenson. "When this happens suddenly and unexpectedly, it can produce laughter."

That made sense. But there were still a lot of unanswered questions. In particular, the Authority Figure Theory didn't seem to square with the fact that the great majority of producers, directors and writers in the TV business are men. Men—and presumably authority figures in their own homes and social circles. If they were women or children, you could easily see why they'd produce shows in which Dads slipped on banana peels. They'd enjoy bringing the Old Man down from his pedestal. But why do *men* produce Jackass Formula shows?

A partial answer was suggested to me by Helen Bottel, nationally-syndicated newspaper advice columnist. Mrs. Bottel is a clear-thinking woman whose column may be the only one of its type worth reading. She has thought about the Jackass Formula, written about it and deplored it. Her woman's viewpoint is worth listening to.

"Why do men produce shows poking fun at men?" she asked, repeating my question. "Well, for one thing, men are chivalrous—most men, that is. They think of women as weak, rightly or wrongly. And you don't poke fun at a weakling. It wouldn't be cricket—and, worse, it wouldn't be funny."

She mused for a while. "And another thing. Men can laugh at themselves. But women don't have much humor as concerns themselves. Harpoon a man and it tickles him, harpoon a woman and she bleeds. The men who turn out TV shows and comic strips must know this. They'd have a devil of a time making women funny without making them mad."

Yes, it's easier to poke fun at the average man. Do it in moderation, in a friendly way, and there's small danger he'll blow up in your face. The producers of Jackass Formula shows are taking the easy road.

But this answer still didn't completely satisfy me. The word "moderation" kept echoing in my head. I spent several weeks' worth of evenings watching TV comedies and there was no moderation. Jackass after jackass shambled before my gloomy view. Dick Van Dyke, trying to

**". . . . Madagascar has no medicare, Zanzibar has no medicare, Upper Karroo. . . ."**

**"We'd rather you make a house call, Dr. Morgan. Harold's foot is still in the TV set."**

sneak out for an early-morning golf game before his wife awoke and disapproved, successfully locked himself out of the house and found he'd forgotten his clubs. Elizabeth Montgomery volunteered her husband's services in some neighborhood project and locked him in a room until he performed the work, which he meekly did. George Baxter washed the dishes while his wife and maid consulted about something in his study. An old jackass called Uncle Joe in *Petticoat Junction* dreamed up an unworkable scheme about buffalo hunting and had to be bailed out by the woman and teen-age girls who run his life. A Navy officer in *Broadside* had his weekly argument with a bunch of Waves under his command and, of course, lost ignominiously. Moderation?

It almost seemed as though the perpetrators of these shows didn't care whether they made men mad or not. It was as though the shows had been made specifically for female consumption. Could this be true?

I checked with some TV and Hollywood movie folks. And at last the whole picture came into sharp, ghastly focus.

"What we've gathered from dealing with sponsors is that they believe women control television viewing in the home," said Audrey Gellen Maas, for many years story editor of David Susskind's Talent Associates, a major TV-show factory. "Unless there is a sporting event of some sort, sponsors assume, men leave it up to their wives to select the program to watch. The new trend toward nighttime soap operas illustrates this thinking."

Is it just thinking, or is it fact? Do women really control the channel selector? I took this question to the Nielsen Rating Service, biggest and most respected TV-audience surveying outfit in the business. Well, said Nielsen, it's true that the biggest slice of the TV audience is female. It's true of most shows except sports events and newscasts and it's particularly true of situation comedies.

The Nielsen people showed me some of their National Television Audience Composition Reports. These reports are produced by spot-checking several thousand homes at various times of day and night to find out who is watching what. Take January, 1965, for example, and take some typical Jackass Shows. Of all who watched *The Farmer's Daughter* that month (it's about a governess who helps a blundering Congressman run the country), 34 percent were adult women and only 20 percent were men (the rest were children). *My Three Sons* (about a father trying to raise boys without a woman's help): 33 percent female, 22 percent male. *Mr. Ed* (about a man being made a fool of by a horse): 37 percent female, 28 percent male.

It's doubtful that women "control the dial," as the boys on Madison Avenue like to say. What seems more likely is that the architects of TV, having made the assumption that their audiences are largely female, fill the airwaves with shows that men don't care to watch. Men would undoubtedly control the dial if there were something worth controlling.

At any rate, the sponsors' and producers' assumption about their audience explains the prominence of the Jackass Formula. It's the formula women like. Every now and then an intelligent and honest writer comes along and tries to sell TV or Hollywood an anti-Formula comedy, but all he does in the end is to ram his head into a stone wall.

The people with money invested in entertainment know they've got to please the ladies, and the Jackass Formula is surefire. It's exactly what women want to see: a dream world in which the man is no longer king. "My hunch," says Prof. George Horsely Smith, professor of psychology, at Rutgers University and a fascinated student of modern comedy, "is that the 'Jackass Formula,' as you call it, reflects a basic condition in our culture, in which male dominance is being challenged." By watching *Broadside* and *Petticoat Junction*, women can temporarily believe their challenge is succeeding. They can live for half an hour in a fantasy land where the male is simply consort (Jackass Formula wives get kissed a lot), servant and court jester.

Some observers would describe the situation even more strongly than that. For example, consider the views of Betty Friedan, author of *The Feminine Mystique*. Miss Friedan's philosophy is that women should have careers, thoughts and lives of their own instead of being just "sex objects and household drudges." This is debatable, of course. But the point is that, according to Miss Friedan, American women seethe with suppressed anger because they believe men get all the interesting jobs, lead the more interesting lives and run the country. Women get revenge in various and devious ways, says Miss Friedan—among them, by identifying with the heroines of Jackass Formula shows.

"The television situation-comedy wife," she wrote in an angry series of articles for *TV Guide*, "far from loving or even liking her husband, seems . . . obsessed with the need to wipe him under the doormat, get revenge against him, control him, manipulate him, show him up for the . . . worm he really is, and establish once and for all who's really the boss. As if over and over, she must show herself to be somebody by forcing him to his knees." This type of avenging heroine needn't necessarily be a wife, but can be almost any woman with almost any relationship to a man. She can be

his girl friend, like the teen-age monstrosities on the *Patty Duke Show*. She can even be nominally his subordinate, like the WAVE lieutenant on *Broadside* or the nightmarish housemaid, Hazel.

In the 1964-65 television season, there appeared two comedy shows that portray the avenging-female image in its starkest, most exaggerated possible terms. The two are *Bewitched* and *My Living Doll*. It was as if the architects of TV sensed that their female viewers were developing an unwanted tolerance for the familiar picture of an ordinary woman scoring victories over men. They wanted stronger stuff, as a drug addict needs ever stronger doses to make him high and must progress inexorably from goofball eater to mainliner. The Flintstone-type TV housewife was not a powerful enough heroine with whom to identify. Her effectiveness was wearing out. What the audience needed was not merely a strong woman, but an omnipotent one.

The audience got two. The heroine of *Bewitched* uses black magic to bend circumstances and people to her will. The heroine of *My Living Doll* looks and talks like a woman but is, in fact, a new kind of robot with enormous brainpower. Neither can possibly be beaten in any contest with a man.

Is there any way of wiping the Jackass Formula off the air? Or, to set our goal less high, can we cut it down to more moderate proportions—down to two or three shows a week, say?

"Ah, you are impetuous, my dear fellow," warned an aged, spade-bearded psychoanalyst in New York when I told him of these thoughts. "First you must be sure you really want to eradicate this—um—'Jackass Formula.' Are you sure? If it is true that this Formula represents a mechanism by which women may handle anger against men, then the Formula can be seen as a safety valve. Remove or clog up a safety valve, and you make trouble. Denied this fantasy world in which to vent their feelings, women might seek revenge against the male in other ways—perhaps in ways that are not so harmless."

Well, he may be right. It's a comfortable way of looking at the problem. But the Jackass Formula at its present level of prominence is mass slander. A self-respecting man can't sit still for it, whether it's a safety valve or not.

So what do we do? "You aren't going to change anything overnight," an executive of one of the big Madison Avenue ad agencies told me. "That's obvious. But listen, TV is in business to please an audience. If something doesn't please the audience, sooner or later it goes off the air. It's got to. Sponsors are always watching for signs of displeasure. So are we at the agency. Nervously."

He paused to sip his Bloody Mary. "What you've got to do," he said, "is make your displeasure known."

All right, let's make it known. Any time you see your wife or son watching a Jackass Show—particularly your son—order the TV set switched off instantly. Then write a letter something like this to the network or producer or sponsor:

"Gentlemen: Recently I caught certain members of my family watching your show *The Manureheads*. I was greatly disturbed. Your show is one of too many on television that portray men as blundering nincompoops. Until the hero of your show, Bill Bughauser, is portrayed as showing a little more sense and a little less dependence on his womenfolk, I will not permit the show to appear in my home. Why not have the women do something silly once in a while, as women do in real life?"

After all, we aren't making an impossible or even difficult demand. There are several thousand formulae for humor other than the Jackass Formula. An occasional TV show or movie reversing the Jackass Formula might be refreshing and could score high on the Nielsen ratings. Look at the cartoon *Andy Capp*, for instance. "Andy is an exception to the male chump phenomenon," proudly notes Bob Reed of the Hall Syndicate, Andy's U.S. marketing headquarters. "In fact, Andy is never beaten." Neither his wife nor any other womenfolk have ever been known to push him around. "Well, if it ain't my sister-in-law," he remarked once when that lady came to call. "Don't just stand out there in the cold, lass! Buzz off!" If Fred Flintstone, George Baxter and other jackasses in American comic entertainment could act that way once in a while—just once in a while—the degree of refreshment would be enormous.

—**Max Gunther**


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## DESIRE UNDER THE CAMPUS ELMS

[*Continued from page* 48]

no doubt their families would be glad to support them. She did not mind the idea of dropping out of college to find an apartment in his college town, because she had gone to college to find a husband, anyway. Of course, John would stay on in school until he received his degree, because a man must have a degree if he would hope to support a wife.

So Mary went gaily back to Cleveland to tell her family the good news. Their reaction was to telephone John's family in New York, with a view to setting an immediate wedding date. Their call caused some embarrassment, for it was the first time John's parents had heard of Mary Doe.

"Who are these people? Who is this girl —some gold digger?" John's father asked him. "Would you mind telling me what this is all about?"

Mary was a friend of his, John explained. No, he had never at any time promised to marry anyone, because "I told her I had to go through college first. Sure, we *thought* maybe someday we might get married if things worked out okay and if we were still in love when we got out of school, but it wasn't any more than that. I mean, she said she loved me, so I, ah, you know. . . ."

No, John told his father, he hadn't taken precautions because "I mean, Pop, if a girl says okay, she'll come to your room, doesn't that mean she's wearing her diaphragm?"

John's father relayed his son's gallant reply to Mary's family, and the bottom dropped out of Mary's world. John's father had refused to consent to a marriage. He said he would contest a paternity suit. Mary's first frantic thought was that she would have the baby, anyway. Perhaps after the baby was born, the unwilling grandfather would relent. She could not accept the idea that John did not want to marry her.

"You're going to have an abortion at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning at the hospital," Mary's father told her.

"No! I won't!" Mary said. "I would rather have the baby and afterward put it up for adoption!"

So Mary had an abortion at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. It was performed by the obstetrician who had delivered her 19 years before. She returned to college the following year.

The point of all this is not that going to a college boy's room can lead a college girl to the operating table. Rather, it is that what happened to Mary was a source of acute concern to more than two adolescents. Of course, Mary was the principal victim, and the full effects of her tragedy probably remain to be seen. For no woman ever surrenders her virginity in a wholly casual way, and, more important, no woman can ever have an abortion, suffer a miscarriage, or see her baby die without having that experience do some lasting damage to her mental equilibrium. Mary's pregnancy was a source of anguish to both her parents and to John's, and it may even have given John something to think about. But, more to the point, it affected a number of innocent bystanders—Mary's classmates, who had been kept fully informed of every stage of Mary's romance.

Early on, she had told them she was not a virgin and had described in detail her sexual relationship with John. This inspired one girl with a thrill of horror, and may be a reason why that girl seems to dress in as repellent a manner as could be conceived; why she has no dates. At least two other girls were led to intimate they were not virgins, although they were, and to become technical virgins upon the next weekend. A technical virgin, in today's campus jargon, means a girl who may lie naked in bed with a boy and engage with him to orgasm in all forms of sexual activity except the procreative. ("I have this problem with my girl," said one Princeton victim of technical virginity. "I have this sexual appetite, but all she ever gives me are appetizers.")

When Mary told her friends she was pregnant and would doubtless now be married, her friends wanted to Do Something. They happily thought in terms of bridal showers and baby showers ("It will be the class baby, won't it?") until a long, hysterical letter from Mary inspired them to want to Do Something Else. Three wanted to take turns calling John and telling him a thing or two. One wanted to hire a lawyer to sue John's parents. A movement was undertaken, then abandoned, to solicit a subscription for Mary's abortion. All this flutter in the dovecote was not without its effects on the girls' schoolwork. Emotionally involved in their friend's problem, they added its burden to those they already carried. Endless conversations were built about Mary, virginity, abortions, trial marriage and How Far Do You Go With A Boy. Anyone who thinks that 19-year-old girls are past the point of such discussions is unduly cynical. If the girls had put the same effort into their schoolwork that they put into worry over Mary, they might all have made the dean's list. As it was, two wound up on probation, and one of them considered dropping out. Persuading her to stay on required additional hours of dormitory talk.

Perhaps the most astonishing feature of this ridiculous melodrama is the fact that all participants—John, the girls, the two families—are highly intelligent people of whom greater wisdom might have been expected. But the case serves the point that intellect and sexual behavior do not always go together, and that when late adolescents fool around with sex, most do not know what they are doing.

Mary's tragedy might have remained exclusively private if college were a normal community. But a college is a collection of adolescents left largely on their own resources. Most of today's faculty members have little more than an impersonal classroom acquaintance with their students. This is particularly true at a large university. It is less true at a

TRUE

"First, let me congratulate you on your cunning and ingenuity. . ."

small college, but the general rule is that the college teacher is no longer—if he ever was—the kindly, wise old professor who is the inspiring friend of youth, to whom the students can apply for advice. He is much more likely to be a smug, young graduate student single-mindedly pursuing a degree, or a self-centered young associate professor looking for another job. Unless they consult the college's resident psychiatrist, the students must look to one another for guidance at one of the times of life when guidance would seem most necessary—which would generally mean that the blind would lead the blind. This was certainly true of Mary and her friends who, locked away in a little world of their own, tried to solve Mary's problem with her, with the result that they all burst into tears.

Closely connected to campus sexuality, if not one of the conducive factors, is the unreality of the collegiate world. It is a world of vivid tensions, and sexual relationship might seem to ease these tensions and solace the lonely.

"To go to bed with a girl because you want a sense of status and she wants a sense of security does not strike me as being a particularly mature, mutual act of love," one private psychiatrist said. "But this is what is happening in most cases. The usual boy-girl relationship involves an immature boy seeking a mother-image. Mama isn't around any more, so the girl becomes a substitute Mama. She's going to pat him and hug him and soothe him when he's all worried about those dreadful old studies, and then best of all, she's going to give him something Mama never did. I don't know what percentage of campus marriages last, but I do know that a good many of them end in divorce shortly after graduation, and I believe some of them end when the boy finally grows up and doesn't want a Mama any more, and when the girl gets over playing with dolls and starts looking for a man."

Incidentally, to understand just what divorce can mean to some of the nation's best young minds, consider the couple who met early in freshman year, married, had a child in the spring, and then were divorced. The boy spent the summer on a youth hostel trip through Europe; the girl gave the baby to an adoption agency and took a summer job as a hospital volunteer because "I feel we should help other people." This past year they were both back in college as sophomores, where they often met at the same parties because their circle of friends had not changed, and their relationship was that of two youngsters who had once dated steadily, but who did so no longer, and their friends think none the less of them.

"The marriage didn't work out," one of their friends said.

And the baby?

"Who's to say that the people who adopt children aren't better parents than if they were the real parents?" one student asked. "The most religious guy is the convert."

It would seem that a quick mind is never at a loss for a rationalization.

It would also seem that our youth are pursuing what they believe to be their newly invented sexual freedom somewhat lugubriously, for as a San Francisco professor said, "The sad thing is that so many of these kids act like old married couples.

"You really wonder if they find sex fun," he said. "Let me tell you about one couple living together on a houseboat about 20 minutes away from here by car. They commute to the campus. She is a big, blond motherly girl of Scandinavian descent. The boy is a little, dark New York Jew with the cynical attitude of a cabin boy. They have a college post-office box number so their parents won't know where they are living. But there's nothing joyous or Bohemian about their household. There are no beaded curtains, or wine bottles with candles in them on check tablecloths. There's nothing nautical. Instead, what could have been an exotic houseboat, they've made into the most unexciting, drab, dismal little working-class flat you've ever seen. They have a kind of pride of poverty—how-you-can-eat-four-course-meals-for-43¢-a-day kind of thing. They buy furniture from the Goodwill Industries, and their clothes at J. C. Penney's. She is ultradomestic, keeping everything spotless. Seeing him varnishing a chair is like watching a guy working in his basement hobby room after a tough day at the office. They entertain constantly, but there are no wild parties. Instead, it's the couple in for dinner, with beer and shoptalk after.

"I did."

"They are just two kids with nothing really in common who are playing house," the professor concluded. "Underneath it all you can see what it is. She really wants to be a domestic homebody and has found security and an outlet in having a boy-husband she doesn't care about, and he has found a mother and a status symbol. The boy with the most status is the one who is shacked up."

Playing house would seem an apt term for many less permanent campus relationships, and it seems to be the girl who does most of the playing. In most cases, if she is not the actual aggressor (which she often is) she is at least the more active partner. If the boy lives off campus, the pattern is that she comes to his apartment to tidy it up, cook the supper, do the dishes. She is the one who provides the contraceptive. (One may say, *Well she might,* for it is she who would become pregnant. The point, however, is that the boy today—unlike the college boy of the 1930's—does not so often take some responsibility for making sure that a contraceptive is used.) At the end of the evening, she often as not walks back to the women's dormitory alone. Inasmuch as it is a fact of nature that boys bring far less of an emotional commitment to bed with them than girls do, one sometimes wonders just what the college girl really gets out of this activity. How much psychic and physical risk does she run, for how little real reward?

With narrow respect for scholarship—the ostensible reason why people attend college—students often argue that a sexual relationship is conducive to good grades. To be sure, fear of pregnancy can wreck a girl's schoolwork. But students say that contraception minimizes this fear and that a greater one is that of not having dates. In today's collegiate world, where sexual intercourse is widely believed to be nothing more than a natural act, necessary to good mental health, and always permissible providing the couple imagine themselves to be in love and if they use contraceptives and conduct the affair in private, it is popularly believed that a girl is having intercourse if she dates one boy exclusively. If she does, then she is supposed to realize that she is attractive to men and will not die a spinster. With fear of spinsterhood removed from her mind, she is now supposed to be the more free to devote her full attention to her schoolwork. That such a conclusion may be psychological nonsense is neither here nor there.

The undergraduate world likewise presumes that a boy's grades will improve if he enjoys regular sexual intercourse, for his conquest is supposed to furnish proof of his virility, otherwise set his mind at rest, and at least assure him that somebody likes him, even if nobody else at the college does.

No one has attempted to make a study to show whether nonvirgins earn higher grades than other students. Some teachers believe that students who date steadily tend to earn higher grades than those who do not, and that they are less likely to drop out of college. If true, this does not establish a relationship between dating and grades. It might simply mean that bright students find more time to date than dull students do.

Despite popular undergraduate belief, we cannot always presume that steady dating implies intercourse. There is no question that there is a pressure on a college girl to regard virginity as a badge of immaturity and to become the sexual partner of her steady date, but there is a question as to how many college girls actually yield to this pressure.

It would seem safe to say that they talk a great deal about sex, but whether all the conversationalists speak from experience is quite another matter.

"We heard that 95 percent of Sarah Lawrence girls will come across on the first date," one Havard boy said.

"But we got stuck with the five percent who don't," his friend complained.

"There's a lot more virginity around than you would expect," a Reed professor commented.

His view is particularly interesting, inasmuch as Reed College is so small as to resemble a family group in which students and professors seem to live as equals, and since undergraduates who do not go to Reed enviously imagine Reed to be a center of free love.

"Three girls who live together here each came to me separately," the Reed professor said. "Each one said that her roommates weren't virgin, and that they had told her she should go to bed with a man, too, but each of them told me that she didn't want to do this yet, and did this mean there was something wrong with her?"

If much of collegiate sex is just talk about sex, there is no doubt that the conversations are becoming increasingly frank and increasingly conducted in mixed company. Incessant talk can create pressure. It encourages experiment. It can create anxiety and self-reproach in the mind of a gullible student who imagines that everyone else is leading a vivid sexual life while his or her only outlet at the moment is masturbation.

The entire problem is complicated by the fact that while the late adolescent male actually completes more sexual acts per week than he ever will again, the late adolescent girl has still some years to wait before she is psychologically and physiologically as eager for intercourse as he is now. But bearing in upon her from a hundred sources are commands that she go to bed, anyway. She has only to look at the outside world to see a sex-obsessed society. Most motion pictures, all manner of advertising, practically

every novel, the vast majority of newspaper feature articles and nearly all drama back to Punch and Judy concern men and women going to bed together or wanting to do so. She has been encouraged to put on a lugubrious preteen bra when her breasts were buds; has been car pooled to dancing class in nylon stockings and lipstick before mastering long division; has been thrust into quasi-adult social relationships all the way from junior high school to college; has inescapably absorbed in high school the idea that her chances of a happy life are going to be in direct proportion to her ability as a sexual athlete, and now, arrived in college, surrounded by ardent males and given every encouragement and opportunity, she is practically ordered to produce or admit personal failure as a woman. Something deep inside her may clamor "But it is too soon! I'm not ready yet!" and if so, then we may conclude that she has a problem.

For their part, boys have a problem, too. Raised in the same erotic culture, more sensitive to its stimulation than girls, and in full command of their sexual powers, boys are impelled to prove themselves. Proving one's sexual ability provides at least one kind of self-assurance. Granted, work may be a means of sublimating a sex drive, but the collegiate world offers only academic work, which is hardly everybody's cup of tea. In all seriousness, consider the plight of a bright boy who badly wants to get on with the business of living his life, but who finds himself marooned in the artificial collegiate world instead. Where and how is he to prove himself the man he feels himself to be? Does he not have a problem? But if he found a more complaisant girl, would she really provide the answer?

As this is being written, there is an uproar in the daily press and monthly journals over campus morality. It centers largely around the practice in many selective colleges of allowing boys and girls to entertain one another in their dormitory rooms.

"From the day that Harvard first let girls into student rooms, they had all this trouble coming to them," one weekly magazine quoted a woman dean of students as saying.

But what is "all this trouble"? Admittedly, pregnancy out of wedlock is trouble. *Newsweek* magazine reported that, at one Eastern women's college, a dozen girls in one year engaged in shotgun weddings and another six had abortions. The incidence of premarital pregnancy on campus is increasing.

It would seem that the major problem stems from the fact that the collegiate world is a corral full of erotic adolescents. College deans may maintain from here until next Thursday morning that most undergraduates are too immature to fool around with sex, but the most casual glance at the history of human behavior, from Creation to date, indicates that late adolescents are going to fool around with it anyway. They have sexual problems. A question put to the colleges is whether it is any business of the college to help students cope with those problems. To try to keep them apart, by limiting their opportunities to engage in intercourse, or by expelling them if they do, is one way of not answering the question. But is it any better answer to provide adolescents with bedrooms wherein they may work out their sexual problems by themselves? The students, with some faculty support, say that it is. They argue that the decent privacy of one's own dormitory room is infinitely preferable to the cynical impersonality of the public motel to which they must otherwise resort. In any event, they say, no one is going to be able to legislate sexuality out of human behavior.

Perhaps the most lucid thought on a murky scene was that of a high school teacher who said, "A child's best chaperon is his own character." If any college girl's father believes that students are not ready to be the judges of themselves, but should follow his mature wisdom instead, he would be well advised to compile a list of all the married adults of his acquaintance. Then he might ask himself what he knows of their sexual lives, and of his own.

It is not my intention to suggest what the official collegiate attitude should be with regard to the sexual life of the undergraduate. Rather, the intention here is to demonstrate that undergraduates do lead sexual lives and to report on the current trend of undergraduate opinion on the matter. No one knows whether engaging in sexual intercourse tends to reduce or magnify the tensions of college life; whether it tends to raise or lower grade averages. No one knows whether *not* engaging in intercourse is helpful or harmful to the undergraduate. Examples of each point may be found: we are left with a sheaf of reports which show nothing more than that human beings are infinitely variable; that each must be considered separately; that a norm is an abstract term to which no particular individual conforms. But we can certainly say that having sexual relations, or not having them, powerfully affects each undergraduate's general outlook. His view of himself in the collegiate world, and his efficiency therein, is largely determined by whatever peace, truce or armistice he has made with his sexual self.

Close inquiry into the reasons why a student transfers or drops out of college will invariably be answered in emotional terms, or at least in terms highly colored by emotion, and Freudian psychiatrists say that these emotions will be rooted in the student's sexuality. For example, no dropout is more common than the boy whose difficulties can be traced to a disappointing love affair, or the girl who leaves college because she has now snared the husband she went to college to entrap. Nor is any transfer student more common than he, or she, whose sexual life has seemed meager, and who wishes to try again somewhere else. But before we conclude that all able students who voluntarily leave a college do so because of sexual uproar, we had best remember that their sexual dissatisfactions most usually gnaw at them from beneath the threshold of consciousness, while their conscious minds seize upon the many more apparent shortcomings of college life, intellectualizing these into reasons for leaving.

—John Keats

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## IT'S A HELLUVA WAY TO GREET AN IMMIGRANT

[*Continued from page* 56]

He and Royce took turns holding the dog. Bill Huey shifted nervously. I kept checking my watch. It occurred to me that the world's pheasants surely had an amazing history of transplantation. Legend has it that the Romans brought one of the ring-necked species to the British Isles. These birds supposedly later hybridized with Chinese pheasants imported into England, and became the so-called "English ringneck" hunted there and over much of western Europe.

Ben Franklin's son-in-law brought the first pheasants to America, a few English ringnecks for his New Jersey estate, way back in 1790. A real breakthrough did not come until 1881, when 28 pure-strain Chinese ringnecks were shipped by the consul general at Shanghai to the Willamette River Valley in Oregon. There the astonishing success story of the ring-necked pheasant in the U.S. began. A decade later Oregon opened a hunting season, and it is estimated that 50,000 birds were taken on that opening day. Later, of course, when ringnecks had caught hold clear across the northern U.S., the kill was annually to run into millions.

"That grass field," Bob said, interrupting my thoughts, "and those wild sunflowers past it. Watch it. Plenty of birds should have spent the night in it. How's our time, Bill?"

"Five minutes."

Dunlap started toward the field. We followed. He turned back, said, "Mind, now, we have to get 'em when they flush. These aren't like ringnecks. Once they get into the catclaw brush on the slopes we'll never drive 'em out."

"Or over the mountain," Bill Huey chuckled.

The younger Dunlap said, "Yeah, over the mountain. Maybe you never saw a pheasant flush and go straight up over a mountain. Well, you will today."

A little wad of ducks arose noisily from the still pond. I was shaking as I walked along. Not from cold entirely. Eager. As a kid I had been brought up shooting pheasants in the flat, small-farm country of southeastern Michigan. Later I'd hunted them in the corn fields of the South Dakota plains, and in the endless wide-open corn and redtop fields of Nebraska and Kansas. But this place! This didn't make sense. Pheasants in the desert, consorting with Gambel's quail and jackrabbits. Pheasants skulking in prickly pear and catclaw on steep, rocky slopes. Big purple mountains hemming us in, and a crazy kind of pheasant ready to fly over them!

We hauled up by the stand of tall, dead sunflowers. Lord, but it looked thick. How the devil, I wondered, do we swing a gun to fire on a bird in there? Dunlap motioned to spread out in a broad line. He stayed in the middle, controlling the anxious dog. We all eyed Bill, who was studying his watch. Finally he nodded.

Dunlap slipped the dog. "Get 'em boy!" he said. We moved in, crashing and fighting the sunflowers. Our gun muzzles were up and ready.

Ten floundering steps, and then a noisy flush of wings racketed. "Don't shoot!" somebody shouted. "Hen. Almost stepped on her."

I mashed my way another few steps. At my right there was a brittle cackle. A long-tailed rooster exploded from the dense ground cover and beat its way upward to top the tall stuff. The bird looked darker in flight than the ring-necked pheasant I'd been brought up with. Its cackle had a sharper sound, higher pitched. I was trying to rip my gun around to get on it. But now its flight path was spang into the sun and I was blinded. The sharp explosion of Royce's gun shattered the dawn and I heard him yell with great enthusiasm.

"Got 'im!"

The dog was crashing through toward the downed bird. Bill called from far left, "Hold up. Let the dog find the bird. Let's not get out ahead before. . . ."

He was cut off by another raucous, ready cackle. I saw a big cock shoot upward, level off and start away. Then Bill's gun spoke to it and it crumpled. He ran forward exuberantly, seized it, held it aloft. The low sun glinted from a beautifully iridescent breast and neck—and at that instant, with a sharp cackle, another big rooster burst up practically from under Bill's feet.

He jumped as if dodging shot. He came apart, dropping his bird, floundering, fighting to get his gun up. The rooster sliced a path across the tall weed tops, over the catclaw, steeply, and right on up the slope of the towering mountain behind us. We watched in silence. At last the rooster sailed to a landing among rocks and cactus far up the mountain.

"Amazing," I murmured.

We plowed ahead. Five minutes later Bob Dunlap made his first kill as a rooster cackled up and over him. The dog brought it proudly. Bill took it, shoved it hurriedly into the back of Bob's hunting coat. We moved out of the tall stuff into grass and sparse willows. It looked too thin, I thought. I was wondering if I was going to be left out, when I heard Bill yell.

"In front of you!"

I saw the rooster running. Then it arose with a violent flurry, cackling, and angled in a perfect passing shot for me. I swung, pulled, caught it squarely. In a blur of brilliantly colored motion my first desert pheasant fell to the ground.

After exertion and elation, the frosty air felt good. As I retrieved my bird the other hunters moved in. We swung back

TRUE

"Did you advertise an apartment for a quiet young couple?"

around by the pond, where we hunkered down, resting and admiring these strange and lovely game birds. Bill pointed out some of the differences from the ringneck: no white collar; a large white shoulder area from which their name derives; the breast dark green and black, as opposed to the red-gold of the ring-neck cock; tail and rump rich reddish-brown, instead of gray-brown and green. Like the ringneck, the white-wing averages around three pounds and make delicious eating.

Dunlap had for several years been an official guardian of the birds in this Gila River area. "They're wilder than ringnecks," he said. "They're tougher, stronger, faster fliers."

"Tell me more about how they got here," I asked.

He lounged back on the grass in the warming sun. "You have to go back some," he said, "to those Oregon ringnecks."

Because of the early Oregon success, it just sort of "happened" that the ring-necked pheasant marched in great numbers across the northern states. The Southwest didn't have many people then, let alone a need for new game birds. The South had its much-loved bobwhite quail, and so no one below the Mason-Dixon line got very excited over the North's new pheasants. But Northerners felt lucky indeed. The prairie chickens and sharp-tail grouse that had once teemed on the plains were swiftly declining as land use changed. Ruffed grouse were giving way in many places before the lumberjacks. Ringnecks swarmed in and abundantly filled these voids.

"Without the pheasant," Bill continued, "northern hunters would have had very sparse upland wing shooting today."

Eventually, however, the South was also in trouble. Civilization, changing farm practices, began to creep up on the bobwhite. The ringneck was brought in. Everyone just assumed the hardy devil would be a swift success. It was, instead, an utter failure. Below the 40th parallel it failed time and again to reproduce and sustain itself. Why, no one knew for sure. It was a field bird. It needed grain-farming areas. These it had. But long research finally tended to prove that its northern success in some way was tied to glaciated soils, and to the colder, wetter climate.

"Along here somewhere game-management people began to realize a changing world was catching up with them, too," Bill explained. "U.S. game-bird habitats were swiftly changing. Hunter types were also changing. Most lived in cities now. They needed an easily accessible bird, and a bird of good size, so when a fellow bagged even one he could feel he had something worthwhile. And above all, hunting was simply zooming in popularity as our population increased. We needed *more* game birds everywhere. Something had to be done."

Grouse were too difficult to raise at game farms, for stocking. Some other imported species were inclined to grow tame. Pheasants had the advantages of staying wild even though easy to pen raise, and being readily adaptable to settled regions right next door to the majority of hunters. Fortunately, the pheasant family was large. All natively Asian, dozens of species are spread over a vast range, with terrains and climates differing greatly. Some—like the big Reeves, the silver, the golden—that had long been exhibited in zoos, were now tried in the wild. Nothing much came of it. They were handsome but unsuitable. The search, it appeared, had to reach much farther than just the nearest zoo.

"Then, a few years ago," Bill continued, "federal and state game biologists conceived the idea of searching the world for exotics whose native conditions might be precisely the same as those of our own areas. We'd pinpoint the habitat and *then* find a bird to fit. There were places where we'd never had *any* game birds. There were others where our natives had declined in modern times, with no replacements, still others where ours could tolerate an added, noncompeting species."

It was an exciting concept, totally different from the trial-and-error transplants of past years. A group was set up under Dr. Gardiner Bump of the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service. Its purpose was to scour the remote places of the world for game birds—some perhaps not even known to science—to be tried in the millions of acres now useless to the average hunter.

One bird the roving biologists soon

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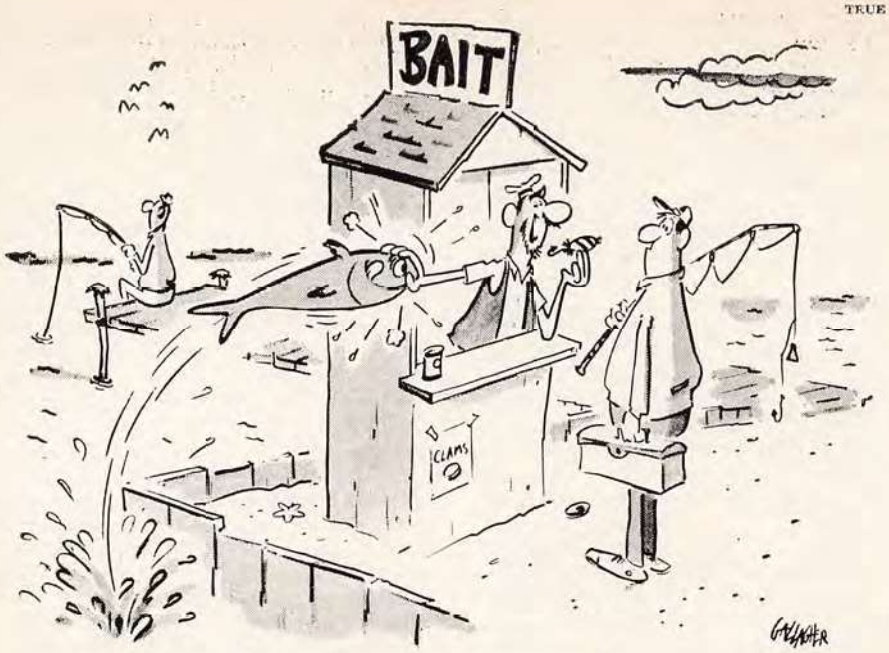


**"Here's a lure they can't resist."**

turned up was the Afghan white-winged pheasant. It lived in a country of low humidity, an arid land that by careful ecological evaluation matched portions of our own Southwest. Some crossbred white-wings had previously found their way into California, and been tried a bit. But now with endless difficulties five pure-strain birds were finally trapped in the remote Oxus Valley of northern Afghanistan, brought to the U.S. and turned over to the New Mexico Game Department in 1958.

"The hope was that we had areas in southwestern New Mexico," Bill said, "which the birds would find comparable to their original home—arid desert country, rough and mountainous in places, yet with enough farming for cotton and grains to provide cover and feed. They'd have no real competition from our only game bird here, the Gambel's quail. And so, from those five carefully tended white-wings we raised the game-farm stock that launched the crop we're hunting in this two-day season. By November or December, 1965, we may even have a three-day season." Bill paused, grinned and said, "Let's go hunting."

We got up and, on Dunlap's advice, started toward the river. "The birds," he said, "will be moving out of the grass now. There's been a lot of disturbance." Other hunters had been constantly in sight, crisscrossing the valley fields. It was obvious there was much interest in this hunt. "The wise old cocks will be heading into the brush and up the slopes, but we just may pick up a couple more."

We spread out and began working toward the mountains. I soon spotted a beautiful big rooster. It had apparently been feeding in the yellow grass. I got my long-lens camera out of my coat, shot a picture, saw the bird run and suddenly drop almost from sight in a clump of grass. I motioned to the others. Bill Huey was far on the other side. He started moving in. As he came on, I watched through my lens as the bird crouched, ready to flush. Then it sprang upward as Bill closed the range. Craftily it circled him, heading for dense cover in the distance.

Bill shot, missed, tried again. By now I had set aside my camera, and the bird was in range of my gun. I could visualize my two-rooster limit—that was all we were allowed for this special two-day season. Then my gun had spoken its short, loud piece to no avail. The rooster, thrice unscathed, flew on.

We went on up into the rocky slopes and worked the brush. The dog would have none of this, so Bill and I bird-dogged for each other. Several birds flushed in the distance. Then one rooster ran downhill with us stumbling after. It finally flushed at the base of the mountain and flew straight back up, and right on over the top.

"If I hadn't seen it," I told Bill, "I'd never have believed it, regardless of what anybody said."

When we got into the bottom brush and weeds again, we flushed a smaller bird I did not recognize. Bill beamed. "A black francolin."

New Mexico has been trying this foreigner, too. The sand grouse of Africa is another exotic Dr. Bump's people are interested in. It is a bird of arid regions that makes daily flights to desert water holes, where it offers superb gunning.

We saw another hunter shoot at a cock that had started up over the mountain. Wounded, it landed and ran. We stopped to help, and finally the hunter found it in the brush. Then in an unexpected spot down lower, again in thin willows, we jumped a bird. Bill folded it neatly, and thereby ruined his hunting. He had hung his season limit.

We went in for lunch. A dozen other hunters were gathered in the ranch yard where our cars were parked. All were examining birds. Only a couple lacked the full limit of two roosters. I was now fully convinced this imported pheasant was slated for big things here. Each year, since the first plant, the state game farm has been raising and releasing more birds to keep a saturation population while the species becomes solidly established. All released birds wear bands. Bill and I checked every bird among the gathered hunters. Only about 20 percent wore bands. That meant 80 percent of the kill had been born in the wild.

We took my pickup and cruised down along the Gila. It was nearing Christmas time. The cottonwoods were hung thick with mistletoe, and we decided to take some home. Failing to reach any, we shot clumps of it down with our shotguns. Two cars passed meanwhile, slowed, looked at us as if we were touched. One backed up.

"Don't you guys know squirrel season's closed?" the driver growled. "Oughta report you." He drove on, grumbling.

Bill left his gun in the truck and came to help me try for my last bird. Promptly we flushed a big covey of Gambel's quail. Bill muttered. The season was open and here he was gunless. I held my fire. I had my mind on that second pheasant and I was afraid by tomorrow the valley would have been so thoroughly combed the cocks would all be hiding in the hills.

Bill said, "We could try somewhere else tomorrow if you don't fill up. We've several other pockets where the birds are doing fine. But they'll get hard hunting, too." Later I visited one of these, southwest of Lordsburg. Hunting had been good, we heard.

The white-winged pheasant is only one link in the chain of new upland gunning being forged for the future. It has proved that birds *can* be found to match up with the "open" environments, wherever they occur. For example, only a couple hundred miles from my Texas home another pheasant is getting started in a totally different and unusual setting: the coastal Gulf plain along the salt water of Matagorda Bay. This instance illustrates again that the old hit-and-miss technique in stocking game birds is out. In this Texas case, the pheasant is a hybrid blending the Chinese ringneck and a Mongolian variety. Hybrids are sometimes desirable because they prove more hardy than pure-strain birds.

Game men don't insist that these match-up birds come from far places. The Texas transplant was in fact made with birds already established in California's Sacramento Valley. But foreign birds get much attention because the list from which to make selections is so huge and varied. At the same time, great care must be taken to cull many out, to make certain the imports won't prove to be pests, or interfere with our native birds.

"Numerous other pheasants are being studied," Bill told me. "Without question there are strains or species somewhere to fit just about any area we have. In time the Floridian whose bobwhites have declined may well have a pheasant to replace them, the hunter up in Maine may have another. And so on. We're really just getting started. But we do know we're on the right track."

Of course, this game-bird game isn't being played just with the pheasants. Several of the francolins and sand

grouses, and other game-bird species from around the world are being studied for possible transplant. A number of them are already in the U.S., under careful game-farm wraps. But the pheasants are getting the spotlight because they are so prolific, so hardy, so wild and of such broad variety.

We hunted hard until midafternoon, with no results. This part, I reflected, was just like ringneck hunting. The early and late hours are always best. Undoubtedly the birds were far back in the dense brush and would not move again until feeding time toward dusk. We swung back around to the pickup, drove back to the vicinity of the pond where we had hunted during the morning. While Bill waited, I circled it, moving back into the brush and under the big cottonwoods and willows. As I came out of the cover, I saw Bill waving frantically.

A cock had run out of the brush—I was sure that's what Bill's gestures meant. He started toward me, guiding me meanwhile with more arm waving. I moved up into a heavy clump of weeds and grass near the pond. All pheasants, of course, are swift runners and they will stay on their feet as long as possible. But there was just a chance this one had squatted in the heavy cover.

I eased ahead, gun ready. The bird's cackle seemed to erupt between my boots. With a rush of wings it hurtled upward, beating vertically to attain altitude enough to heel over into level flight. At the top of this spiral I caught the bird, still cackling. The shotgun barked, the cackle was cut abruptly. Wings furled, the cock plummeted. On this first day of the first season of its kind, I had collected my limit of these first pheasants to make the grade in the Southwest. There will be many other first days like this during coming years, in many other places in the U.S., with hunters thrilled by brand-new game birds selected to fit environments that sorely need them.

—**Byron W. Dalrymple**

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**THE MAN WHO GREW A NEW BODY**

[*Continued from page* 47]

services of dozens of people and cost about $230,000 to keep him alive.

"At the garage," Kobak says, "we picked up our tools and belts and hooks and hard hats and the rubber gloves and six of us went out on the line truck. We might have had another little job first, but I don't remember."

Kobak is 37 years old now, and was born a half mile from where he now lives with his wife and children in a two-story, six-room, white-shingled house. He is six-feet one and weighs 180 pounds and he smiles easily and collects Indian arrowheads and likes to hunt and hike and do some fishing.

"I figure we must have been out at the pole for a couple of hours," he says, "because after we'd put the rubber goods —the snakes and the hood—on the wires, we'd moved two of the solid blade disconnects to make more room on the pole for another line, and we had only one more to go."

A solid blade disconnect may be described as a switch that cuts off the power beyond a pole. These disconnects were encased in dark-brown porcelain boxes and spaced along the crossarms of the pole, 18 feet above the ground.

"Bobby Moore and I were working up there together," Kobak says, "and we decided to work into our lunch hour so that after lunch we wouldn't have to put on our rubber sleeves and gloves again. We had put a temporary insulated jumper as a bypass across the line going into the disconnect and we were going to cut a foot out of the line. Bobby was going to cut and I was leaning over the primary wires on my left, bending way down, and holding the bare end of the wire. There were 4,160 volts, supplying half of North Branford. I don't know what the amperage load was, but just at lunchtime, with the new housing developments and all the electric stoves going on, it was probably a pretty heavy load.

"Anyhow, Bobby was going to cut, and then he opened the cutters and I saw and heard the flash. It was just a big ball of fire, bluish-yellow, and with a terrific roar that I imagine they could hear a mile away. It engulfed the pole and me.

"All I know is that everything around me—above me and below me—was a mass of flames. I knew right away I was in awful trouble. My clothes were burning off me so fast and the pain was so bad that I hollered out to God to save me. Then I remember the pain was so bad around my groin that I tried to pat myself out with my gloves, but it was just about impossible, and in those few seconds my clothes had burned almost completely off. I had my climbing hooks on and that's why my legs were burned so deep because the steel shafts that go down your legs got so hot.

"The next thing I realized was that I had to get out of there, and I remember it was so hot that I could see the brown porcelain melting and dripping right in front of my eyes. I couldn't go down, because of the cables below, so at first I went up as high as I could and then I got out of my climbing belt and I was still in flames when suddenly everything stopped. I guess the disconnects in the substation had kicked out and everything that could burn on me had burned and the fire was out. Then I remember a woman across the street screaming. She'd seen me in flames, and I understand she had a heart attack and they had to help her, too."

One person on the ground was Andy Sheehan, the driver of the truck. He was directly beneath the wires and looking down when he heard and saw the flash.

"To me," Sheehan says, "it looked like the whole ground lighted up orange-red. I ran out from underneath because I thought that the primaries were coming down, and then I saw Eddie on fire and Bob's shirt burning and I remember Eddie calling out for God and Bob jumping and we tore Bob's shirt off his back."

On the pole, Kobak, naked now except for his boots, his climbing hooks and the few fragments of clothes, his


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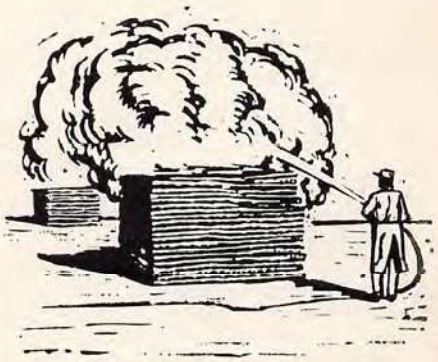

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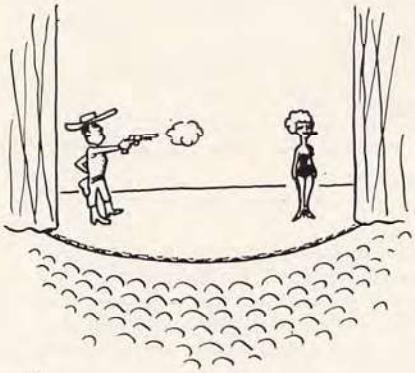

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skin gone and his flesh raw, was crawling over the crossarm, somehow instinctively remembering to keep away from the 13,800 volts above his head. When Kobak got to the other side, Sheehan and George Buttrick, the foreman, put a ladder up and Andy Malin and Roger Merrill went up the pole. They put a rope around Kobak's wrist and the four of them eased him down.

"As I remember it," Sheehan says, "his body was reddish-yellow with the body fluids, and I was amazed he could even move. I'd never seen anything like that."

Within moments of the flash someone had sounded the fire alarm and Buttrick had radioed from the truck for an ambulance. When the alarm hit in, Mrs. Doris Thorpe, who is head of the North Branford Fire Department Nurses' Corps, was at home, two blocks from the pole, and she and her husband quickly drove over to the scene.

"When I got there," she says, "I saw Eddie on the ground on his hands and knees and he had no clothes on. We got a sheet from a clothesline across the driveway and we got him on that and I poured some antiseptic solution over him. We couldn't touch him and he kept asking for something for the pain. All I could say was: 'We can't give you anything now.' Then people began to gather and he was exposed and I knew he was embarrassed and I was embarrassed for him. I had the firemen stand around him, but not so close that they might infect him. Then I tried to help Bob Moore and two other fellas who had their hands burnt."

While still on the pole Kobak had felt his body stiffening. On the ground he was unable to move and then he began to shake.

"The pain was so intense," he says, "and I was shaking all over and I couldn't hold still. Then I heard the ambulance siren."

The attendant on the ambulance was Jerry Bradbury, who says he has picked up a lot of accident victims and suicides and burn cases, but he had never seen anything like this.

"Kobak," he says, "was nude and in the crouched position of a track star getting ready to run. We managed to slide the stretcher under him and lay him down on his side."

"I remember," Kobak says, "that when they opened the door of the ambulance I could see it was a red and white ambulance and I was shaking so now that I was sure I was going to die. I remember I told them: 'Please don't put this on the radio until my wife is notified. I don't want her to hear it on the radio.' "

"In the ambulance," Bradbury says, "Bob Moore was sitting in the bucket seat at Kobak's feet and I was in the other seat at his head. I'll tell you the stink was something terrible. Nothing I can recall smells worse than burnt flesh."

"I thought it was a real fast ride," Kobak says. "I did happen to get a look out the side windows and the trees and the fence posts went by real fast. I could tell, too, just by the sound of the vehicles going in the opposite direction."

Frank Barucci, the driver, says he believes he drove the 10 miles to Grace-New Haven in 10 minutes. He says that on some stretches he was going close to 90 miles an hour.

"I remember the siren on the ambulance was a constant thing," Kobak says. "The nearer we got to the hospital, though, the further the siren seemed away, so I guess I was losing my senses. I don't remember being carried into the emergency room, but I remember the doctors working and a nurse gave me ice in a cloth and I sucked on that. Then the room seemed to be getting awfully dull, and I had the thought that I was in the morgue and I was dead and I hadn't had a chance to see my wife."

There are three degrees of burns: first degree, a reddening or sunburn effect; second degree, blistering; and third degree, destruction of the skin with charring or marbleizing. When more than 50 percent of the body is affected by burns the case is rated severe and serious and it is unusual when the patient survives. Seventy percent of Kobak's body was involved, almost all with third degree burns. Only his face, neck, arms, feet and portions of his shoulders and waist were unburnt.

"Kobak's burn," says the surgeon who wishes for ethical reasons to remain anonymous but who has been practicing for 26 years, "was the most severe that I ever saw survive. When he got here he was conscious but begging us for additional medication in that subdued, quiet, desperate way of the severely injured. It wasn't until the third day that it seemed even remotely possible he could survive. After two months it seemed reasonably possible and after six months probable, although there was still a long way to go."

The problems of preserving life in Kobak immediately in the emergency room and then over the 36 months required to make him a person again were, of course, multifold. With so much of his body surface susceptible to attack and the possibility that infection might kill him, he had to be kept in a sterile environment constantly, and this is almost impossible. The fluid losses through his raw, open body had to be replaced and

for the first 10 days this was done intravenously. A catheter had to be introduced into his bladder to determine the amount of urine output as a check on the adequacy of the kidney function. Heavy doses of narcotics had to be administered for control of the intense pain with which Kobak was to live during the many months of skin grafting, bandaging and rebandaging and physical therapy.

"You almost can't describe it," Kobak says. "The pain was so bad and then when it would seem to subside the shaking of the body seemed worse. I felt so cold at the beginning that it was like somebody put me outside for a day or so in zero weather. Then I had nightmares for months and I was always on a stretcher sliding downhill and I'd wake up screaming."

"The first week when Ed was so chilled," his wife says, "it was 90 degrees outside and they had a heater on in his room and a blanket over him and he was still cold."

She saw him, for the first time following the accident, in the emergency room, but only from a distance. She saw him up close soon after they had moved him to his room.

"At the desk," she says, "they had told me that it would be best if I didn't look at him. We had to put on gowns and masks and they took Ed's father and my sister Betty and me to East 628. Ed asked Betty how badly he was burned and when she gazed under the sheet he said to me: 'Turn around and don't look.' I told him I'd already seen, so I looked and it was like a black crust. Then they got him on a Foster frame—one of those mechanical beds—and turned him and his back was worse than the front."

During the next three years Barbara Kobak was to visit her husband daily, with but four exceptions. During the first five months she was with him 15 hours a day, for the next year she was there 11 hours daily until they agreed to diminish this gradually to the three-and-a-half hours she was spending with him during the final months of his stay.

"One day I missed," she says, "because Ed's uncle died. One time I had a tooth pulled and Ed told me not to come. Once I couldn't get through a snow storm, and the other time I really don't remember. I should, but I don't."

"Just the sound of her voice was so wonderful," Kobak says. "She'd read aloud to me, magazines and books after they'd been treated with a germicidal preparation. She read me eight novels in five months in 1961. She read 24 novels in all, and one was over 1,500 pages."

The first skin grafting was done on the eighth day. To survive permanently, grafts must be from the patient's own skin and a major problem was the scarcity of donor sites on Kobak's body. The two surgeons who alternately performed the operations agreed not to take any skin from Kobak's forearms as his arms were the only parts of his body he could voluntarily use. That left only his upper arms, a four-inch band around his waist where the body belt had protected him, and the area across the back of his shoulders. Skin from these limited donor sites had to be used repeatedly in order to cover the vast amount of Kobak's body that needed grafts.

"At the beginning of the grafting stage," says one of the surgeons, "the burned surface is encased in eschar—charred or marbleized. You have to remove that charred coating down to the level of the normal tissue. With a hand machine that looks a little like an overgrown pair of barber's clippers we cut our first segment of skin from over his kidney to his belly button, three inches by eight inches and about the thickness of a piece of writing paper. The first attempts in extensive burns are to cover the joints and then the buttocks to prevent contracture and permit mobility."

In a vigorous, healthy person the donor site will heal in about 10 days. For a debilitated person it may take from 10 days to a month. In a successful graft the stitches may be removed in from one to three weeks, but there is no guarantee of success.

"Some of Kobak's grafts took on the first go-round," the surgeon says, "but in some instances all of a set would be lost. Weeks ago you've spent hours and today you change the dressing and see the graft fall off in front of your eyes. Kobak would ask: 'How are the grafts?' I'd have to say: 'I'm sorry, Ed, but not very good this time.' It's a hell of a discouragement to the doctor and the patient."

"When I'd come out of the anesthesia," Kobak says, "I'd feel even more pain in the donor site than where they grafted to. I could tell, too, when a graft didn't take. When they'd first put on a graft there'd be a lot of pain and then it would ease up and I could tell that it was actually growing. When you'd lose, that sensation would leave and you'd get the pain again and the oozing."

During the first two months the operative procedure of removing the bandages, cutting the graft, applying it and rebandaging would take from three to six hours. For the rebandaging, orderlies would hold Kobak by his feet, hips and shoulders in midair while the surgeon and his assistants wrapped him. As the months went on into years, however, and the open surfaces were reduced, the time required decreased to little more than an hour at the end. Finally, on June 11, 1964, a month short of three years after Kobak was carried into the hospital, the last graft was applied to the last open surface. It was a donor site, a spot about the size of a silver dollar on the back of the right upper arm, that failed to heal.

"You'd think," Kobak says, "that after you go to the operating room 50, 60 or 100 times it would get easier, but actually it got worse. Toward the end, for the last year, when they premedicated me at 3:30 or 4 o'clock in the morning, I'd see the nurse come in and I'd start vomiting. I don't think it was fear, but I can't put my finger on it. On the way to the operating room I had to keep my eyes closed because I'd see the ceiling lights passing and I'd get sick again. Sometimes, before they'd get the mask on me, I'd start vomiting again and I'd feel so sorry for the anesthetist and the nurses. It was just awful."

Over the long period that he was hos-


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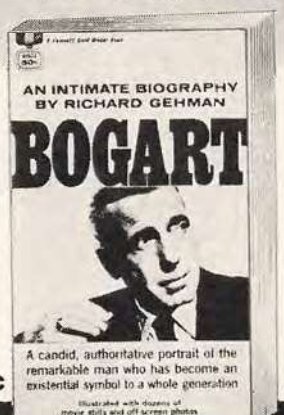


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**"It's quite a common disease—but not among humans."**

pitalized, most of the time helpless and in that constant pain, Kobak taxed the facilities of Grace-New Haven as has no other patient in the memory of anyone at the 850-bed hospital.

"Take, for example," says the surgeon, "the two to six hours twice a week that the operating room was used for Kobak. This meant that that particular room was not available for other members of the community who had gallstones or cancer of the breast or whatever. While Kobak was in the O.R. the housekeeping department had to assign two or more people to wash his room down from ceiling to floor with a sterile solution. Then a nurse would be washing down his bed and changing the sheets, and this had to be planned by the nursing supervisor and coordinated.

"At the times Kobak was anesthetized, blood samples were drawn for cross matching and sent by messenger to the laboratory where the blood-bank technician and the blood-counting technician worked for 20 minutes or more before they could send back their reports. Kobak was transfused those more than 200 times, and the fact that each time there was a bottle of blood on reserve that the technician said we could use meant some donor had given it to the Connecticut Regional Blood Program and it would not be available for anyone else.

"The dietetics department had to give Kobak what he would need for a high concentrate diet and what he wanted, and this had to be passed into the sterile situation in his room and not carried in. He had to have three nurses a day for three years and, living as he did in such pain, he put such pressure on nurses that few of them could take the assignment for long. Then you had all the physical therapy treatments and the strain on the staff there."

Kobak spent his time in his room in a Circolectric bed that was purchased for him and donated to the hospital by his employers. It resembles a Ferris wheel and permitted him to be turned from his stomach to his back and to inclined and upright positions.

"For quite a while," Kobak says, "I couldn't face the window. Then, in the spring of 1962 I remember seeing trees again. When I went in the hospital it was July and the leaves were on the trees and then when I could see out of the window again there were new leaves on the treetops and, to tell you the truth, I cried."

It was three months after he entered the hospital before Kobak saw either of his children. Then he was told that his daughter, Janice, would be able to stand outside the screen door to his room.

"I wanted to see her so much," he says, "that when she came to the wire I thought I was going to have a heart attack—it was that bad. Then little Eddie came and after a while they were allowed into the room."

"I'll never forget his first Christmas here," says Miss Rita Zwyno, administrative supervisor of nursing in general medicine. "When you're on duty in a hospital on Christmas you're apt to feel kind of depressed, but it made my day worthwhile. There were his children, in sterile gowns and gloves and masks, and they had a sheet on the floor and they were playing with their toys."

The physical therapy started with Kobak immobile, pain wracked, his torso wrapped in dressings and bandages, moving just his toes. Next they had him tighten his thigh muscles and, after three and a half months, the more rigorous procedures of exercising his limbs began under anesthesia. "The worst time I had with therapy," he says, "was in the spring of '62. I had bandages—dry dressings—down to my buttocks and you come back from the operating room and you bleed through the dressings and they harden like a rock. You make a move and it's like your body is being dragged naked over concrete. Then they'd have me walk, and it was painful."

An orderly who remembers this will be identified here only as a small, thin, compassionate man. He was Kobak's favorite.

"My department would be called on to move him even a few inches," he says. "Later it would take 45 minutes to just walk him off the upright bed several feet forward and back again."

"In therapy," Kobak says, "they're always trying to keep ahead of what you can do. Once they decided to stick me in a wheelchair but I couldn't bend. One therapist held the chair and the other put her knees against my legs to try to bend me. They got me in but the drainage began to ooze heavily out of my dressings so they stopped trying that for a while."

Early in 1964, two and a half years after Kobak entered the hospital, the procedure for the removal of the bandages was changed. Until then it was done under anesthesia, but now that Kobak was more mobile the blood-crusted wrappings were soaked off in an oval, stainless-steel tank, and Miss Linda Sherburne, a young therapist, says she will never forget it.

"It was horrible for me," she says, "so you can imagine what it was for him. It wasn't easy to get him into the tank and then we had the problem of teasing off the dressings to get him out of there as soon as we could and he was hollering: 'Wait a minute! Let me rest a minute!' He couldn't help screaming and crying and it was messy. There were six of us in the tank room with all the windows shut so he wouldn't get cold and with the water at 100 degrees we all just about felt drained when it was over."

"It was a very, very bad experience," Kobak says. "This poor intern there was saying: 'I got to get them off! I got to get them off.' I said: 'Hell, no!' There was so much pain I almost passed out and I probably said a lot of things I shouldn't have. I came out bleeding profusely and they bandaged again and it caked on me. By the fifth time, though, the water would float the bandages off, and then I was happy to get in the tank."

"Once he started in the tank," Miss Sherburne says, "it was only a matter of three months and he was healed up."

The psychological and emotional scarring would take longer to repair. For a long while after the doctors and the staff realized that they probably would be successful in saving Kobak's life and restoring his physical abilities, they feared they would be returning to his family and to society less than a stable man.

"It was many months," says Miss

Marion Barnette, assistant director of the department of nursing, "before he began to respond again to things and people around him. One day he berated me because a male aide wasn't getting enough money and then he started to complain that the bed wasn't right or that something else wasn't proper. This was wonderful. It was music to hear."

"You wonder a lot," says one of the surgeons. "At midnight you walk around the block with your thoughts. The big decision, though, and I was responsible for it, was to give him sufficient drugs for so long a period that I made him an addict. Several months before he left here, though, we began to bear down on reducing the amount of drugs. We told him he was going to experience discomfort, and virtually by his own determination he cut down progressively. Before he left he was getting only one small dose in 24 hours and he went home with a prescription for that amount for 10 days and my comment: 'It will not be renewed.'

"It has not been renewed. I thought we'd have to bring him back in for the cure, but he cured himself. This is, really, the story of drug addiction—the person who wants to cure himself does it."

"Everybody else said he wouldn't break off," says Kobak's wife. "Ed's very strong willed though, and he has perserverance. With all he'd gone through he had maintained his sanity and his sense of humor and he said giving up the drugs wasn't going to be a problem. He'd say: 'I'm going to skip this shot,' or 'Don't give me a full dose.' Before he came home he started cutting down to one a day and his nurse, Mrs. Rubino, showed me how to give it. It made me nervous, because I'd said it was the one thing I'd never be able to do."

"Actually," Kobak says, "nobody believes me, but it wasn't that big a struggle. Like everybody else I was afraid I couldn't break off, but in the last six months when I was in pain and the medication wasn't doing the job I asked one of the doctors and he said we couldn't go any higher. I just thought to myself that if this damn stuff wasn't going to take the pain away, the hell with it. A couple of times I cut down too quick and I did get very irritable—but, other than that, I can't explain it."

The almost quarter of a million dollars that it cost to keep Kobak alive and restore him to health cost him nothing. He was a Workmen's Compensation case, and the bill was paid by the United Illuminating Company and its insurance carrier. He is still receiving payments under the company's sick benefit plan, plus supplementary assistance.

Kobak, who was discharged from Grace-New Haven three years less one day from the date of the accident, must return to the hospital—which last June was renamed Yale-New Haven Hospital—three to five times a week for physical therapy treatments lasting an hour each. The scarring from the grafts and the loss of elasticity of the normal tissue, ligaments and muscles make walking, bending and sitting difficult and Kobak still has deep-seated pain in his joints and lower back. Late last fall, in Vermont, he shot his first deer in four years.

"I'd sat in this old abandoned apple orchard for a couple of hours the previous afternoon," he says, "and then we'd come out again the next morning at 7. It was about 9:15 and about 16 degrees and windy. I'd seen two sets of three does each, and I figured there had to be a buck. Then I heard a noise to the left and the first thing I saw was his rack. He was about 150 feet away and he angled toward me and about 100 feet from me he stopped. I had a four-power scope on my Winchester .308 and I put the scope on his chest and just as I fired he stiffened and took off. I couldn't find a drop of blood but I followed his tracks and I found him about 300 feet beyond, lying on his side, a seven-point buck."

"I think with that deer he turned the corner," says the doctor who is head of physical medicine and rehabilitation, "but he still has quite a way to go."

When Kobak will be able to return to work and what work he will be able to do he does not know. He simply knows that he is alive.

"Sometimes I was on the verge of death," he says, "but after that first day it never really entered my mind. You have so many people who have faith in you. We've been blessed with a good marriage and the kids. We had such a good life that I wanted to live, and I had faith in God." —**W. C. Heinz**

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## THE UNVANQUISHED VET

[*Continued from page 76*]

turable. But whatever his private affairs may have been, he did a superb job of keeping them private—at least until early 1915, when he began writing a book entitled *Cattle Breeds and Origin*.

He was 50 years old then, and he wanted this definitive text to be the apex of an already brilliant career. It was only natural for him to enlist the aid of a local spinster schoolteacher named Grace Lusk. She was a slim, stormy-mooded redhead in her early 30's—a sharp contrast to fair-haired, cool-mannered Mary. Sometimes Dr. Roberts discussed the coming cattle book with Miss Lusk at her apartment. Sometimes they rode the interurban out to secluded spots in the countryside and checked the commas of livestock language there. On more than one occasion, they took a train to Chicago together for extended conferences with cow-minded publishers. For two full years, wherever he escorted her, this literary veterinarian treated his lady editor with as much courtly consideration as even an empress could ask. And then, to his dismay, she displayed a decided lack of regal dignity.

"I'm sick and tired of your stalling!" she exploded one night in a Milwaukee hotel room. "Either you go ahead and ask Mary for a divorce, or I'll tell her about us myself!"

Like most men, Dr. Roberts regarded divorce as an extremely messy business, worse than removing the afterbirth on a calf delivery. So he immediately took his wife East on a long second honeymoon, hoping this would bring the schoolteacher to her senses. But Grace persisted. The first evening after the couple returned, she rang her lover's doorbell. He came to thethe door, followed at a distance by his haughty, but curious, wife.

"Did you tell her yet?" Grace demanded.

"Shhh!" he stammered.

"Tell me what?" Mary wondered aloud, appearing behind him. "Perhaps we'd better go inside, then sit down and discuss this like reasonable people."

Dr. Roberts was sick with disappointment then. He'd treated both these women like queens; and now, with the schoolteacher's reckless anger on one side and his wife's ominous iciness on the other, they were acting more like a cat and dog about to square off, with him in the middle. He had a hard time retaining his dignity and controlling his temper, but he finally got Grace to leave by walking her home. It took him several hours to soothe and calm her, so he got home late and then had to spend an even longer time reassuring Mary. After she'd finally gone to sleep, he slipped outside and cut his own telephone wires.

He went to his office the next morning, but when he looked out the window a short time later he saw his wife marching determinedly down the street. He intercepted her just in time to stop her from seeking a showdown with the schoolteacher and managed to turn her around and head her toward home. But just after dusk, his phone rang.

"I'm at Miss Lusk's apartment," Mary informed him. "We both think you should come over here so the three of us can sit down and discuss this like reasonable people."

Sickly certain the ladies' attempts at reason wouldn't last until he got there, Dr. Roberts rushed over—fearing the worst—and found it. His wife lay limp on the floor with some spreading red stains on her blouse, while Grace stood at the bottom of a staircase, waving a small caliber automatic about.

"It's all your fault!" she insisted. "It's your fault she's dead."

"All right," he agreed in the tone of voice he'd use to gentle one of his four-legged patients. "Easy now. Easy, girl."

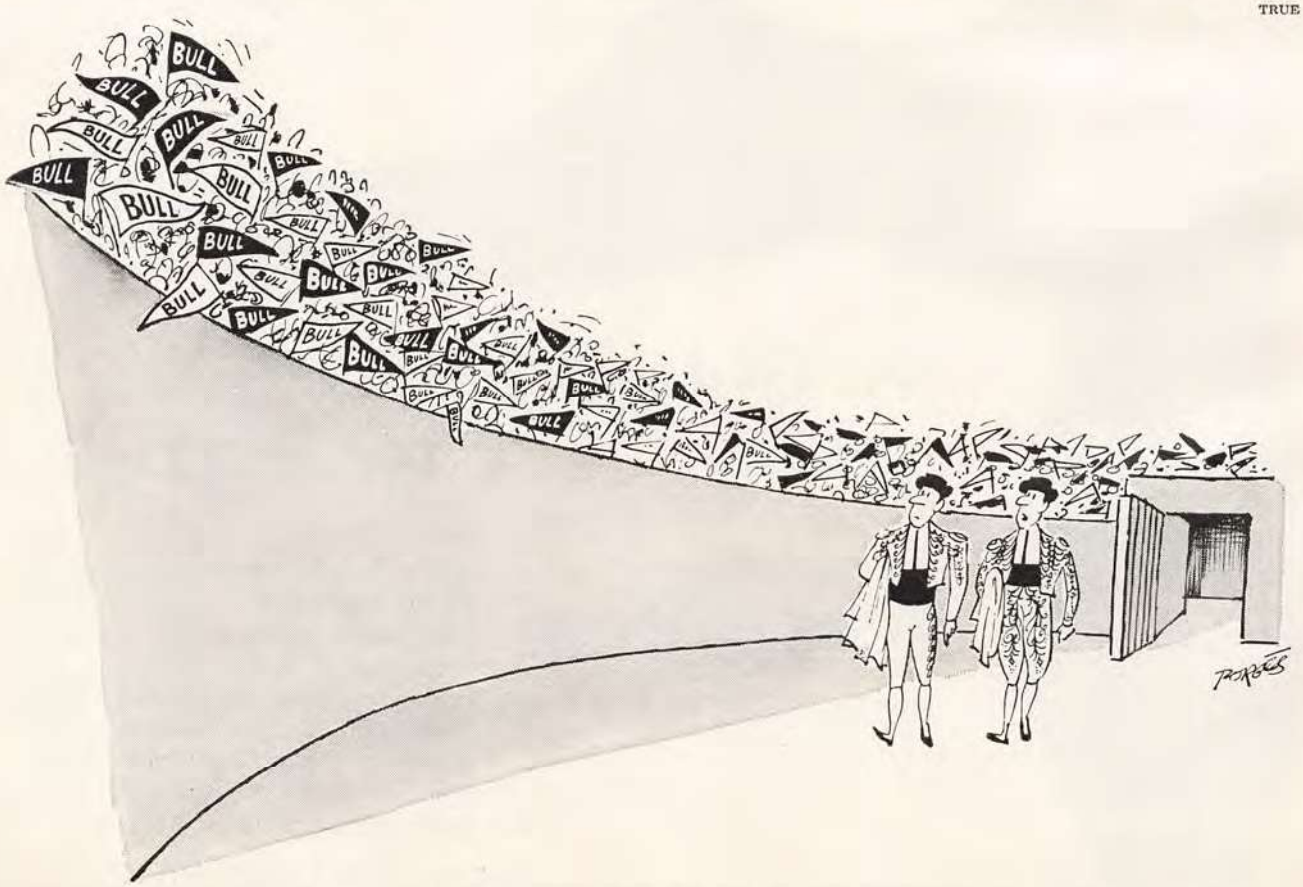
"And my death will be on your conscience too!" she announced triumphantly, fumbling at her cleavage, pressing the muzzle there, then closing her eyes and pulling the trigger. She staggered a bit with the blast but stayed on her feet. After a while she opened her eyes again, a look of stunned disbelief on her face. "I'm alive! I pointed it right where I felt the heartbeat. How could I possibly miss?"

As surprised as she was, Dr. Roberts found himself diagnosing the freak occurrence aloud. "The pulsation is felt a little below the location of the heart."

Acting on this information, Grace Lusk promptly tried again. But fantastically enough, she missed a second time—blowing off the tip of one finger and puncturing a lung, but leaving her heart intact. Then she gave up and fainted. Dr. Roberts had the unpleasant task of attempting to explain all this to the authorities.

He had an even more unpleasant task,

TRUE




"I don't like the looks of this!"

some months later when Grace had recovered and could stand trial. With newspapers giving the case nationwide coverage, he testified as a prosecution witness.

"Isn't it true," he was asked, "that you and the defendant made numerous trips together, staying at the same hotels?"

"Solely for business purposes," he insisted. "She had her room, and I had mine. Everything was strictly on the up-and-up."

Dr. Roberts, once again, was undeniably a good veterinarian. Back at his office, he had any number of testimonial letters like the one from the Lone Pine Stock Farm. "Dear Dr. Roberts," it read. "I thought you would be interested to know that my Holstein sire, Sir Pietertje Ormsby Mercedes 37th has fully recovered from his attack of paralysis of the bowels. You may not know that this bull went about 10 days without an action of the bowels in spite of the fact that we had given him 10 pounds of salts and two quarts of raw linseed oil. When I think of your little 50¢ box of Laxotonic saving this $15,000 bull. . . ."

But when the dashing cow doctor had his day in court, a lot of folks figured there was no paralysis involved whatsoever—particularly after the defense introduced a few of the love letters he'd written to the ardent spinster. The jury didn't believe the veterinarian and let Miss Lusk off with second-degree murder, for which she served only three years. Another jury didn't believe him either, and he soon found himself on his way to prison for fornication.

"A very unusual thing to convict and sentence anyone on," he complained peevishly. But he accepted the year-long ordeal philosophically.

Newspapers went wild with speculation when he was released. Would he wait for Grace, they wondered in print—the woman who'd killed out of love for him? Or would he live alone with his memories, repenting his sins in the home Mary had kept for him?

Dr. David Roberts of course did neither. For it seemed he'd needed not only editing but also illustrating for his opus *Cattle Breeds and Origin*. And during the time he'd been swaining Grace and Mary around, he'd been just as courtly to a plumpish little brunette named Violet Carlstedt, who could paint the most contented bossies. He married her, but eventually lost her to a cerebral hemorrhage instead of gunfire. Soon after, as a memento of his two wonderful wives, he had their wedding rings made into a set of cuff links—engraved with his initials, not theirs.

He made the mistake however, of marrying a third time and ended up being shadowed by private detectives and then divorced for infidelity in 1947 at the age of 82. But right up until his death in 1951, he remained philosophical.

"The immortal poet Robert Burns," he mentioned in his memoirs, "always remembered and treasured the occasion upon which he was first paired with a bonnie lassie in the hayfields of Scotland. For me, it might be said that it has been haying time all my life." —**Gene Caesar**

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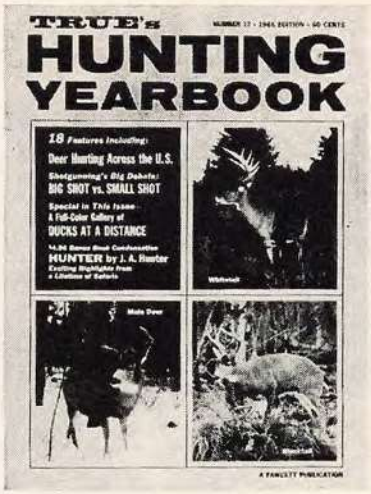


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## ONE GOOD GUY vs OUTLAW ODDS

[*Continued from page* 59]

brush, then suddenly the Ruidoso Valley opened out before them, lovely as heaven. Birds sang in the green trees, clear streams wandered across perfect little meadows. Grizzled old Buckshot looked at the land and his heart ached.

When he was young he had been driven from place to place by something inside of him that roared like a great fire. But somehow even the getting there wasn't fun anymore, and one little rat-hole of a town seemed a lot like another. All that he wanted now was peace, a few years to sit in the sun until his time was done. This looked like a perfect place to do it. Buckshot homesteaded. His buddy, Sam, got a job running saw at Blazer's Mill, which served also as a post office for the general area.

It wasn't long before Buckshot found that making a living off a piece of land was hard work for a whole man. For him it was impossible. So he got a job as a part-time deputy. One day he was in a 25-man posse that went out to repossess some horses from a big rancher because of a bad debt. While Buckshot was on the far side of the herd, trouble broke out. Hotheaded deputies killed the rancher before the outraged eyes of his foreman, Dick Brewer.

Brewer went home and brooded over the situation until he cracked. He had himself illegally appointed constable to give a mask of respectability to his actions. Half-mad with lust for revenge, he appointed as deputies the roughest band of gunmen and cutthroats that he could get together, including Billy the Kid. This outside-the-law "posse," as they called themselves, murdered the legal sheriff and four others, including men who had allowed themselves to be "arrested" for the murder of the rancher. Power-mad and kill-crazy, the outlaws raged like a pack of wolves through the mountains.

Finally somebody tried to ambush them. The attempt failed but the outlaw posse was enraged. The only possible explanation, they reasoned, was that somebody was after the $200 bounty money the county had placed on each of their heads. Billy the Kid who knew that Buckshot had been in the group that killed the rancher voiced the opinion that Buckshot had engineered the ambush. Everybody agreed. Nominated by acclamation, Buckshot's name went to the top of their kill list.

By now Buckshot had figured out that this wasn't the peaceful country he had been looking for, so he sold his land and went to Blazer's Mill to wait for his check to arrive. He came riding up on his old black mule, sitting the saddle a little to one side to favor his gimpy leg and holding his bad shoulder stiff against the jolting. Doc Blazer, who had been a dentist back in civilized country, didn't allow guns indoors so Buckshot left his guns on the saddle while he went to the post office, a little walled-off side room of Doc Blazer's house. He didn't find any letter waiting for him, so he hunted up Sam, who was still working at the mill and asked if he could bunk with him until the check for his land came.

Buckshot spent the next few days restlessly watching down the valley for the mail wagon to come bumping up the trail. Almer Blazer, Doc's 13-year-old son, and two other little boys were building a toy mill in the stream, and to pass the time Buckshot started helping them. He hated the waiting. He wanted to saddle his mule and get out.

He was aching to get to Las Cruces, beyond the desert to the west. Lots of whisky there, he'd heard, and lots of women. A big town. It was good to ride into town with a pocketful of money, sit in a fancy restaurant and order the best, stay in a fine hotel. Then men were ready to slap you on the back and listen to your words like they were important, and the women were ready to show you a good time.

Not so fine to ride into town broke. He had been broke, plenty of times, and he knew how to handle it. But he was tired. Bone weary. It seemed like after awhile a man ought not to have to shoot a rabbit and build a fire, living on the edge of town like a damn cur dog.

When he was young, money had never seemed to matter much and he had gone where he wanted to and done what he wanted to and laughed at the poor scared people shut up in dreary stores and offices. He had pitied them their gray, dreary existence, cautiously saving every nickel they made like timid squirrels scared to death of the winter.

But now these same people lived in big mansions and wore fine clothes and had good-looking women and strong healthy kids, and they pitied him. All that he had now were some pretty wild memories, and he wasn't so damned sure that they were worth it.

He watched the young boys bend over their toy mill, their heads bobbing about in the bright sunlight, and he felt keenly that he had missed something. But he had always been too busy to have a family, too on the go. You can't drag a woman around after you like a pack burro. When he had been ready to settle down at last, he had been too scarred and crippled up to attract a woman for himself and too poor to get one any other way. He had made his choice a long time ago, he thought wryly, not even knowing at the time that it was a choice.

Buckshot suddenly became aware of Doc Blazer's voice, sounding as though he had been hollering for some time. Blazer was standing a little apart with an Indian beside him. Buckshot went over to join them.

"This Apache says that Dick Brewer, Billy the Kid and all the rest of that gang are up above on the reservation right now, raising hell, and they're heading this way. You clear out before they get here."

Buckshot stared at him as though he had gone crazy. "I can't leave till my check gets here." As though explaining to somebody simpleminded, he went on. "I don't have any money."

"They claim you took a potshot at them."

"If I had, they would't be riding around now."

Blazer shook his head in irritation. "Whether you did or not, it doesn't matter. They're going to kill you!"

"Then they'll just have to kill me. I ain't going to run first."

Doc said later that he had cold chills,

TRUE

**"If I had it to do over, I'd get married again—but this time I wouldn't hit her so hard."**

there in the bright sunlight, pleading with the ugly little man to save himself. But he might as well have pleaded with the trees to pull up their roots and run. Then Doc saw the boys playing in the stream. "You like the boys, don't you?"

Buckshot's ugly face softened. "You know I do."

"If lead starts flying around here, those kids are likely to catch some of it."

For a long time Buckshot stared at the boys busy with their mill. "I'll go saddle up," he said finally.

Doc breathed a sigh of relief. "I'll forward your letter to Las Cruces as soon as it comes."

Buckshot had ridden about a mile down the trail when he looked over his shoulder and saw Brewer's men streaming out of a coulee above the mill. He watched them for awhile, trying to figure out which way they would go, until they disappeared behind a ridge. He shrugged his shoulders and rode on.

A little later off to his right he saw the mail wagon jolting up the other side of the valley headed for the mill. It was too far away to shout, and he couldn't intercept the wagon until it reached the mill. Buckshot started to turn around and ride back to meet it. Then he remembered Doc's face, earnest and relieved when he'd promised to leave. He kicked his mule and kept on going as he watched the mail wagon laboriously creeping up the grade across from him.

Then his trail turned. Far below him was the route he would have to take across the desert, flat, hot, cruel, stretching away westward to the horizon. The long lonely days of riding across it flooded through Buckshot's mind. Then the long lonely nights camped outside of Las Cruces, looking at the warm friendly lights and knowing that he'd get nothing but a curse if he went in, because he didn't even have money for coffee.

Buckshot cursed. It would take forever for his letter to follow him across that inferno—if it got there at all. "Man's got a right to get his mail," he muttered. He jerked his mule around and rode back to face his destiny at Blazer's Mill.

By this time, Brewer's men had arrived at the mill, put their horses out of sight in the high-walled adobe corral and invited themselves inside the house to eat. Doc, an uneasy host, knew this was no time to try to enforce his rule about no guns indoors and their weapons clanked against the tables and the chairs.

At the edge of the clearing Buckshot stopped and studied the mill. "Nothing's changed," he muttered to himself. "I'd of been a fool not to come back." Yet an uneasy prickle stirred along his backbone as he pushed his mule across the stream.

When the children saw him they shouted and started towards him like a bunch of friendly puppies. Buckshot, preoccupied with his thoughts, rode on. In front of the house he got stiffly off the mule and tied it to a stump, then he took off his gun belt and hung it on the saddle horn. His rifle remained in the saddle scabbard. No use insulting old Doc by breaking the rule.

Just for a second, he hesitated, hating to leave his guns. The air hung heavy in the sun. A cricket chirped a warning. Buckshot tore himself away from his guns and started towards the house.

Buckshot had only taken a few steps when he saw Frank Coe, one of the outlaws, wander out on the porch and stand there, picking his teeth. "Here's Buckshot," Frank called to those still inside.

In that one moment Buckshot knew that this was as far as he would ever go. He wouldn't get to Las Cruces now, neither broke nor with money. There would be no more whisky, no more girls, no more trying to find peace. All that he had time left to do properly was die. Well, that was no problem. He had known how to do that for a long while.

"You better give yourself up," Frank said. "We got a warrant for your arrest."

"The hell you have." Buckshot wheeled to grab his rifle from the saddle scabbard and saw, to his horror, that the children were coming up behind him. "Get out of here!" he yelled, and he saw them start to scatter. Then he turned around with his rifle in his hand.

Billy the Kid, Charlie Bowdre and George Coe now stood beside Frank. Bowdre's gun was pointed squarely at Buckshot's middle. "Throw up your hands!" he snarled.

"Not much, Mary Ann," Buckshot said, and it sounded like a prayer. Everyone heard the words, but no one understood them. Only Buckshot knew what they meant and he had no time to explain.

The others came boiling out of the house; Dick Brewer, looking wild and


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disheveled, John Middleton, Hendry Brown, Tom O'Folliard, Jim French, Dirty Steve Stephens, Doc Skurlock, Frank McNab, Fred Wait and John Scroggins. Fourteen men stood facing Buckshot.

As Bowdre's gun rang out, Buckshot swung his rifle up. With his crippled arm holding the stock, the butt braced against his hip, he fired. His bullet cut Bowdre's side, but Bowdre's shot went clear through Buckshot's belly.

Buckshot staggered back. Firing from his hip, since his crippled arm kept him from raising the rifle to his shoulder, his bullets hit John Middleton in the chest, tore the trigger finger off George Coe's hand, and cut Billy the Kid's hat band.

"He filled the air with bullets," said those watching from inside the mill. "He looked like a human tiger!" He must have looked like a tiger to Brewer's bunch, too. They all turned and ran.

Buckshot looked around for cover. Holding in his guts with one hand, he staggered through the open door of the deserted post-office room and turned around to face out.

Suddenly Billy the Kid loomed in the doorway, shoved his gun into Buckshot's belly and fired. Buckshot felt the bullet plow through his body and out by his right hip. He grimaced and pushed his gun against the Kid's stomach and pulled the trigger. It clicked. It was empty, just as Billy thought. The Kid had been counting the shots.

So now I die, thought Buckshot. Like a butchered pig. Killed by a crazy kid while I stand with an empty gun. Look at him sneer! I'd like to tear his guts out and stomp on his brains. . . . Buckshot's mind suddenly was filled with hatred. Rage twisted his face till he looked like a madman.

Billy the Kid stared at him in disbelief. Exaltation had swept through him when he heard the click and knew he was right about the gun being empty. It was all over, he had gloated, his bullet had hit dead center.

But now Buckshot was breaking the rules. He should be falling, crying, moaning for mercy. Instead he looked ready to tear out the Kid's throat, and instinctively the Kid braced himself for the leap. He knew Buckshot was helpless; he knew he could break him like a twig. But when he looked into the fierce little man's raging eyes he was filled with blind panic. He couldn't control his legs. For the second time that day, for the first and last times in his life, the Kid bolted. He turned and ran from a crippled little man with an empty gun.

Buckshot didn't feel elated; he knew that it wasn't over. But, now, for the first time he thought maybe he had a chance. He found Doc Blazer's buffalo gun standing in one corner and he grabbed it desperately.

The little man found an old mattress on a cot in the post office and dragged it to the door. When it was in place, he lay down facing out, with the Springfield in his arms. His blood soaked the mattress and the flies gathered to the smell of it. Lying there in the hot sun of the doorway, his eyes dimmed with pain.

Around the corner of the house Brewer was trying to rally his men. "We can slip around to the side and get him. Who wants to go with me?" The men listened sullenly. Nobody spoke. "Don't let that crippled little bastard scare you!" The men shuffled uneasily, avoiding his eyes. "Come on, Charlie, you come with me!" Reluctantly Bowdre joined him.

Keeping behind shelter, they crawled around until they reached a stack of logs 200 yards from the doorway where Buckshot lay. Then they peeped out and started sniping. Brewer raised his head slightly to get better aim. Before Bowdre's startled eyes the top of Brewer's head exploded in blood and brains.

The gunmen, waiting fearfully around the corner, heard Buckshot cursing "I killed him! I killed the sonofabitch! I killed him!" The fierceness of the crippled little man unnerved them.

Bowdre came crawling back to tell them of Brewer's death. "He tried a damn fool thing," Billy the Kid said. "I'll get it done the right way."

The Kid hunted up Doc Blazer and found him in the barn. "Get Buckshot out of there!" he commanded.

Doc looked at the young gunman with eyes that scarcely bothered to hide their distaste. "I will not."

"I'll kill you if you don't!"

"Buckshot will kill me if I do. I don't see that it would make much difference."

His throat dry, the Kid went back to the gunmen. He knew instinctively he must hide his fear if he was to keep their respect. "No use in staying. We'll get out of here, then when we're set better and he gets out of that hole, we'll come back and get him."

The gunmen looked at each other with relief. This was an easy way out. They weren't being scared, just practical. The Kid had promised them that. They started for their horses. "What about us?" the injured ones asked.

"Doc Blazer will take care of you," the Kid told them.

"No, I won't," Blazer said. "Take them with you." They took a wagon, loaded their wounded and departed, leaving Dick Brewer's dead body behind.

As soon as they were gone Doc telegraphed for a medical doctor to take care of Buckshot. The doctor met Billy the Kid and his men 19 miles from the mill and stopped long enough to dress their wounds.

The men at the mill held a consultation. "He's your buddy," Doc Blazer said to Sam Miller. "Go in to him."

"Not me," Sam said. "He might not know who I am till I'm dead."

"I'll reach him," said Johnny Ryan, a funny little bald-headed man who had played cribbage with Buckshot during the long evenings when Buckshot was waiting for the mail wagon.

Sam gazed at Johnny in slack mouthed astonishment. "Go ahead. I wouldn't want to take the honor from you."

Johnny walked a long way below the mill, past where Brewer was shot, past the blacksmith shop and the mill hands' houses, until he was out of range—or so he hoped. Drawing a deep breath, he stepped out in plain sight like a plunge into icy water. "Buckshot!" he called and started walking slowly up the path. "Buckshot!" He took off his hat and waved it as he walked, wading through the ominous silence. "Buckshot!" He took his handkerchief out of his pocket and waved his hat with one hand, his handkerchief with his other. "I'm coming to help you!" Now he could see Buckshot's face, plain in the doorway, but he couldn't tell whether it was alive or dead. The rifle barrel poked out beside it. "Buckshot!" he pleaded helplessly, waving the handkerchief and the hat.

"Quit acting the damn fool out there and come on in!" Buckshot said weakly. Johnny hurried to him and the rest of the men followed.

Buckshot's mattress was drenched with blood, his face was drained and sunken. "They've gone?" he finally asked, looking from face to face.

"They took off!" Sam told him. "You beat them, Buckshot!"

The lines in Buckshot's face smoothed out. "Stay with me," he whispered to Sam. "I don't want them coming back and killing me." Then he passed out.

It was after dark when the doctor arrived at the mill. He examined Buckshot by the light of the candles, then looked at the men gathered around and shook his head. Buckshot would die.

The next morning Buckshot became conscious to the sound of hammering outside. "What are they doing?" he asked.

"Building coffins."

Buckshot nodded. "Got to get me under the ground quick, the weather's pretty warm." He asked to see the young boys.

When they came into the room, obviously whole and in good health, Buckshot relaxed as though his last worry had left. He talked to them a long time.

Buckshot died a little bit before noon. He was buried side by side with Dick Brewer on the mountainside above the mill. They lie there today in weed-grown graves, just above U.S. Highway 70.

Buckshot is not forgotten in Billy the Kid country. He had faced the most vicious band of gunmen the West ever knew, killed the leader, wounded two more, backed down 11 others, and twice made Billy the Kid turn and run. "That old wolf," the Kid admitted later, "licked our crowd to a standstill."

Buckshot Roberts was a little man. He only weighed 120 pounds, and half of that was buckshot and lead. But the other half was heart. —**M. L. Collett**

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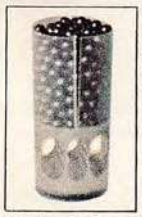

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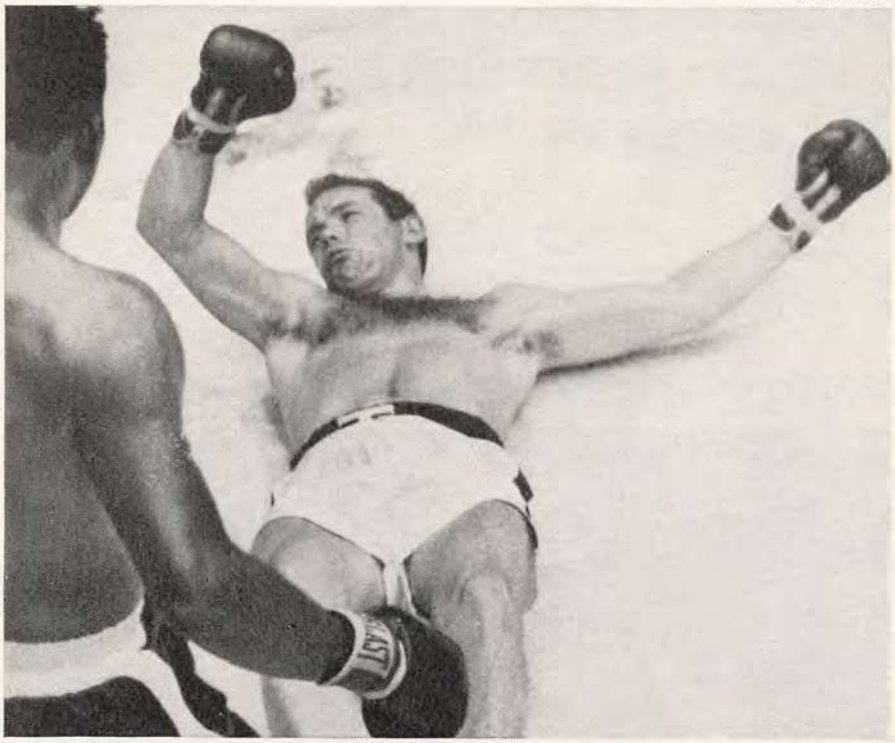
# MAN TO MAN
# ANSWERS
**from the staff of TRUE**

WIDE WORLD



**Patterson's powerful punch scores knockout as Johansson hits mat at Polo Grounds.**

The famous punch that Cassius Clay—oops, Muhammed Ali—administered to Sonny Liston in the great Maine fiasco last May prompts a question from a resident of that state, Alden Haywood of Portland. Just what is a knockout, anyway—physiologically speaking, that is?

Medical men have devoted a lot of study to that very question. In 1941 Dr. Ernest Jokl, in a book called *Medical Aspect of Boxing,* said that a knockout is a form of concussion of the brain. A concussion, by the way, is a "temporary suspension of cerebral activity."

Doctor Jokl also felt that if a boxer was socked hard enough, not only did the blow itself rock him, but the brain whammed over against the side of the skull, thus administering, in effect, a second blow. This seemed a good way to account for the exaggerated effects of some blows that knocked a man out, yet didn't seem all that powerful.

World War II caused the doctors to toss that little theory out of the ring. After a study of hundreds of head injuries in war military situations, they decided that the brain couldn't "bounce" against the skull at all. It is incompressible and fills the skull in its entirety. Instead, the doctors have figured out, when the skull sustains a blow, the brain fluid swirls, creating a strain on nerve fibers at points where they leave the brain to enter fibers attached to the skull. The strain on the fibers brings temporary unconsciousness—the K.O.

In extreme cases, the strain can tear the fibers loose, causing bleeding. The blood clot thus created can put such pressure on the brain that death results, as it has for many boxers.

The consequences of a really hard punch, but one which does not cause such extreme damage, is demonstrated by the mighty wallop Floyd Patterson (later to be the victim of similar punches from Liston) delivered to Ingemar Johansson on June 20, 1960. This is a punch that might be described as the opposite of the seemingly gentle one that landed on Liston in '65.

Johansson was out before he ever fell. When he hit the canvas his hands remained in the boxing position, and he suffered convulsions that lasted for one minute and 55 seconds. He remained unconscious for eight minutes after the convulsions stopped. Plunked down in his corner, he was in a dazed state for an additional eight-minute period, during which his eyes were glazed and he did not respond to anything said to him. It was half an hour before he could talk intelligibly.

**Q: In every bagpipe band I have seen, the drummer wears a leopard skin. Why?** ***Shirley C. Hartwell, Bellevue, Nebr.***

A: Leopard skins are worn by bass drummers and tenor drummers in all types of regimental military bands—not only pipe bands. The purpose nowadays is protective, apart from decorative, in the same way that side drummers wear a buckskin or other leather knee aprons to keep the drum off their trousers. The origin, as far as can be determined, is as follows: During the 18th century, when military music came into vogue, the bass drummers were often Negroes brought from Africa who were decked out in symbolic leopard skins which often included the head of the animal as well. Regiments vied with each other in the splendor of their bands' appearance and the leopard skin remained regardless of the race of the drummer.

**Q: Who was Nellie Bly?** ***Bill Williams, New York, N. Y.***

A: Nellie Bly was the pen name of journalist Elizabeth Cochrane who gained fame when publisher Joseph Pulitzer sent her around the world for the *New York World.* She completed her much publicized trip on January 25, 1890, in the then record time of 72 days, 6 hours, and 11 minutes.

**Q: How did the word "salary" originate?** ***Thomas Miller, Norwich, Conn.***

A: It comes from the Latin word *salarium,* which means "salt allowance." The ancients knew that salt was a necessary part of one's diet so a portion of wages paid to Roman soldiers was an allowance for salt. Eventually *salarium* came to apply to wages in general, giving us the word salary. This is why we sometimes say of an employee, "He isn't worth his salt."

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**Q: Who was the most decorated hero of World War II?** ***Jack Marsh, Las Vegas, Nev.***

A: A precise decision as to what is meant by the term "decorated" is difficult. For example, a case is recorded of an award of the 34th Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal. In this instance the recipient would have been decorated 35 times. As a matter of interest, several individuals have been awarded the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Legion of Merit and Bronze Star Medal. Among them is actor Audie Murphy who has been frequently called the "most decorated" soldier.

**Q: I have heard of a recent series of religious paintings in which Christ is depicted as a white man, a Negro, an American Indian, and an Oriental. Who painted them and where are they now?** ***Charles G. Evanston, Chicago, Ill.***

A: Ted DeGrazia is the artist. A well-known American painter, DeGrazia completed the work two years ago. Called "The Way of the Cross," the paintings depict the various Stations of the Cross in a radical departure from tradition. In his interpretation, DeGrazia shifted the locale of events to the Southwest and changed the color of Jesus' skin from panel to panel. The paintings are presently on loan to the Newman Center, the Catholic students chapel at the University of Arizona, in Tucson.

**Q: What does the snake stand for on the emblem of the medical profession?** ***John Schanbacher, Kokomo, Ind.***

A: The emblem, which was adopted officially by the American Medical Association in 1910, is a knotty rod entwined with a serpent. The rod represents the staff of Aesculapius who was considered the god of medicine by the Greeks and Romans. According to legend, Aesculapius once was seated at the bedside of a patient when a snake entwined itself around the knotted staff which the physician carried, thereby bestowing him with wisdom—and physicians with their future emblem.

**Q: Is the nutria still causing extensive damage to crops in Louisiana? How did this menace get into the U.S. anyway?** ***Cornelius Pugh, Bourg, La.***

A: The nutria, which looks like an overgrown guinea pig with a rat's tail, was imported into this country from South America in the 1930's by E. A. McIlhenny, who wanted to breed the animals for their fur. During a hurricane they dug their way out of a supposedly escape-proof pen on Avery Island, La. From then on the rodents began to multiply rapidly and for a while it seemed that they were going to literally eat the state out of house and home. For the past two years, however, complaints from farmers about crop damage have been on the decrease because of spraying. Also, the demand for nutria fur, which is extremely durable, has as McIlhenny envisioned, gone up.

**Q: How do you measure the length of a racetrack; is it measured by the center rail or the outer rail?** ***Floyd J. Smith, Jefferson, Md.***

A: Racetrack distances are measured three feet from the inner rail.

**Q: I recently bought an egg of semi-precious stone. Apart from its aesthetic value, does it have any utilitarian function?** ***M. Johnson, Albany, N. Y.***

A: That's completely up to the owner, of course. At one time Victorian ladies cooled their hands with eggs of semi-precious stone, a pyschological tonic for jangled nerves. The vogue, long dormant, is popular again abroad and inexpensive alabaster eggs are being sold on a widespread scale.

**Q: Is there a portrait of Daniel Boone taken from life?** ***Michael Lambert, Lincoln, Nebr.***

A: Yes. Chester Harding, an American portrait painter, did the only known portrait of Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer and explorer, taken from life. It was painted in Missouri in 1820, during the last year of Boone's life. Harding was a self-taught artist who became a favorite portrait painter in London and found patronage among the royal family. Among his most famous works are his "Portrait of Daniel Webster" and "Portrait of John Randolph."

## HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable question you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-10, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

**Q: Does federal law prohibit the American Indian from purchasing and consuming "hard" alcoholic beverages?** ***Brian L. Shilavy, Racine, Wisc.***

A: Long-standing federal laws prohibiting the sale of alcohol to Indians were repealed by Congress in 1953. Inside the reservation, however, it is another story. The 1953 law gave each tribe a local option to make the possession and sale of alcohol legal, subject to state and tribal requirements. Some 40 tribes have chosen to exercise their right of local option. On all other reservations, federal prohibitions still remain in force—by consent of the tribe.

**Q: Why did the sculptor Saint Gaudens design gold coins which did not bear the motto, "In God We Trust"?** ***Mrs. Eva Roossin, Caldwell, Idaho***

A: President Theodore Roosevelt took an active interest in coinage when he was in office and it was at his request that Augustus Saint Gaudens executed the designs for the 1907 $10 and $20 gold pieces. The President felt that it was "irreverence, which comes dangerously close to sacrilege" to use the words "In God We Trust" on items of commerce. When Saint Gaudens' designs were issued, the motto was omitted in accordance with Roosevelt's wishes. However, public protest was so strong that the motto was restored by an Act of Congress, dated May 18, 1908.

**Q: What did astronauts White and McDivitt do about body waste?** ***Edward C. Jessup, Lander, Wyo.***

A: They had a urine transfer system on their spacecraft enabling liquid body wastes to go overboard. Solid wastes were stored in the craft in self-sealing bags containing disinfectant pills.

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## HE TURNS FOOTBALLS INTO GOLDEN EGGS

[*Continued from page* 61]

*Train* were two of his big ones. As president of the television division of MCA, his shows grossed about $100 million a year for the last decade. When he resigned this year—he "retired," he says—to concentrate on the Jets, *Variety* described him as ". . . broadcasting's greatest promoter and salesman."

Now he's one of the greatest promoters in sports, with, it is estimated, about $28 million to back him up.

Werblin has a 12-room Park Avenue apartment, and a 19-room colonial summer home on the Jersey shore. He has a maid and a cook and a summer caretaker and a black-uniformed chauffeur to drive two cars—a Lincoln Continental and an Imperial—each with a telephone. He also has blueprints for a winter home in Miami Beach.

As a man who has everything, he also has horses. There are a dozen thoroughbreds in his New Jersey stables. His wife Leah Ray, who used to sing with the Phil Harris Band, gives them show-business names such as Method Actress, Time Step, On Camera. When one of them is going down the backstretch—at Monmouth Park or Aqueduct or Hialeah—Werblin stands in a clubhouse box with his binoculars in one hand and a stack of $10 mutuel tickets in the other. But he is not a reckless bettor. Nor is he—recent events notwithstanding—a reckless spender. When the New York franchise was up for sale in 1963, AFL commissioner Joe Foss thought of Werblin right away. The AFL had hired MCA to negotiate the TV contract for the league's inaugural season in 1960 and Werblin did most of the work. Now Foss contacted him about the New York franchise. The price was $1,400,000.

"I'll meet you in the Bull and Bear at the Waldorf at 7 o'clock," Werblin said. "We'll talk about it."

Werblin and Foss were at the bar when a banker from the Irving Trust Company tapped Sonny on the shoulder.

"I hope you decide to buy the ball club, Mister Werblin," the banker said. "They owe our bank $400,000."

When the man left, Werblin turned to Foss. "What's this about $400,000?" he asked. "Is that part of the million-four total for the club?"

"Yes, it is," Foss said.

"It's not anymore," Werblin said. "I'll give you a million flat. I'm not buying a bankrupt ball club to pay off a bank loan. And I'm only buying the club's assets. Not the debts."

The sale went through that way. "It wasn't the principle," Werblin says, "it was the money." The bank got a share of the proceeds, like all the creditors.

The Jets's owners, Werblin says, "are out of pocket about three million right now" but his showmanship has increased the value many times over. New franchises in the league have been pegged at $7½ million and the Jets are certainly worth more than that. "I'm not making any bread out of this. The profit motive is gone," he says, "but I'm not in the habit of running a losing proposition. When we turn the corner, I'll start counting the postage stamps. I'm spending now because I'm losing anyway." This is Sonny Werblin, businessman, a guy who won't be hustled.

One day a few years ago he was being measured for a $300 custom-made suit at one of the big Fifth Avenue department stores. He noticed a nice pair of suspenders. "I like this material," he said to the tailor, "can you make me a belt out of it, too?"

"Yes, sir," the tailor said, "that will be 25 dollars extra."

"What!" Werblin exploded. "25 dollars to make a belt out of this."

"Yes, sir. You see it requires a lot of work in order. . . ."

"The hell with this," Werblin snapped and stormed out.

Now he buys his clothes off the rack at a small Madison Avenue men's shop. He pays $150 tops for one of his dark business suits. His only concession to personal showmanship is the green blazer—Jet green, he calls it—and a green tie he wears at home games. He's Jewish, but he was born on St. Patrick's Day, and green is his favorite color. He has a Jet-green carpet in his office, too. Other than that, he's not flashy. Not loud. Not eccentric. He's 5'10"; a flat-stomached 171 pounds.

Although his personality comes across calmly, he lives like a whirlwind. He had a heart attack at 30 but instead of slowing him down it speeded him up. He fathered three sons *after* it. He had kidney-stone surgery a year ago but in the hospital he was using three phones and two secretaries. "It's a wonder," says Joe Foss, "he doesn't have a heart attack every day." Werblin just smiles and says, "I operate best on four hours' sleep."

He operates all right. One day at MCA, it developed that the National Broadcasting Company had, through some incredible goof, forgotten to renew its option on *Wagon Train*. Werblin put the old contract in his pocket and walked into the offices of the rival American Broadcasting Company. He sold it to them at a higher price. That's what agents are for. Later in the day he went back to NBC and gave them the sad news. "But if you want a show to put against *Wagon Train*," he suggested, "I've got a new one. *The Virginian*." That's also what agents are for.

Sonny Werblin was a powerful man in show business. Powerful enough to defy Frank Sinatra. They way the story is told at MCA, Sinatra owed the firm some money. It was when Sinatra was singing with the Tommy Dorsey Band. Then Werblin swung a new deal to put Sinatra on the weekly *Hit Parade* radio show. It meant a big paycheck.

"What can I do to thank you?" Sinatra said.

"All we want you to do," Werblin said, "is pay us the money you owe. Is it all right if we take something out of your salary each week until it's paid up?"

"Sure," Sinatra said. "Anything you say."

Werblin returned to his office, had the contract drawn up and sent it to Sinatra

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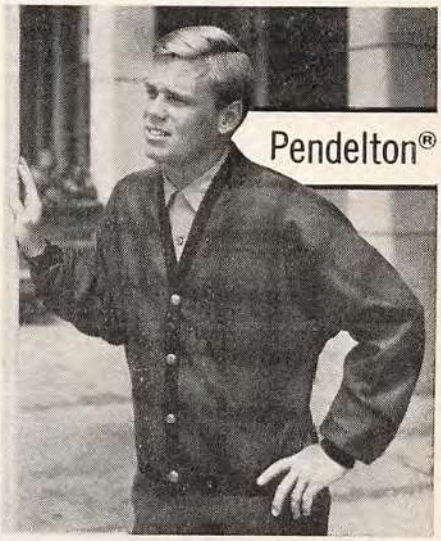


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by messenger. But a few minutes later, the messenger was on the phone.

"Mister Werblin," the boy said, "Mister Sinatra says he won't sign it."

"What do you mean he won't sign it? Put him on."

"Sonny," Sinatra said, "I don't think I better sign anything until I check with my lawyer."

"What's there to check about? You owe us the money. It's as simple as that."

"I know," Sinatra said, "but I better check with my lawyer to make sure."

That was the last time Sonny Werblin spoke to Frank Sinatra. Ask Werblin about it today and he tries to brush it off, saying, "I'm sure Frank wouldn't do anything like that now." But the significance remains. Not talking to Frank Sinatra in show business is like a Senator ignoring a phone call from LBJ. But Werblin was powerful enough to defy Sinatra. These days he's powerful enough to defy the National Football League.

When the NFL and AFL held informal merger talks last Spring, Werblin was the AFL's ambassador. "But I never thought we were close," he reveals. "The NFL was not sincere." One of the NFL demands was an indemity, primarily for its New York and San Francisco franchises, the ones which conflict with AFL patronage. "But I was very much against the indemnity," Werblin says. "Why should we have to pay *anybody* anything. I'd rather spend it for players. I imagine that, eventually, economics will dictate some sort of peace between the leagues, but personally I'd rather not have anything to do with the NFL. I don't need them. Years ago the baseball Giants had a lock on New York, but all it took was Babe Ruth to put over the Yankees. Joe Namath or John Huarte might turn out to be my Babe Ruth."

Werblin, more than any other person, has kept the AFL alive and, since he has come into it, the league has begun to prosper. The big contracts for Namath and Huarte gave the AFL new status. And Werblin was mainly responsible for pushing through the new TV contract which guarantees each AFL team $900,000 a year for five years. This is the money that enables them to compete with teams in the older league for top college stars. Fort the first time in its history the AFL appears to be on a solid financial footing.

But it wasn't only the TV contract that accomplished this. It was also the growth of the New York franchise as a gate attraction. When Werblin took it over, the AFL's New York entry was a mess, athletically and financially. The season before he bought the club only 2,400 season tickets were sold. This year the total is close to 40,000.

Without a successful team in New York, the AFL had been in bad trouble. Now the Jets are solid and so is the league. Last season they led the AFL in attendance, averaging more than 42,000 a game. One Sunday they drew 61,929, only a few less than the rival NFL Giants drew on the same afternoon across town.

"What did you have to come along for?" one NFL owner said to Werblin not long ago. "Your league was going down for the third time."

Some NFL owners take an even dimmer view of Werblin's activity. Arthur Modell, who owns the NFL champion Cleveland Browns, growls, "Werblin's $400,000 deal with Namath is ludicrous. This isn't show business. This is pro football and it's a lot different than putting Danny Kaye up on a stage to perform. Werblin's whole concept is out of context with the economics of the game. Werblin's $400,000 deal has done irreparable harm to pro football."

Modell has the great fullback Jim Brown on his team. Brown is completing a two-year contract this season at what Brown admits is "more than $50,000" annually. But Jim Brown can read and his boss knows it. If a rookie quarterback like Namath has a $400,000 deal, Arthur Modell may have to come up with fresh money to keep Jim Brown content. Sonny Werblin, meanwhile, apparently had not done irreparable harm to the Jets.

"We've sold $1,400,000 worth of tickets, double last year's total at this time," Werblin declared a few months ago. "If that's ludicrous, as Modell says, then get me another deal just like it."

Everything began to roll for Werblin four days before the Orange Bowl game on New Year's Day. The NFL had blundered. The wire services carried a story quoting a spokesman for the St. Louis Cardinals as saying, "We have dropped out of the bidding for Joe Namath. The Jets are giving him $400,000 for a three-year contract."

This was the publicity break Sonny Werblin had been hoping to get. For the kind of money he's paying Namath, he'd have found a way to let the world know about it. But now he didn't have to. The Cardinals had done it for him. When the sports writers asked him if Namath *really* was getting that much, all Werblin had to do was smile and say, "It's not far enough off to make much difference."

So for the four days before the Orange Bowl game the papers were full of Joe Namath. On the day of the game he had a bad knee and didn't start. But when Alabama fell behind, coach Bear Bryant turned and pointed at him. The pressure was on and Bryant needed his big star.

Namath went behind the bench and threw some short passes to warm up. Section by section the fans began to notice him. Soon the whole stadium was watching Namath and yelling. Most quarterbacks don't do this to a crowd when they *play* and Joe Namath was just getting himself loose.

"Look at this," Sonny Werblin said as he watched the crowd. "I never saw this before." Namath was a big star before Werblin came along, of course, but it was Werblin's money, mostly, that had created all this electricity. The crowd was charged up because it was about to see the world's first $400,000 quarterback.

Namath passed for two quick touchdowns and he had the people wild. Not only in the Orange Bowl but all over the NBC-TV network. In the final six seconds, with Texas leading 21-17, Alabama had a first down on the Texas six. But on fourth down, 'Bama was still a yard short of a touchdown. Namath ignored his bad knee and tried to sneak through right guard. He didn't quite make it and Alabama lost. But fans all over the country were saying that even at $400,000 Sonny Werblin had himself a bargain.

Some pro football people consider it great publicity to run out into the crowd on the field after a bowl game and have a player sign a contract against a goalpost, but this time Sonny Werblin didn't need to bother. He had everything set to make

TRUE

"It makes you look 10 years older."

a big production out of signing Namath the next day. Around noon the quarterback drove a Lincoln convertible into the grounds of the palm-shaded Bal Harbour Inn at Miami Beach. (The convertible was part of the Jets deal.) Inside the hotel, sportswriters, photographers and TV people were waiting. When Namath walked in, he deliberately walked tall and erect. A few days earlier Werblin had noticed his star's tendency to slouch. "I'm paying for six-feet-two of quarterback," Werblin told him, "so let me *see* six-feet-two."

Namath was wearing a pink-and-white striped sport jacket and his black hair was combed just so. He sat down to sign his contract and pose for pictures and answer questions. But when it was all over, one of the men from NBC hurried over to Werblin.

"Mister Werblin," he said sheepishly, "we just realized we had a power failure. None of our film is any good."

Werblin hardly looked up. "Joe," he said to his new quarterback, "let's sit down and do it all over again."

Sonny Werblin was paying for $400,000 worth of publicity and if NBC had a power failure for a week, he would've had Joe Namath go through it until it came out right. But this time the power stayed on, and that evening there were film clips of The $400,000 Quarterback on TV news shows from coast to coast. The next morning The $400,000 Quarterback's picture was in every Sunday paper. It wasn't merely the money—Namath's personality helped him come across. "There's something different about a real star," Werblin says. "When Joe Namath walks into a room, you know it. He reminds me of Joe DiMaggio. And Sinatra, the way Sinatra would come on in a nightclub and light up a room all by himself."

But Werblin's money made Joe Namath somebody special. On the Hollywood Palace TV show that week, somebody was kidding Bing Crosby about his money and Crosby shot back, "Joe Namath has more money than all of us put together."

Crosby didn't identify Namath as a football player. The name was enough. People knew. Not as many people knew John Huarte, but he too was somebody special. He'd won the Heisman trophy and, besides, when Notre Dame has a big season, as it did last year, its quarterback always is somebody special. Nobody had to explain to Sonny Werblin the value of a Notre Dame hero in New York.

"Make sure," he ordered a few days before Huarte was to sign his contract at a New York press conference, "that we invite the officers of the Notre Dame Club of New York."

The alumni officers showed up and shook hands with Huarte and Werblin and had a few drinks with the sportswriters and went home talking about the Jets. Werblin is selling the Jets every chance he gets. He has to, because he's working the same street as the New York Giants of the NFL. Over the past decade, going to see the Giants has been almost as important in New York on Sunday as going to church. But this season, the Jets

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**"There is absolutely no mention of yesterday's top secret meeting! Now who the hell was supposed to leak it to the press?"**

hope to convert some members of the Giant cult.

The Giants are rebuilding the team that won six Eastern Division titles in eight years. They finished in last place last season and they no longer have a drawing card. Y. A. Tittle has retired and so have several other heroes: Frank Gifford, Alex Webster, Andy Robustelli and Jack Stroud. Sam Huff was traded a year ago.

The Giants, with first pick in the NFL, could have drafted Namath. They need a quarterback and their coach, Allie Sherman, calls Namath "the best quarterback to come out of college in the last 15 years." But the Giants selected a fullback, Tucker Frederickson of Auburn.

"The reason they ignored Namath," says someone close to the Giant organization, "is that the word was out that the Jets were going to draft him. The Giants knew that Werblin would go as high as he had to in order to get Namath and they didn't want Werblin's money to make them look bad."

Until Fort Knox gets a franchise, no football team is going to outbid Sonny Werblin for a player he wants. The Giants discovered this when the Jets made fullback Matt Snell of Ohio State their first draft choice in 1963. Two days later, the Giants also selected him for nuisance value. They wanted to force Werblin into going high for a player the Giants believed wasn't worth much. Werblin opened at $20,000. The Giants raised to $25,000, but finally dropped out when Werblin offered $50,000. Snell was worth every dollar. He was the AFL's Rookie of the Year last season and he might be the best running back to come along since Jim Brown.

Snell comes from a Long Island suburb of New York City where his father is a caretaker at a public golf course. One day shortly after the draft, Werblin sent a big, black, chauffeur-driven limousine over to the Snell house to pick up the parents and bring them to a Jet game at the Polo Grounds. The proud—and surprised—father and mother had seats a few rows in front of Werblin at the game. It was a cold afternoon and during the second half, Werblin noticed the Snells shivering.

"See those two people," Werblin said to a hot-chocolate vendor. "Give them all the hot chocolate they want."

After the game Snell, who had been sitting on the Jet bench, told Werblin, "Thank you for taking such good care of my parents." Soon after that, Snell signed with the Jets.

With Sonny Werblin, nothing is too good for his players. One Sunday morning last season in Kansas City, the players were in the hotel dining room eating their pregame steaks when Werblin strolled in.

"What's that?" he roared, seeing the size of the steaks. "Something to feed midgets?"

"Well, Mister Werblin," one of the Jet aides stammered. "That's the breakfast steak. It only costs three dollars. The big steak is five dollars. I thought that was a little expensive."

"I'll tell you when to save *my* money," Werblin said. 'Send these steaks back and get the big ones."

Nothing is too good for the cash customers, either. One day last season the AFL teletype tapped out a message: "Buffalo requests waivers on player Gilchrist." On the surface it was a shock. Cookie Gilchrist was leading the league in ground gaining. But he also was leading the league in loafing. The Sunday before he decided not to play the last few seconds of the first half in an important game. But when Werblin saw Gilchrist's name on waivers, he filed a claim with the league office. Then he put in a call to Weeb Ewbank, his general manager and coach, who was with the team on the West Coast. According to protocol, Ewbank should have had the opportunity to decide about claiming Gilchrist. Ewbank was understandably annoyed.

"I don't want Gilchrist," he told Werblin on the phone. "He's more trouble than he's worth."

"I know he is," Werblin said. "I really don't want him, either. But I had to put in a claim."

"You had to?"

"For our fans," Werblin said. "They don't know Gilchrist like you do. They only know his yardage."

"Okay," Ewbank said, "but I hope somebody claims him."

Two other teams did claim him and Buffalo withdrew him from the waiver list. During the off-season he was traded to Denver.

Werblin puts in a lot of effort to keep the fans happy. Last season the Jets played six night games. The first night Werblin noticed chilly breezes sweeping through Shea Stadium. He had Lucite windshields installed. The cost: $19,000. That first night there also was a traffic jam outside the ball park. For the next game he arranged to have Jet jitney buses pick up fans who parked in lots a few miles away. Another Werblin production: the ticket takers and ushers dress in Jet-green uniforms. The tab for this came to $11,000.

"For seven games a year, that's a lot of money. But," he explains, "I didn't want the fans to see the orange-and-blue uniforms like they do at Met games. I wanted the fans to know the Jets were serving them."

Werblin disagrees with the way the Mets have grabbed off old Yankee names —Casey Stengel and Yogi Berra and club president George Weiss. The Jets have avoided signing players cut by the Giants. None of the coaches or front-office personnel have a Giant background. "We're building our organization from within," Werblin says. "Eventually the Mets are going to have to do the same thing. So we've started our organization that way."

Sonny Werblin built his first organization when he was a college student at Rutgers.

He had played high-school football,

but as a member of the Rutgers freshman team, he suffered a broken shoulder. He became the school correspondent for seven New York newspapers. He also covered central New Jersey for some of them. He had so many assignments he hired other students to help him. Each day his helpers covered the local stories while he took the out-of-town assignments. Then he would bill *all seven* papers for expenses. As a senior he pocketed nearly $10,000. The next year the Rutgers dean decreed that no one student ever again would monopolize the newspaper work.

Not that Werblin really needed the money. Born in Brooklyn, his father owned a prosperous paper-bag factory. But when he was 14 his father died. "He left a couple hundred thousand dollars," he recalls, "but my mother wouldn't spread it around like my father used to. I found it easier to go out and make it myself."

When he was graduated from Rutgers, however, it wasn't as easy to make it. The Depression had hit. He got a job as a copy boy at *The New York Times*. "Then one day I found out the sports editor wasn't making a helluva lot more than I was," he says, "and I knew the newspaper business wasn't for me." He moved to MCA, then a small firm, as an office boy. At the time a man named Billy Goodheart was the boss. Goodheart always arrived about 8 in the morning. But every day Sonny Werblin was waiting for him. He had Goodheart's pencils sharpened, his inkwells filled. There is a story they tell at MCA about the day Goodheart called him into his office.

"Young man," he said, "these inkwells are empty."

"That's strange, sir," Werblin said, "I just filled them a few minutes ago."

"Look for yourself."

Werblin looked. The inkwells *were* empty. Then Werblin walked to the window, opened it and looked down at an empty courtyard.

"Mister Goodheart," he said, "when you threw the ink out, you spilled some on the side of the building."

Goodheart smiled. And, the story goes, Sonny Werblin was on his way. He became a band boy with Guy Lombardo and toured the nation. He booked acts for the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. He was the New York agent for Errol Flynn, Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. Then he moved into television. "He was a terrific agent," says Ed Sullivan, "because he always had that undergraduate zing about him."

Now that undergraduate zing has made Sonny Werblin the most controversial clubowner in pro football. Other club owners have more money than Werblin. Such as Lamar Hunt, who owns the Kansas City Chiefs of the AFL. But Hunt doesn't have Werblin's flair for spending it. Hunt realizes it, too. When he had a new son recently, one of his friends mentioned the old gag about the baby growing up to play for Hunt's team.

"No," Lamar Hunt said with a smile, "I hope he's drafted by the Jets."

—Dave Anderson


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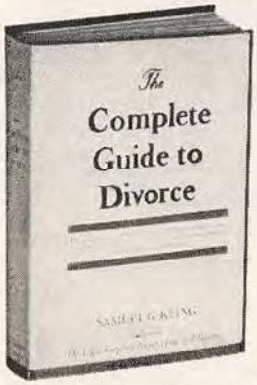


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**ONE-EYED MIKE**

[*Continued from page* 68]

Malemutes he currently ramrodded, and he loped out through the sugar-dry drifts to where Starvation was vainly beating a patch of wolf brush. Mike found and retrieved the birds, a minor chore for him, then scouted across the opening until he located a mob of ptarmigan assembled in half-buried willows on the rim of a high bank overlooking the timbered creek flat. When he was sure he had the birds riveted, he glanced over his shoulder at Starvation, wagging his tail and showing his teeth in a happy, big-mouthed Labrador grin. Mike's style was his own. He invented it and it was efficient and a pleasure to watch.

Starvation closed in with the side-hammer double he had cherished since Klondike days, and the birds reluctantly burst up. The gun boomed twice. One ptarmigan fell and another, probably tagged by the edge of the shot pattern, sailed past me and out over the timber before it died between wingbeats. As the bird spun into the spruce tops, one of the owls appeared from nowhere, diving after it. The owl was a very direct type and a fancy operator. It hit the erratically falling ptarmigan with audible impact and, talons clenched in the bird's back, steered down among the packed evergreens. I had been envying Starvation. Understandably, I yearned to take active part in the shooting, but had to stay with the sled to prevent the unpredictable Malemutes from making off with it if that notion struck them.

Now was my chance to get in a shot. The burdened owl, hard put to maintain air speed, was looking for a place to set down before it crashed, when I let go a blast and saw the No. 6's knock a hatful of feathers off the too-bold opportunist as momentum carried it out of view.

Mike possessed the canine equivalent of 20-20 vision and had been in a position to witness the owl's act of piracy. At the shot he uttered a baritone bawl and plunged down the cliff-steep bank in 10-foot bounds. On snowshoes, I didn't do so well. Hanging onto bushes, getting the long webs fouled, falling, I accomplished the descent in bad order. As I picked myself up at the bottom, with what felt like a bucket of snow down the back of my neck, I heard a wild beating of wings ahead in the timber, followed by Mike's battle roar.

Running on the webs, I rounded a wind-thrown snag to behold a fearsome bit of backwoods drama. Either the owl had feigned death or Mike had been careless. At any rate, with a wing broken and its body riddled with shot, the desperate bird had somehow managed to sink the shark-hook talons of both feet into the dog's face. Perhaps the owl was dead, but its powerful grip held as Mike shook the torn carcass frantically and tried to pry it loose.

Stepping off the encumbering webs, I wrestled the pain-maddened Mike to the snow and, with my belt knife, beheaded the owl as a preliminary measure. But the armed feet of the bird were set fast in a death grip and did not relax. So I butchered off its legs, and with my fingers stiffening in the cold, forced the claws open one at a time. Mike lay shuddering, grinding his teeth in agony. I had eased out the final talon when I saw to my horror that the Labrador had lost his right eye. One of the owl's heel claws had made such a bloody wreck of it that when I let the dog stand up, the collapsed eye fell out of its socket, dangling by a thread of tissue. Starvation joined me as I completed the surgery. The case-hardened sourdough knelt a moment with an arm around Mike, silent, no doubt marveling at the strange vicissitudes of the unforgiving northern wilds.

"All I got to say," he muttered presently, "is that Mike is a hell of a lot more dog with only one eye than a lot of others I know would be if they had three."

Mike was in trouble when I first met him. With Wasilla Stepan, the dour, tough-minded chief of our local Denna Indians, I had snowshoed down to the Susitna River bars below my Toonakloot homestead to shoot a moose for the meat cache. It was a gleaming near-zero day and the great river lay frozen between its dark timbered banks. The ice was not yet safe. Bands of moose had bunched in bankside thickets where they were killing time until they could cross to winter feeding grounds above the river.

Using glasses, Wasilla and I located a promising young meat bull standing alone and apparently asleep on its feet in a cove between the ice and a sandstone cliff. But if the bull was asleep, its ears were working. Before we could maneuver into shooting range, it heard the rattle of our webs and plowed back out of view into a belt of spruce. It was only a token flight, we thought, because blown snow was heaped in such mountainous drifts here that the moose had been almost swimming in the stuff. So we followed confidently. Just as we entered the spruces, however, a complication developed. Close ahead, where the ice and timber met, somebody with astonishing lung power and a many-splendored vocabulary had begun foghorning bitter threats at a dog.

One gathered that the dog was named Mike and that he was refusing, sensibly, to proceed onto the treacherous river ice. Wasilla gave me a questioning look and made sign talk for "Who is it?" I told him his guess was as good as mine. Like everybody else, I knew some dumb characters, but I didn't think any of them were dumb enough to try to cross the Susitna at this time of year. That left both of us mystified, so we temporarily abandoned our moose-slaying project to identify the reckless one who was so profanely disturbing the peace. One glance explained everything. Almost everything, that is. The vocal wayfarer was one "Necktie" Bill, an odd specimen who had been employed as swamper in Anchorage pool halls and bootleg dives since the place was founded. So far as I knew, this was the first time he had ever ventured outside the town's corporate boundaries.

He had Mike harnessed to an overloaded single-runner sled, which, for those interested, is a handy, economical

contrivance consisting usually of a pole framework covered with chicken wire and mounted on a ski. It is equipped with handlebars for control and is useful in off-trail brush country where sharp turns are necessary. The sled can be pushed like a wheelbarrow, no canine help needed. Necktie Bill told us that he had lost his job in town and run short of funds, and was bound for the Deshkah country across the river, where he aimed to put out a line of traps and make a grubstake trapping marten. But a difficulty had arisen. His dog, for some inexplicable reason, had gone on strike.

"I bailed this lowdown loafer out of the Anchorage dog pound. Fifteen dollars of hard-earned cash," Necktie Bill complained emotionally. "I saved his life, dammit. They were gonna kill him the next day if nobody claimed him. And now the ungrateful pothound quits me cold. I can't get him started across the river. Clubbed the hell out of him, and still he won't move."

"Maybe that dog is a whole lot smarter than you think," Wasilla commented.

"Too smart to work, if that's what you mean," Necktie Bill retorted. "So you know what I'm gonna do?" he asked, his voice suddenly shrill with self-pity. "I'm gonna shoot the no-good bastard. I don't need a dog anyway. I can easy push this sled to where I'm going."

Necktie Bill slid his rifle out of its boot and slammed a cartridge into the chamber. Mike knew what was coming. He had been sizing me up, and when Necktie Bill worked the rifle's action he headed for me fast, dragging the overturned sled. Ears flattened, petitioning for help, his dark eyes held mine. He made a rumbling sound in his throat and wagged his tail, and that was laying it on the line eloquently enough for me.

I batted the rifle out of Necktie Bill's hands, and Wasilla caught the weapon before it touched the snow. The ex-swamper began hollering angry protests, but something, maybe his guardian angel if he had one, told him to shut up and abruptly he did so. Any way you figured it, he was not precisely in a spot to promote cheer and good fellowship.

I gave him $15 to cover his investment at the dog pound, and wrote a bill of sale for Mike on a piece of birch bark, which Necktie Bill signed without argument and Wasilla witnessed with a firmly executed X. We then explained to the guy that only birds crossed the Susitna at this season, and after wishing him prosperous trapping, departed. Midway back through the belt of spruces, Mike halted, gazing toward the base of the sandstone cliff. He flashed me a look and made the rumbling sound in his throat again. What with one thing and another, I had almost forgotten about our meat bull. But it seemed that the animal was still present and available. In a moment we sighted him 100 yards upwind watching us from a gap between snow-hooded fallen boulders. I shot the huge coffee-brown beast and we got busy dressing out the carcass. Mike, I remarked, was going to be an asset.

"Sure. You bought yourself a good dog," Wasilla agreed. "I think he was born in this country. He'll probably die here, too. But not," the chief laughed, "by drowning under the ice. He's too smart for that."

As nearly as I could judge, Mike was four years old when I acquired him. By the time he lost his eye, three years later, he had built himself an image unique in this part of the North. Everybody knew him or claimed they did. In town, people greeted him ahead of me. Many of the letters I received began: "Dear Rusty and Mike."

The dog's greatest fault—and there was nothing I could do about it—was that he hated bears and had the delusion that he could whip any bruin any time, any place, anywhere. As I lived in the midst of a bear pasture, this misguided conviction got him into one hair-raising episode after another. He spent a lot of time convalescing, and because of the practice I got I became a pretty fair emergency veterinary surgeon.

One sweet spring dawn, with the land green again, robins yelping, the creek full of salmon and the bears fresh out of hibernation, I was pounding my ear when Mike came into the bedroom and informed me that he had to go outside. He was craftily apologetic about it, showing his teeth in an embarrassed grin. Supposing that his motive was the obvious one, I opened the door for him—and he nearly knocked me off my feet as he shot past bellowing the Labrador war challenge. Standing 20 feet distant on the brow of the creek bank, a side of bacon in its mouth, was a black bear, a grandfather of black bears, fat and glossy and weighing close to 400 pounds. The animal had looted the bacon from the storm porch and Mike had heard him do it and was hell-bent to demonstrate that in these parts larceny did not pay.

Numerous violent things took place in the ensuing few seconds.

Mike attacked the bear. The bear dropped the bacon and slugged Mike. Mike went down, belted silly. The bear fled over the brush-jungled bank into a birch flat. Mike recovered and gave pursuit and the bear climbed a tree with Mike biting its rump and trying to drag it back down. The bear reached the first limb and clung there panting, probably wondering how he had got into such a mess of trouble in such a short space of time. At the beginning of this Donnybrook I had been sleep-fogged. I mean, I wouldn't have been surprised if the whole thing had turned out to be just an action-filled dream. But now, making a wide-awake appraisal of the situation, it occurred to me that some fat bear meat would be a pleasant change from the

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dried-out seven-months-old moose meat I had in the cache.

My .270 hung on an antler tine beside the door. I took it down and shouted at Mike. "Watch yourself," I warned him. "Stand from under."

Mike heard me and understood. He saw the rifle and knew that I was about to shoot the bear out of the tree and that when gravity took over the animal would certainly come down with a hell of a jolt. I laid my sights on the bear's head, and pulled. When the 130-grain bullet smashed home and the animal let go all holds and fell, Mike didn't try to dodge. Instead he jumped as high as he could to meet the bear halfway. The bear naturally landed on top and the two of them rolled out of sight into a ditchlike flood channel clogged with liquid mud, dead grass and brush, rotted leaves and assorted forest debris.

Sounds of strife arose. Roars, splashes, bawls, thuds. I sprinted to the rescue barefoot, clad only in the pair of red drawers I wore in lieu of pajamas. The undergrowth was a diabolical mixture of thorned wild-rose bushes and thornier devil's club. I picked up so many thorns en route that, weeks later, I was spending spare time digging them out of unlikely areas of my hide. I found Mike and the bear wedged in a wrestler's embrace under an avalanche of mud caved from the ditch side. The bear, although dead, was still on top. Mike was so beat up he hadn't had the strength to crawl from under the carcass. I carried him back through the thorn growth to the cabin and got out the first-aid kit. We both needed treatment. Mike rolled his one eye and thumped the floor with his tail.

"You got a break," I told him. "The bear didn't live long enough to finish taking you apart. Maybe next time you won't be so lucky. So why don't you get wise and lay off trying to police the whole bear population? It would be easier on both of us."

Mike thumped his tail some more, and slanted his eye at the iodine bottle.

The big Labrador was a politician. He had a talent for making and keeping friends. We flew into the high Arctic and made a polar bear hunt at Wainwright with Col. "Muktuk" Marston of the Eskimos, and Muktuk took such a fancy to Mike that the following Christmas he mailed him a collar ornament of carved Eskimo jade. We made a trip to Tanaga Island in the Aleutians, 1,000 miles west of anywhere at all, where a captain and I shot emperor geese through the broken roof of an abandoned sod *barabara*, and Mike retrieved the splendid birds from freezing water with such energy and style that the captain tried to draft him into the Canine Corps. We had marvelous adventures up and down the North as the years passed, and then one day I observed that Mike's muzzle was getting gray, and did some calculating. He was 13 years old, according to my arithmetic—a veritable patriarch in a land in which dogs died notoriously young.

Fate caught up with Mike on a midwinter day so cold that the trees were popping like pistol shots and a pair of moose feeding on clearing slash behind the cabin were albino white with the frost of their breathing.

Chief Wasilla came to the cabin around noon to ask a favor. He had trapped a wolf, he said, an outsize silver-gray king wolf whose pelt he had coveted for months, and the animal had broken the trap chain and was heading upriver. He couldn't track the wolf on the wind-scoured ice and his Malemutes wouldn't take its trail. So he wanted to borrow Mike. There were tricky nets of overflow water, he said, real deathtraps, and the wolf was weaving a course through the worst of them in a desperate effort to make pursuit impossible. But the chief figured that with Mike, the old maestro, leading his team of Indian dogs, we could overtake the animal in a few hours.

"It would be a big favor," he said. "Because I have a bill overdue at the trading post and the trader is getting discouraged. The bounty and the $150 I ought to get for the wolf's pelt will fix everything."

Well, it was the neighborly thing to do. I hooked up Mike at the head of Wasilla's team, stowed my sleeping robe and some trail grub on the sled, and we highballed up the river. Three hours later we bayed the wolf under a vast pile of storm-toppled timber on the spine of a burned point. We couldn't locate the animal but Mike told us it was there. He was eager to go in under jackstraw-piled snags and prove he was right, and since dusk was coming on, this seemed our only good bet if we were going to kill the wolf in time to return home that night.

Wasilla climbed onto the mass of timber with his rifle, and I unharnessed Mike and told him to go ahead and put the well-known finger on the wolf but to take it easy because I had forgotten to bring the first-aid kit. I could kid him like that. We had shared fortunes so long that the communication handicap had almost ceased to exist. He rumbled an acknowledgment and went out of sight. Exactly what happened immediately thereafter remains a mystery. Maybe the wolf ambushed Mike. Or maybe Mike got overconfident and attacked. In any event there was a fight, and before Wasilla could place a killing shot, Mike was hurt. I didn't realize how badly hurt until I crawled under the windfalls and dragged him back into the open.

A raking slash of the wolf's teeth had ruined the old Labrador's remaining eye. He would never see the shape and color and movement of the things of this earth again.

It isn't necessary to tell you how I felt —except that suddenly I was carrying an albatross with a 15-foot wingspread, and expected to continue carrying it for a long time to come. We made camp and Mike lay beside me on the caribou-fawn robe as the great stars came out and the ice groaned and thundered in the growing cold. Although I hadn't expected to, I slept.

When I woke at moonrise, Mike was gone. Wasilla and I followed his trail out onto the ice—to a jagged break in thin overflow ice where water glittered black and evil in the wash of moonlight. Clearly, it had not been an accident. Mike knew too much about ice. In the grim equation of the North he had become a crippled factor. Useless. So he had taken a walk by himself in the moonlight he could not see. . . .

"I don't think," Wasilla said, "that you will ever find a better dog."

It was as good an epitaph as any I could think of. —**Russell Annabel**

TRUE

"Let's see now. . . Dear Sir: In answer to your letter of the sixth. . ."

## CON KING OF THE GOLD COAST

[*Continued from page* 50]

WE'LL ALL GET RICH, he pleaded. He was entitled to 70 percent of any oil that came out of the ground he had leased and he was willing to split his share of the first well into 100,000 units. He would sell a unit for the small sum of $2. Now a gusher could bring in millions . . . well, they could see the possibilities. . . .

They could see them, all right. The very next day close to 100 citizens, longing for riches, made their way to a grubby little office in downtown Los Angeles to talk to C. C. Julian about how they could get rich. They were instantly reassured by the appearance of the lanky man who rose from behind a battered desk. Here was no slick promoter dressed in flashy clothes and spieling honeyed words. This man's hands were oil stained, his blue eyes guileless, his speech modest and hesitant. He told them right out that up to now he'd been more or less of a failure—a failure who had dreamed of someday hitting it big.

The farmer from Iowa, the funeral director from Ohio, the widow from Hoboken, the grocer from Glendale—they all felt right at home with this sincere man. Fortune had eluded them too.

There were tears in the eyes of an ex-steelworker as he opened a shoe box he'd brought with him.

"This is everything I've got," he said as he extracted 100 $5 bills. "I never put it into anything before. I don't trust them big bankers and promoters."

Courtney Julian was also misty-eyed as he took the money and handed over a certificate representing ownership of 250 units in Julian Number One, the first well to be drilled. Was it the trust placed in him that moved him to tears? Or could it have been, instead, the sight of the money that flowed across his desk that day? In any case, the tears added a masterly touch to the performance of a man whose medicine show of high finance would ultimately cost his victims an estimated $200 million.

And what a show it was. For 13 years Julian joyously thumbed his nose at the law. He adroitly managed not only to keep out of the clink, but to get the blame for his crimes so switched around that a bevy of respectable L.A. bankers were arrested for financial skulduggery in Julian enterprises and the district attorney himself was actually imprisoned.

When Julian staged his first appeal to small investors in 1921, it was hardly a strain on his talents to play the role of failure. For, at 37, that was precisely what he was. Nothing had ever paid out for Courtney Julian, ex-milk-wagon driver, door-to-door salesman, ditchdigger and oil field roustabout. A haberdashery shop he'd run in his native Winnipeg had folded. A real estate venture in Edmonton left him in debt.

"You'll never amount to anything," angrily predicted his wife Mary Olive. That was in 1915 just before Julian, besieged by creditors, lit out from Canada for the U.S.

After a series of briefly held jobs, Julian landed in Texas, where he found employment as an oil-company stock salesman. He quickly made some dazzling discoveries about both the oil business and himself. First came the realization that you didn't need oil to sell stock in an oil company; the one for which he'd been selling shares at a merry pace had nothing but dry holes. That was certainly thought provoking. But what really bowled Julian over was the recognition that he had a natural flair for selling, not such tangibles as men's suits or city lots, but the most intangible merchandise of all—a dream.

Adding the two facts together, Julian came up with a sum considerably more than two. Why shouldn't he put his newfound ability to work selling his *own* nonexistent oil? And he knew just the place to do it—booming, oil-conscious Los Angeles.

He hit the City of the Angeles with $500 in his pockets, and went straight to the Long Beach oil field. He soon found that the big oil companies had leases on just about every foot of land anywhere near it, except for one barren four-acre tract. Petroleum geologists to a man had declared that this was one piece of land that would never yield a drop of oil.

That didn't worry Julian. The morning after he'd picked up this information from a geologist he met in a speakeasy, he showed up at the home of the property's owner. That gentleman, who had wistfully watched the oil boom pass him by, asked few questions of the personably oil man who said he represented "eastern interests." On the spot Julian signed a contract promising $30,000 when the drilling started and 30 percent of any oil extracted.

After renting the cheapest office he could find, he repaired to the offices of two Los Angeles newspapers, which demanded cash for running the penciled ads he handed in. The eye-catching ads took all of his $500, plus the proceeds of hocking his watch, leaving him barely the price of the next day's meals.

As it turned out, Julian was quickly relieved of any eating problems. By the end of two weeks, during which he had paid the agreed-upon $30,000 to the owner of the four acres, and even started a rented drilling rig chewing into the earth to impress the prospects, he raked in $175,000. At this point Julian might well have pocketed his gains and blown town. He was all set to do just that when a phone call from his excited drilling foreman sent him burning up the highway to Long Beach.

Slamming the car to a stop at the edge of his little four acres, Julian sat for a few stunned moments staring in disbelief. Then he threw back his head and laughed wildly. The dream he had been selling the suckers had come true. Julian Number One had come in a gusher.

This unexpected turn of events wrought a remarkable transformation in the psyche of Courtney Julian. Overnight he switched his act. Gone was the humility, the talk of past failures. Suddenly he was the superbusinessman, the wizard of oil. Hadn't he outsmarted the geologists? Hadn't he snatched a valuable lease right out from under the noses of the

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***Bit by bit . . . every litter bit hurts!***

**KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL!**

oil bigwigs? Hadn't his acumen actually brought huge profits to the fine folks who had helped him drill the well that became a gusher?

His new role went over even bigger than his previous one. After all, Julian had facts on his side . . . convincing facts like the testimonial of the steelworker who had turned his $500 into $5,000 in a few weeks. Swarms of investors, eager to reap such rewards, beseiged the plush new offices Julian promptly rented in a prominent downtown L.A. building.

There the new Julian, resplendent in a tailor-made suit, spats, and sporting a gold-headed cane, was happy to accept their money. He had spoted locations for 12 more wells on his now fabled four acres, and was letting the little fellow in on them too, just as he had on Julian Number One.

"I don't need the money now," Julian explained. "But I want you folks to have a chance."

The wondrous well of money Julian had tapped continued its copious flow. In a few months he had relieved the eager investors of no less than $1,750,000.

This had a highly stimulating effect on Julian's larcenous mental processes. If he could reap such profits from a few acres of land what could he do with something really big to sell . . . like stock in a giant corporation . . . Julian Petroleum, he'd call it. . . . He could see the ads he'd run . . . the invitations to get in on the ground floor of a new Standard Oil, a company that would not only drill for oil, but which would own its own pipelines, its own refineries, even its own service stations, extracting profits all down the line. How the customers ought to go for *that*.

It all sounded so convincing that at times Julian found himself almost believing he actually was proposing to set up and run a legitimate business.

He engaged a lawyer to help him set up Julian Petroleum, duly incorporated in Delaware. That set him back $150,000, what with the capital required by law and the fees of the high-priced attorney. It cost him another $100,000 to sign up some oil leases, rent a bigger office, and hire a skeleton staff. The workers included a bookkeeper who'd been caught with his hand in the till of another company. Julian's knowledge of this would keep the fellow from asking too many questions about the affairs of his new employer. Altogether it proved gratifyingly cheap to set up anything that sounded as big as Julian Petroleum did in the blazing full-page ads with which Julian plastered the papers.

COME ON FOLKS, GET ABOARD FOR THE BIG RIDE, read the headings. If you could get rich from "units" in oil wells—and he had testimonials from thousands who had—think how much richer you could get from investing in his new enterprise.

WHEN WE GET THIS JULIAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION UNDER WAY WE'LL MAKE THAT STANDARD OIL CROWD TURN FLIP FLOPS ! ! !

A little later the ads were emblazoned with an invitation.

COME ON DOWN AND VISIT US, FOLKS. COME ON DOWN AND SEE THE OIL WELLS THAT CAN MAKE YOU RICH.

The folks, who came in droves, went away awed. For once again Julian had struck it lucky. The very first well drilled by Julian Pete, as the new company was soon being called, came in big, even though Julian had sunk it in a patch of ground allegedly as oil-barren as the four acres he had first leased. Julian made the most of the fact that once again he had confounded the geologists—whom he branded as "the kept flunkys of the big companies, hired to keep the little fellow out of the oil business."

Those who couldn't make it down to Long Beach could usually find a Julian service station in their neighborhood. Julian set up 40 of them in strategic locations. Festooned with gaudy red, blue and yellow signs, they proved to be irresistible come-ons for new hosts of small investors. Each station opened with fanfare. Bands with the word JULIAN on their bright uniforms played *For He's A Jolly Good Fellow* while Julian, clad in white coveralls, personally waited on the first customers.

"Just see if your car doesn't run better on Julian gas," he'd chortle.

Customers sang the praises of Julian Wonder Gas, swearing that it really did pep up the old buggy. It should have. The motorist was getting a real bargain. Julian was buying the best grade of gasoline from one of the big oil companies and selling it at a loss. A temporary loss, of course. Hundreds of impressed customers rushed to buy Julian stock.

Whenever Julian was confronted by a complaining purchaser of units in the original 13 wells, 10 of which had turned out to be dry holes, he quickly turned the investor's discontent to joy.

"I'm sure glad to see you," Julian would exclaim. "I was just about to look you up." He went on to announce that he was going to give—yes, *give*—the shareholder two shares of Julian Pete *Preferred* for every unit he had bought in those early wells.

Overwhelmed by Julian's generosity the victim didn't even feel the hook when Julian indicated there was a little clause in the bylaws of the corporation requiring the owner of Preferred to purchase an equal amount of Common.

Thus Julian proved again the con man's axiom that the easiest mark is the sucker who has already been taken. In fact, Julian didn't even wait for all those first investors to come to him. He went to them. Altogether, he collected half a million from this prime list of prospects.

In those free and easy days before the SEC, Julian had little difficulty getting Julian Pete listed on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. Quoted at $5 to begin with, it quickly climbed to $20. Soon wild rumors pushed it up still further: Stand-


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ard Oil of California was getting scared. They were going to buy out Julian, but Julian was going to hold them up for a fantastic price. . . . Julian had just struck another gusher, the biggest in the West. . . . Julian had acquired claims in a big Texas oil field. . . .

In view of all this glittering promise, few stockholders wanted to part with their shares and consequently prices shot up. But Julian had no worries, he had plenty of spare stock and slipped just enough into the market to take advantage of the price—without causing the market to plunge.

Dashingly carrying out his role as Big Businessman by day, Julian, by night, was playing the part of the *bon vivant*. He became a spender on a scale that awed even L.A., used to the peccadilloes of Hollywood personalities. It was as though he were in a race to see if he could spend the money as fast as he took it in. It pleased him to carry a roll of $100 bills, and he often peeled one off to give to the headwaiter in the plush speakeasies he patronized. Once he got into an argument with a fellow actor, one Charles Chaplin, in such an establishment. Chaplin opined that Julian was either drunk, crazy, or both, to be tossing his money around like that. Julian objected to the slander in terms which caused Chaplin to punch him in the nose. Julian punched back. The match was hailed as a draw.

In a somewhat less public search for the good life, Julian's expenditures also ran high. He had installed Mary Olive, who had been spectacularly wrong in her predictions about what Julian would amount to, in an opulent mansion manned by a retinue of servants.

The master of the house did not spend much time there. As was later testified in court, he maintained at least four apartments around town. One of them was presided over by a pert redhead Julian imported from Texas. In another lived a blonde siren Julian had encountered working in a Hollywood bistro. She had movie ambitions and Julian paid for her dramatic lessons, although she might more profitably have devoted her time—and the finery Julian provided—to activities in which she didn't need coaching. The third companion of Julian's idle hours was a toothsome "secretary." The only one who, in a manner of speaking, paid her own way was a well-to-do widow of a Chicago furniture manufacturer. The attentions of Julian turned out to be the only dividends she ever realized on the half million she invested in Julian Pete stock.

Julian's free and easy, it's-only-money attitude did not seem to be affected, but as Julian Pete wound up its second year of existence in 1924, the house of cards was threatening to collapse. Of the 100 wells Julian had been boasting about, only one was now producing—and that a mere 1,500 gallons a week. Of the six big refineries he'd projected, only one had actually been completed. The service stations that had provided such a gaudy facade were still losing money. And the company treasury was just about empty, thanks to Julian's success in pocketing much of the money from stock sales.

Worst of all, this source of money was drying up. New investors in an enterprise that just never seemed to pay any dividends were getting hard to come by. Stockholders were beginning to ask nasty questions about the failure of promised riches to materialize. Numerous creditors, for everything from refinery equipment to the embossed company stationery, were clamoring for their money.

Things got so bad that Julian had to resort to putting a half million back into the company coffers. It pained him to extract it from the stacks of currency he had stashed away in various safe-deposit boxes, but the payroll of some 300 employees had to be met if his workers were to stay satisfied and unsuspecting. If rumors started spreading about the true state of the company, it could wreck him.

As it was, he was beginning to feel the hot breath of the law on his neck. Investigators for the State Securities Board were asking embarrassing questions, like what had become of $7 million of the $11 million Julian had taken in from sales of stock? Audits turned up company assets that, by stretching things, could be considered worth only $4 million. The district attorney, Asa Keyes, was making threatening sounds about criminal action, hinting at larceny on a colossal scale. And hard-hearted Internal Revenue agents had already cracked down and seized $500,000 they said Julian owed in back taxes.

It took a lot of gall, but one morning Julian swaggered boldly into the office of a leading L.A. bank president and coolly asked for a $5 million loan. The banker just as coolly turned him down, as did, in succeeding days, every big financial institution in town. The financiers had never cottoned to this upstart Julian, though plenty of them, as he pointed out, had profited from speculation in Julian Pete stock.

Denouncing the bankers as a pack of shortsighted skinflints who wouldn't lift a finger to help a local industry, Julian set out for New York. He had an idea that Wall Street bankers, being distant from the scene, might better see the possibilities of Julian Pete. His method of impressing them was peculiar, to say the least.

First he rented a $3,000 a month Park Avenue apartment and bought the most expensive Cadillac he could find. Two days later he gave the automobile away to a torch singer. He took another of his newly acquired girl frieonds to Tiffany's and bought her a trinket, paying 10 grand in cash on the spot. He endeared himself to cabbies, hatcheck girls and headwaiters with tips of his favorite kind of money —$100 bills. One night after several too many, he gave a cabbie 15 of them.

"You be the fare . . . I'll drive," Julian said. He shot through red lights, almost ran down a cop, crumpled half a dozen fenders, and wound up crashing through the plate-glass front of an Automat. The anguish of Messrs. Horn and Hardart was assuaged by a $10,000 payment for damages.

These extraordinary "business expenses" did not make a dent on the New York financiers. Julian headed back to California smarting from turndowns


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"Last year we tried separate vacations, and that's the last I ever saw of him!"

more scornful than those of the L.A. bankers. As the train rumbled across the continent, Julian sat brooding in his drawing room. During the time he'd been laboring in the citadels of Eastern finance, affairs at Julian Pete had gone from bad to worse. Unless he did the unthinkable and scraped the bottom of his safe deposit barrels, the company was headed straight for receivership. The jig was up.

Somewhere west of Chicago Julian clapped a hand to his head and uttered a joyous cry. He had just been smitten with an idea about how he could milk more millions from tottering Julian Pete!

By the time the train pulled into Union Station in L.A., he had all the details worked out. Handing the porter a $100 bill, he strode from the train with bounding step and hailed a taxi. In a few minutes he was in the office of one S.C. Lewis, a pillar of the financial world.

A suave, dignified man in his early 40's, Lewis was famed for his shrewd stock market operations. He had good connections with bankers in both New York and L.A., and he was known to be a personal friend of important U.S. Senators and California state officials. These were ideal qualifications for what Julian had in mind, but most important of all was another, well hidden behind Lewis' smooth exterior. In brief conversations with Lewis Julian had recognized him as a fellow thief, just the man to respond to the larceny he was about to propose.

"I," Julian told Lewis dramatically, "am going to *give* you Julian Petroleum."

Lewis laughed. What was this—some kind of a gag?

No, it was no joke, Julian assured him. He meant to do exactly that. Let him explain. First, he'd lay his cards on the table. Julian Pete was in trouble—as Lewis undoubtedly knew. But that didn't mean its monetary possibilities were ended. Far from it. Here was the idea. He, Julian, would step out of the company. He'd turn over all his stock to Lewis, give him complete control of all the company's affairs. He wouldn't take a cent—well, just a few. The half million dollars Julian had recently "loaned" to the company.

As Julian outlined his plan, the hot fire of growing interest burned in Lewis' eyes. Julian's reasoning was simple. Lewis, with his reputation and connections, could keep Julian Pete afloat.

The payoff? Both he and Julian would get that from the same place, the stock market. For what Julian was really proposing was a ruthless stock rigging operation. He knew a brokerage house through which they could set up pools to buy and sell Julian Pete stock. They would create buying splurges by purchasing large amounts of stock, making it appear there was a big demand for it. Then they would quickly turn around and dump it, pushing the price down. By short selling, those in on the pools could thus pick up stock for less than the suckers would be paying for it.

It would take a lot of money to operate the pools on a big enough scale to raise or lower prices at will. Julian had that doped out too. Lewis wouldn't need to put up that kind of money. It could come from the very bankers who had so coldly turned down Julian. Of course these gents wouldn't want to be publicly involved in Julian Pete's affairs, but they wouldn't be above making a quick buck—a lot of quick bucks, in fact—off Julian Pete in private, at no risk.

They would simply loan the money to the brokerage house operating the pools. The broker would pay them a "bonus," not interest, based on some percentage of the profits made by the pools. This would give them a far greater rate of return than any legal rate of interest could. As insiders, knowing just when stock would rise and fall, Lewis and Julian would clean up.

Julian had sized everybody up with bull's-eye accuracy. Lewis went for the deal. So did the financiers, including some of the biggest on the Coast. And so did the public, as Lewis pumped more money—also borrowed from the bankers—into the company, giving it an image of prosperity. Everyone made money—except the frantic little buyers scrambling to make a killing in the booming Julian Pete.

Relieved of any more arduous duties than collecting his winnings in Julian Pete stock (they were running about $25,000 a day for weeks at a stretch), Julian had plenty of time to think about his future. Julian Pete, he knew, was riding for a fall, the only question remaining was when. Maybe he'd milked the oil business for all it could give him.

One night he fell in with a down-and-out engineer who had, at one time, appraised mining properties for big companies. Their discussion exploded another dollar-studded idea in Julian's mind and sent him hustling off to Nevada. There, for the large sum of $7,000, he bought 14 abandoned mining claims near Las Vegas.

Now Julian was on his way to becoming a mining magnate. But how could he bow out of oil in a way that would leave the name of Julian unbesmirched by the coming debacle in Julian Pete? He saw his chance when Julian stock, after having behaved like a Yo-Yo for months, began to go steadily downwards, and rumors spread that something was wrong with the company.

He hadn't yet let the public in on the turnover to Lewis, so it was as president of Julian Petroleum that he issued pronouncements blaming the drop on greedy outside speculators. He, Julian, felt sorry for the original stockholders and he was going to do whatever he could to help them. He had rented Hollywood Bowl for a meeting. "You owe it to yourself . . . and to me . . . to be there," read the big ad in the L.A. newspapers.

So one sunny afternoon in January—in the pre-smog Los Angeles of 1925—Julian shareholders, some 20,000 strong, crowded into Hollywood Bowl. They cheered wildly as Julian, in whom they had never seemed to lose faith, appeared on the stage.

"I'll tell you how to outwit those who are doing all they can to rob and cheat you," he cried. As long as the speculators were sure they could pick up stock from panicky owners, he explained, they would continue to sell it short and force prices down.

Now he had a plan. All they had to do was turn the stock over to him and let him keep it for them. The short-selling speculators would then know that they couldn't lay their hands on this stock. Nobody could be panicked into selling his stock, could he, if it was safe in the hands of C. C. Julian? Soon the price would begin rising to its true value, and, when it had reached a nice high point, Julian would give it back.

They stormed around their hero, climbed up on the stage, and the next morning there was a line in front of Julian Pete's downtown office. By nightfall, Julian had collected thousands of shares.

The performance hardly helped the

price of the stock. It was returned to the owners with no jump in value. But it worked gloriously for Julian. He had succeeded in planting firmly in the public mind the picture of himself as a knight in shining armor, fighting the battles of his beloved small investor. Anything that happened now at Julian Petroleum would be blamed entirely on speculators and bankers, not on Courtney Julian.

The climate had warmed up enough for his next triumphant announcement: saddened by the conduct of the rascals who had gotten into the oil business, he had sought out a new opportunity for the little fellow. He had found it in Nevada, where, working with a team of geologists, he had discovered a new bonanza—a vast deposit of lead, a mineral then in such great demand and short supply that it was selling for $90 a ton. Julian's mine was so rich that he could extract a ton for $8. It didn't take any imagination to see the profit possibilities in that. Mostly he was putting his own money into the venture, but, once again, he was going to give others a chance to get rich. Shares in Western Lead, a Delaware Corporation, would sell for $1.25.

Nobody, Julian least of all, appeared to be bothered by the fact that this sounded remarkably like the same script he'd used for Julian Petroleum. The response was dizzying. Lines formed in front of Julian's new offices, and, after one day of selling, Western Lead was $250,000 richer. The Western Lead stocks soon rose to $3.50 a share. Then Julian reverted to the stock swapping game of his oil era and announced willingness to exchange Western Lead stock for Julian Pete stock. This brought him bales of the latter, which he disposed of handily in his rigged market.

Soon he was back with another happy proposition. The lead business was flourishing, but he had made even greater strikes in other minerals. He was setting up a new company, Julian Merger Mines, incorporated under a charter calling for issuance of 15 million shares. Though they had no par value, sales started off briskly at $1 and rose quickly to $1.25.

Almost daily Julian burst into the newspapers with gladsome tidings of rich new mineral veins. "Folks, we're turning up bigger and more startling ore bodies. I just can't believe the figures my geologists are handing in, but I can't argue with the experts." . . . "We've hit another wonder, folks. How big? I don't know. She looks like 100 million dollars."

But all the while Julian was proclaiming these mineral marvels, with the usual hypnotic effect, Stock Exchange investigators were hot on Julian's trail. They came up with some startling facts. Julian Merger Mines properties consisted of nothing more than some abandoned claims. There were no geologists in Julian's employment. The mines at which invited visitors had picked up convincing samples were salted, and the workers in them merely put on a show of mining.

The way Julian had things set up, they couldn't nail him on any actual violation of the law, but they could suspend the trading of Julian Merger Mines stock on the Exchange. Julian professed indignation. It was all a trick on the part of bankers and speculators who had it in for him, he claimed.

Julian was out of business, but he was determined to have his revenge. The opportunity was tossed into his lap by a disclosure that rocked the financial world. The law had caught up with S. C. Lewis, who was publicly revealed to be an even bigger crook than Julian had thought. While Julian Petroleum's charter called for 1.2 million shares, the wily Lewis had watered the stock, printing and selling 2.5 million *illegal* shares. Trading was stopped and Julian Pete thrown into receivership.

This was Julian's chance to needle the bankers and add glitter to his still untarnished image. The affairs of the company should be thoroughly investigated, he thundered, to see who else was guilty of misdeeds. Over KMTR, a radio station he had acquired along the way, he brayed that he was appointing himself a committee of one to expose the shocking truth about Julian Petroleum. He was going to reveal the other enemies of the little stockholder—the big bankers and financiers of Los Angeles.

Julian wasted no time in calling the newspapers with a sensational announcement. At 8 next Monday night, June 20, 1927, he would reveal on KMTR the names of 100 "criminal" financiers and tell just what they had done to merit being put behind bars. He was taking this means to force the law to take action because—and here he made a fantastic charge that the newspapers did not even dare print—because the district attorney, Asa Keyes, had been bribed by the bankers Julian was going to accuse.

"They've offered me a million dollars in 100-dollar bills to keep quiet," Julian said, "but 50 million couldn't shut me up."

Public excitement rose to a high pitch in the next few days. Was it possible that some of the most respected bankers in L.A. were actually criminals who had helped loot Julian Petroleum? There was hardly a radio set in L.A. not tuned to KMTR when Julian began talking. Julian had set up loudspeakers in front of the station's studios so that "if the bankers try to keep me off the air, at least some people will hear my message." A huge crowd had gathered.

The names Julian thundered out brought gasps from the audience. His roll call sounded like a blue book of Los Angeles finance, for it was studded with big time bankers and other scions of society. "And they're not all," Julian added. "The full list would take too long to read to you. I shall turn it over to Governor Young." Julian's voice shook with emotion as he labelled the culprits "plotting buccaneers . . . vampires who prey on helpless widows and orphans. . . ."

And just what had these money moguls done? They were guilty of usury, Julian explained. Money they had loaned to the operators of the Julian Pete pools, which manipulated Julian stock to the detriment of the Company, had been paid off at fantastic rates of interest . . . 200 percent . . . 300 percent. If the bankers had not supplied the pools

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**"Oh, no, you wouldn't listen to me. You had to send him to *progressive* school!"**

with money, Julian claimed, the stock would have remained stable and Julian Pete would have prospered. It was tortured reasoning perhaps, but the next day Julian received 9,000 telegrams and letters applauding him for his courage in exposing the nefarious bankers.

Events moved swiftly after that. The governor rushed to L.A., but refused to see Julian. A grand jury handed down indictments of more than 100 financiers. The long reluctant D.A. had to act, and the accused were arrested on assorted charges of "usury, conspiracy to commit usury, violation, and conspiracy to violate, the Corporation Securities Act."

As the defendants, nearly a hundred of them, appeared at the courthouse to join the milling throng of prisoners, attorneys, bail bondsmen, reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen. Julian was there too. He'd come down to enjoy the fun, and he could well afford to gloat. So shrewdly had he concealed his own participation in the pools, always using assumed names, and never letting any other pool participants get an inkling of his activities, that only Lewis had known anything about it. And Lewis and Julian had made a deal. Lewis wouldn't testify against Julian if Julian didn't testify against him.

At the same time his business enterprises thudded to a halt, Julian's role as *bon vivant* was hard hit. Mary Olive was becoming obstreperous in her objections to Julian's nighttime activities. She sued for divorce. That would have been all right with Julian, but for the little matter of alimony. Mary Olive said that, while the case was being tried, she'd settle for a pittance—say $5,000 a month. Her lawyers hastened to make it plain that this should not prejudice their request for quite a bit more later.

"She'll never get it," Julian vowed, claiming he'd already given her enough to live on the rest of her life and support their two daughters handsomely.

Before the law could serve him with divorce papers, Julian packed up his funds, said by friends to be between $1 million and $2 million in folding money. It filled quite a few suitcases. Julian tossed them into the back seat of his Pierce Arrow and decamped from the gaudy promised land he had entered a half dozen years earlier.

For a couple of years he wandered around the U.S., Europe and Mexico. There was nothing in the news from California to spoil his enjoyment of life. Twenty of the financiers drew jail sentences; many others were fined. District Attorney Asa Keyes was found guilty of taking bribes from the operators of the Julian Pete pools, just as Julian had charged, and was carted to San Quentin.

However, all good things must come to an end, and, by mid-1930, Julian's money was gone. Not any of it, however, to Mary Olive, whose detectives could never seem to catch up with her wayward husband. By that time she had given up and gone back to Canada, a fact which, becoming known to Julian, emboldened him to try a familiar method of replenishing his funds.

This time he chose Oklahoma as the scene of his efforts on behalf of the little guy with a few bucks to invest. Stayed not by storm or dark of night, Uncle Sam's mailmen conveyed glowing missives telling of great discoveries by Julian Oil and Royalties Corporation in Oklahoma—to over a million U.S. citizens.

The letters were just as persuasive as Julian's old newspaper ads and radio speeches had been back in L.A. The money rolled in—$6 million in a two-year period. Very little of it went into the business, because the oil empire in which Julian was selling stock was undemanding. It consisted of six abandoned wells and one which produced a few barrels a day.

However, he had at long last made a mistake. Postal inspectors alleged he was using the mails to defraud. They had nailed down evidence of over $3 million extracted from the pockets of his victims. And arrested him. As Julian walked free on $25,000 bond he muttered darkly that his old enemies, those L.A. bankers, were conniving with the government to ruin him. He had another reason to be put out. When his name popped up in the papers, Mary Olive learned his whereabouts and he barely escaped being nailed by the process servers.

The next thing the federal authorities knew was what they read in an Oklahoma City newspaper which printed a letter from Julian. In it he explained that he had jumped bail because of the "utter impossibility of getting a fair trial. My enemies will stop at nothing to destroy me."

Dispatches from Shanghai soon indicated that Julian was there, setting up a business aimed at helping Chinese investors put their money into American stocks. Apparently the Chinese were just as eager to force money on Julian as his fellow countrymen had been. He put up at the Astor House hotel and, though short of funds when he arrived, was soon sporting his usual wad of $100 bills (American money).

On the night of March 24, 1934, he dined at the Astor with a 19-year-old chick named Lenora Levy, destined to be the last in a long line of buxom secretaries. In the middle of the meal Julian excused himself.

"I have to go up to my room and see a man about some business," he said.

After awhile Lenora got tired of waiting and went to Julian's suite. She found his body sprawled on the floor.

Police held an inquest and pronounced that he had died of "narcotic poisoning, self-administered." Many of Julian's newly-made friends weren't satisfied with that. Why would Julian kill himself? And there were some other questions too. The police search of his personage and room had yielded exactly $46. What, demanded Miss Levy, had become of the $5,000 in currency he had received from an investor that very afternoon? And what had become of the man he'd said he was going to see? Nobody ever answered her.

But if Julian was murdered, the chances are the killer was not an investor—unless the Chinese were different from their American counterparts. Back home the little guys he had so deftly conned loved him to the end.

"It was those bankers who caused all the trouble," one of them said sadly at the funeral in Los Angeles. "C. C. Julian wouldn't have stole a dime."

**—Norman Carlisle**

## SKY-HIGH SAFARI

[*Continued from page* 72]

feet, old boy," said Ted. "Up here even in the hot months from March to May, it seldom gets warmer than 55°."

As we gained the crests the curtain dropped. One minute it was clear; seconds later the clouds rolled in upon us and we were engulfed as thoroughly as in a London fog.

It was long past dark when we climbed down through the clouds on the opposite slope. Ted must have been equipped with some sort of built-in radar that directed us as we sloshed through a moonlit blanket of white to the campfires of our hunting home.

Set in a bowl-like depression beneath 12,000-foot Mount Somcaru at the upper edge of twisted tree heather, this was perhaps the strangest of African safari outfits. It had all the earmarks of a Kenya camp, yet it was misplaced somehow atop an Ethiopian mountain and run by an American and his family of kids still in their teens.

Tired as we were, I could see Ted's shoulders go back as we entered the warm circle of campfire light. His crew training was evident as he proudly introduced his people: son Mike, 18, beautiful 16-year-old daughter Leslie, and a teen-aged adopted Ethiopian son, Lemma. They had done a neat job on the camp. My tent was apart, with separate dining table and large canopy. Yeshi and Godesha, Ted's household servants, stood at ramrod attention in back of the family crew, all awaiting my approval.

"How in hell did you kids get this camp way up here?" I asked.

"We scrounged up some native drivers and donkeys," answered Mike. "They told us where to come."

I acted the part of a proper client for maybe 10 minutes while Leslie's hot coffee and brandy warmed my stomach. Then grins began spreading and I said,

"I came here to hunt and I don't give a damn about protocol. So let's knock off this nonsense and eat together."

"Amen," said Ted.

From boiling down my research and Ted's collection of information, we concluded that mountain nyala bulls are primarily creatures of the forests that occasionally feed in the open upper heights, and might be spotted while crossing ridges. Not discovered until 1908, they have seldom been observed because of their remote, lofty domain.

Since the forests were dense, we concentrated our hunting in the upper slopes. Here we could see and hope to catch a bull in the open. In constantly changing weather, from hot sun to icy rains, we spent two weeks climbing a myriad of surrounding peaks, packing spotting scopes and binoculars in hope of sighting the magnificent ivory-tipped horns of a big bull.

We watched countless females and yearling bulls as the ladies ate daintily and ignored the young males. The cows seemed to feel their old man might be watching from a distance and they must be proper. Feigning watchfulness, each in turn posed for long minutes.

Our return to camp in the evenings was met with Leslie's deep curtsy, a little ridiculous in jeans.

"Have you gentlemen brought any meat tonight? No? Then how would you like your goat cooked?"

Dinner over, we'd stand haunches to the fire, gulping thick black coffee in an attempt to stay warm both inside and out. Ted, refusing to take his huge black pipe from his mouth, muttered,

"Wouldn't you like to be back in Addis at that great restaurant I showed you?"

"I'm sold on both," I replied. "Addis, and your nutty outfit."

I looked at the crew—at their wacky antics—wonderful remedy after a long day's climb. They were perfectly transplanted, I thought. They were really Ethiopian-Americans. And Lemma is an American-Ethiopian. And they were selling me—had been from the moment I stepped off the plane.

My thoughts turned to Addis Ababa and the day Ted spent just driving me around the city—the sprawling conglomeration of ancient Africa covered by a swarm of builders readying the city for a forthcoming meeting of African heads of state.

"Take a good look at the way these fellows work," said Ted, "I'll admit this is no democracy, but you've got to give our Emperor credit. He's not having the ruckus of some African countries—he's moving. This city is becoming a modern metropolis overnight."

To me it was like an embryonic San Francisco transplated deep into Africa—a hilly city becoming metropolitan in its contours, jangling with jumbles of autos. Yet only blocks away, Ethiopian farmers en route to market still prodded crop-laden donkeys along new parkways and some carried live chickens head down, worming their way between cars. The ancient palace, unused for years, was being polished and landscaped with ornate fencing and gardens. It seemed to symbolize the jelling of the ancient and new.

My reverie ended suddenly as snow began to fall. The warmth of my body melted the flakes, steaming my own fragrance.

"My chances for nyala should be getting better," I said to no one in particular. "I'm smelling quite goatlike."

"Any day now the female nyala may start chasing you," Leslie jibbed. "You should smell quite good to them!"

We were debating whether it was better to keep at least one side hot by the fire or to head for sleeping bags when a white ghost appeared—completely covered by a snow-laden blanket.

"I am the spirit of Artemis," quipped a squeaky voice, "and if the good hunter would give the camp boy, Lemma, three American dollars he will soon see a great nyala bull."

Lemma was caught in a barrage of snowballs.

I awoke next morning to find a mountain nomad squatting by the cook fire. He wore only a serape—a filthy blanket thrown with a peculiar twist about the shoulders in a manner that made in one swoop a garment with sleeves, hooded

[*Continued on page* 124]


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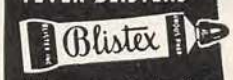


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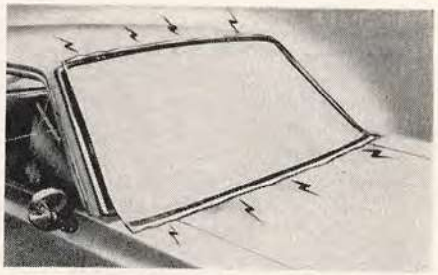

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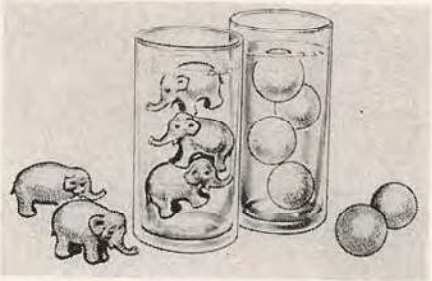

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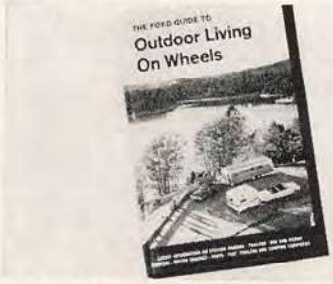


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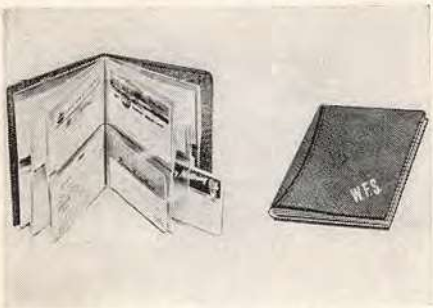

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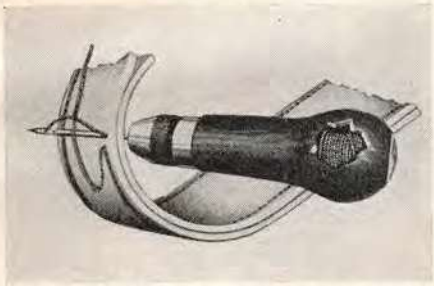

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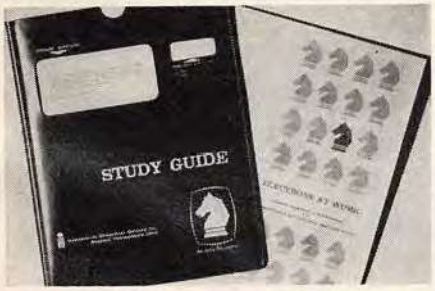


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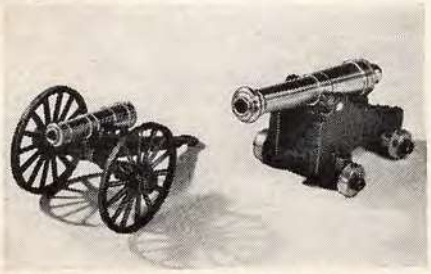

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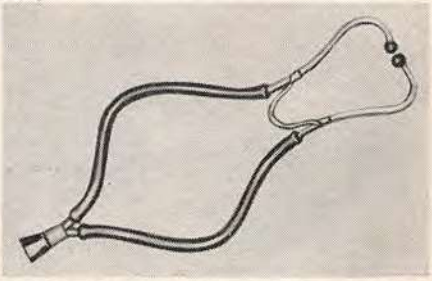

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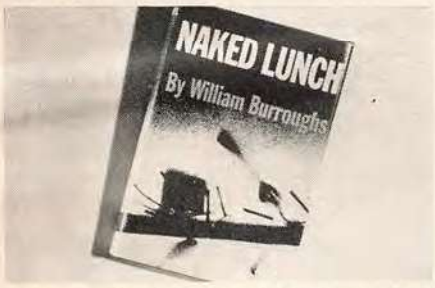


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[*Continued from page* 119]
cape, raincoat, and a sleeping bag at night. The rest of him was a scant five feet of brown skinny body. Protruding from the bundle of grimy white was a tiny neck supporting a pair of beady black eyes, and a huge hooked nose that overpowered a small mouth and tiny chin. He smelled a little bad, but when he grinned all else was forgotten. He said his name was Abdu.

He'd heard about my safari and wanted to help us. With Lemma interpreting, we learned that most of our suppositions were right. There were countless females in the area we covered, Abdu said, and about 10 males. One big bull lived right near camp at the bottom of a huge ravine.

"It has large horns," Abdu told us, "but the big bulls are seldom seen, even by those who live here. I have seen this bull only twice."

Abdu's "cave" hole, as we soon named it, was close by—but it was miles down the precipitous ravine. Three of us began a descent very, very slowly. Sight was limited to tiny openings through which we could examine ridges and dropoffs. Two cows, unaware of our presence, fed daintily, browsing on leaves and nettles. According to Abdu, the prickly nettles were the nyala's favorite food.

We came finally to the cave and examined myriads of time-smudged nyala tracks. We rested for short minutes in this eerie, sun-starved ravine and began retracing our steps upward. Then the afternoon downpour began. Ascending that mountain was akin to climbing a river on all fours.

And it was like this every day. After a week with Abdu, I was damned near dead. He and I had only one problem: "*huyanu!*"—Ethiopian for "hurry up!" An avid hunter, Abdu hunted fast, silently, missing nothing, and expected me to fly up the mountains as he did. Finally he granted me one concession—once on top I could glass the slopes while he descended the valleys below and "drove" them upward. This nearly always produced bushbuck and female nyalas, but somehow the bulls seemed to slip out the side, even when Abdu gathered some of his friends to help.

One day we returned to a camp hysterical with excitement.

"Where have you been?" Leslie screamed. "Just after the rain stopped this afternoon, nine female nyala walked out into that little clearing across the valley from camp. Ten minutes later a huge bull with ivory-tipped horns trotted into the clearing, stood in the sunshine, shook its wet hide and spent the next two hours in plain view sunning itself."

Even Abdu's *huyanus* were toned down for a few days. We sped back to camp each day by the time of the afternoon rains. Leslie's bull did not reappear, but some fun came back into our lives through an unusual proposition.

A small boy in tattered clothing by name of Abde had been hanging around camp for days now, sitting quietly by the cook fire watching Leslie. Days back, Les had given him a pair of her girl's slacks, which zippered up the side. Abde had quite a time learning to work the zipper, and I suspect he encountered even more trouble when about his manly chores. His wide grin was missing today as he blurted out that he wished to buy Leslie! Lemma pointed to me, telling Abde I was Leslie's father and might sell her for a good price. By marking in the earth with a stick, Abde counted off his offer; 10 cows, 15 goats, five donkeys and two spears in exchange for his bride-to-be.

"Tell him he looks a little young, Lemma," I replied, "and ask him where he got this wealth at so early an age."

"I am 10 seasons," Abde replied. "I know I am not yet ready for a wife, but I will keep her with my brother's family until I am old enough to marry. My parents have both gone to live with the gods, and what I am offering is half my share of what was left me. May I take her home when I deliver the cows?"

I couldn't say no, for this was very serious, and a laugh would have meant loss of face for the boy. I told Abde I'd consider his offer.

During the next days the young businessman added to his offer two pots of honey and another spear. Ted finally helped me out of the dilemma.

"What the hell—tell him Les lives far away in a great city and that he can come and live with us. He's a nice little kid, and I'll put him in school."

Abde was sorely tempted by the offer. He could be close to Les, but the pressures at his brother's home became too great and finally he refused.

Meanwhile, we'd been hunting harder than ever. What finally changed our luck was an old colobus monkey which we happened to find asleep on a peak. As we watched with binoculars, an odd-looking little wolf came into view, stalking the monkey which happened to awake just then. Seconds later, sizzling with anger at this disturbance, the monkey rushed several yards toward its adversary. The wolf retreated on the run. Mr. Monkey then departed with dignity to the other side of the peak. Abdu and I followed to see what the monkey might try to do next.

We worked our way around a jutting escarpment 100 yards above the camp turnoff and there across the valley were eight nyalas—all cows. We stretched out to watch them and with the binoculars discovered at some distance a young bull with 10-inch horns.

The same thought struck us both as Abdu made unmistakable signs of first a female, and then a nyala bull: *Could this be Leslie's herd?*

We settled down to wait. In an hour it was approaching the hopeless. The dipping sun was in our faces and the opposite slope which held the nyalas was in darkening shade. Even through binoculars we barely could distinguish the cows. Suddenly they sensed an alarm.

Far below, on the trail through the valley, came a lone native on a donkey. The cows stood motionless, camouflaged by their color against the hillside. Only their heads turned slowly in unison as they watched the rider disappear from sight. For seconds they remained perfectly still. Then in a mad dash they began the 100-yard ascent to the crest above where they could cross over to safety.

As the noise of the rolling rocks broke the stillness, we rose, stretched our cramped legs and watched. Suddenly I caught movement near heavy bush far to the right. Through the glass I could dimly see the great bulk of a bull as it scrambled powerfully to join his herd. Clearly visible in the dimming light were only the ivory tips of the animal's great curving horns.

I threw myself down on the rocks and tried to catch the nyala in the Weatherby's scope. Damn! I couldn't see him. Frantically I turned the power from five to four to three to brighten the image. But it was hopeless. In desperation I discarded my rifle, picked up my binoculars. Nothing. Then I raised the glass to the crest and saw the cows silhouette themselves against the skyline as they gained the top, hesitate and disappear. The bull would have to do the same!

I grabbed the rifle from Abdu's shaking hands, held it on the crest. In seconds the bull loomed in the scope, paused to the resounding crack of the rifle, and disappeared.

Anxiously I turned to Abdu and read from the agony in his eyes the same thought I had. A miss! With only anguish in my mind I recklessly ran down the mountainside and tried to *huyanu* up the other. It was pitch black when we reached the empty crest.

What seemed hours later, pinpoints of light stabbed the darkness as the camp crew came with flashlights.

"Up here, up here," I yelled. "And hurry with the lights."

There were so many gouges in the rocky earth it was difficult to distinguish tracks, and the lights cast only small circles on the rough terrain. Yet atop the ridge Mike found a tiny splatter of blood. Hunched over, he literally crawled along the trail. I walked a big circle with the beam of the second flash. Then I heard Mike's shout coming from far below on the opposite slope.

I rushed down and there above the heavy bush gleamed the ivory-tipped horns of a majestic trophy. My first thought was, *what a tremendous animal!* Blue-gray, with four white stripes on its sides, it dwarfed the cows I'd seen. The animal would weigh a good 500 pounds, truly a king of antelopes.

Abdu refused to leave the trophy until morning when we would return for pictures. He would guard it all night against marauders. I scarcely slept.

In the rainy, pale light of early morning we took our pictures and broke camp. Descent to the valley seemed like nothing. With the reassuring sight of the nyala's great horns poking upward from a pack, I found I could now keep pace even with Abdu.

Late that afternoon, I took Abdu for his first short ride in a Land Rover. Terrified yet trusting, he desperately clutched the dashboard. Soon he dared a half-hearted smile. At sundown we left him with tears in his eyes as he waved goodby. The last words I heard were faint repetitions of *huyanu—huyanu!* But this time he meant "hurry back."

—**William A. Fisher**

Author Jacques Vallee was born in France, now lives in the United States. He holds degrees in mathematics and astronomy and has done extensive research in the field of satellite technology. Vallee is a consultant on NASA's "Mars Map" project. In writing this book he has had access to the files of the U.S. Air Force and to data from many European scientists.

# A NEW LOOK AT SAUCER MYSTERIES

[*Continued from page* 45]

6000 B.C. Along the same line, the prophet Ezekiel's vision has often been commented upon in books dealing with unidentified flying objects. This description (Ezekiel, chapter 1) of a strange machine coming from the sky and landing close to the Chebar River in Chaldea (now part of Iraq) in 593 B.C. includes expressions said to be similar to those commonly used by witnesses of modern sightings of UFO's. Ezekiel says that out of a whirlwind from the north appeared a fiery sphere.

We have on file more than three hundred UFO sightings prior to the 20th century and, although it is difficult to comment upon them in the light of scientific analysis, we feel they should be treated exactly as modern reports in respect to their psychological and sociological aspects. Many of these accounts were written during the 19th century, but this should not be presumed to favor the "modern" character of the UFO myth, for some of the older reports indicate that series of objects had been witnessed much earlier; but most of the accounts were lost and resulted only in a few general notes in some very rare manuscripts.

Of sightings before the year 1800, after eliminating a large number of descriptions too vague to be included in our catalogues, we have finally retained 60 observations manifesting a fair degree of homogeneity with the balance of our files. For example:

☛ Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons, wrote in *De Grandine et Tonitrua* how in 840 A.D. he found the mob in Lyons lynching three men and a woman accused of landing from a cloudship from the aerial region of Magonia. The great German philologist, Jacob Grimm, about 1820 described the legend of a ship from the clouds, and Montanus, an 18th-century writer on German folklore, told of wizards flying in the clouds, who were shot down. The belief of Beings from the skies who surveyed our Earth persisted in human consciousness throughout the Middle Ages.

After the year 1800 the reports of objects in the sky became so numerous and well documented that one can lay aside the popular rumors and study only accounts published in the scientific press. They represent a large amount of data, and their reliability is excellent.

For example, we find this observation by John Staveley on August 10, 1809, at Hatton Garden, London, published by the *Journal of Natural History and Philosophy and Chemistry:*

☛ I saw many meteors moving around the edge of a black cloud from which lightnings flashed. They were like dazzling specks of light, dancing and traipsing thro' the clouds. One increased in size till it became of the brilliancy and magnitude of Venus, on a clear evening. But I could see no body in the light. It moved with great rapidity, and coasted the edge of the cloud. Then it become stationary, dimmed its splendour, and vanished. I saw these strange lights for minutes, not seconds. For at least an hour, these lights, so strange, and in innumerable points, played in and out of this black cloud. No lightning came from the clouds where these lights were playing. As the meteors increased in size, they seemed to descend. . . .

The year 1883 was rich in reports; no less than 12 have so far come to our attention. During the summer, at Segeberg, the children and the teacher of an elementary school saw two fiery spheres in the sky with the apparent diameter of the full moon; they traveled side by side, not very fast, on a north-south course. On August 12, in the morning, the astronomer José Bonilla, of Zacatecas Observatory in Mexico, saw and photographed "formations" of circular objects which crossed the disc of the sun on a west-east course. They were separated by regular intervals and were in groups of 15 to 20. The author of the report counted 283 such objects. Earlier in the year (April 15 and 25) similar formations had been seen over Marseilles, France. Le Roy, Kansas, in 1897, is the place we will have to remember. "Last Monday night, about 10:30," said Alexander Hamilton,

☛ "we were awakened by a noise among the cattle. I arose, thinking that perhaps my bulldog was performing some of his pranks, but upon going to the door saw to my utter astonishment an airship slowly descending upon my cow lot, about 40 rods from the house.

Calling my tenant, Gid Heslip, and my son Wall, we seized some axes and ran to the corral. Meanwhile, the ship had been gently descending until it was not more than 30 feet above the

ground, and we came within 50 yards of it.

It consisted of a great cigar-shaped portion, possibly 300 feet long, with a carriage underneath. The carriage was made of glass or some other transparent substance alternating with a narrow strip of some material. It was brilliantly lighted within and everything was plainly visible—it was occupied by six of the strangest beings I ever saw. They were jabbering together, but we could not understand a word they said.

Every part of the vessel which was not transparent was of a dark reddish color. We stood mute with wonder and fright, when some noise attracted their attention and they turned a light directly upon us. Immediately on catching sight of us they turned on some unknown power, and a great turbine wheel, about 30 feet in diameter, which was slowly revolving below the craft began to buzz and the vessel rose lightly as a bird. When about 300 feet above us it seemed to pause and hover directly over a two-year-old heifer, which was bawling and jumping, apparently fast in the fence. Going to her, we found a cable about a half-inch in thickness made of some red material, fastened in a slip knot around her neck, one end passing up to the vessel, and the heifer tangled in the wire fence. We tried to get it off but could not, so we cut the wire loose and stood in amazement to see the ship, heifer and all, rise slowly, disappearing in the northwest.

We went home, but I was so frightened I could not sleep. Rising early Tuesday, I started out by horse, hoping to find some trace of my cow. This I failed to do, but coming back in the evening found that Link Thomas, about three or four miles west of Le Roy, had found the hide, legs and head in his field that day. He, thinking someone had butchered a stolen beast, had brought the hide to town for identification, but was greatly mystified in not being able to find any tracks in the soft ground. After identifying the hide by my brand, I went home. But every time I would drop to sleep I would see the cursed thing, with its big lights and hideous people. I don't know whether they are devils or angels, or what; but we all saw them, and my whole family saw the ship, and I don't want any more to do with them."

Hamilton had long been a resident of Kansas and was known all over Woodson, Allen, Coffey and Anderson counties. He was a member of the House of Representatives. He staked his sacred honor upon the truth of his story.

An affidavit follows:

As there are now, always have been and always will be skeptics and unbelievers whenever the truth of anything bordering the improbable is presented, and knowing that some ignorant or suspicious people will doubt the truthfulness of the above statement, now, therefore, we, the undersigned, do hereby make the following affidavit:

That we have known Alexander Hamilton for one to 30 years, and that for the truth and veracity we have never heard his word questioned, and that we do verily believe his statement to be true and correct.

Signed: E. W. Wharton, State Oil Inspector
M. E. Hunt, Sheriff
W. Lauber, Deputy Sheriff
H. H. Winter, Banker
H. S. Johnson, Pharmacist
J. H. Stitcher, Attorney
Alexander Stewart, Justice of the Peace
F. W. Butler, Druggist
James W. Martin, Registrar of Deeds
and H. C. Rollins, Postmaster

Subscribed and sworn before me this 21st day of April, 1897.

One hundred and seven reports of unidentified flying objects seen in the air, on the ocean or on the ground are known to us between 1900 and 1946.

One incident of this period, the explosion in the Siberian Taiga, on June 30, 1908, of some enormous object of an unknown nature, is worthy of mention. According to the *London Daily Express* of May 4, 1959:

☞ The inhabitants of the Jenissei district of Siberia saw a gigantic ball of fire. Immediately afterwards there was a colossal explosion which devastated a forest area of 70 miles in diameter. The shock waves were registered in England. Scientists looked in vain for traces of meteorite and a crater. Curiously, in the centre of the devastated region only the tops of trees had been snapped off.

People living near the explosion died of a then-unknown illness with the same symptoms as exposure to atomic radiation and the explosion had its biggest impact at some distance from its center, exactly like an atomic explosion.

A Soviet expedition discovered a shallow depression about two miles wide in the surface of the earth. Within the depression were 200 craters, 30 to 150 feet wide and 12 feet deep. According to the published account:

☞ Zolotov calculated that the ballistic wave was travelling at a velocity of 1.86 miles per second. Zolotov concludes that so slight an amount of kinetic energy could not have caused the destruction in Tunguska—the explosion must have been the result of the internal chemical or nuclear energy of the body.

This incident will be found described in many books on the subject of UFO's, where it is often interpreted as the result of the breakdown of the propulsion system of a "spaceship." Some writers have suggested that the ship could have been disintegrated by the crew itself to prevent physical samples from falling into the hands of our scientists. It is impossible to conclude that sufficient evidence exists to substantiate this theory. The fact remains, however, that a very extraordinary body collided with our planet in June of 1908.

On February 22, 1922, at 5:00 a.m. in Hubbell, Nebraska, a hunter, William C. Lamb, was following mysterious traces when he heard a crackling noise followed by a high-pitched sound and realized that a circular object was flying above his head, masking the stars. The witness hid behind a tree and saw this object, now brilliantly lighted, land behind a depression. Where he thus lost sight of the disc, he saw a magnificent flying creature that landed like an aircraft and left traces in the snow. It was at least eight feet tall; it came toward the tree where Lamb was hiding, passed by and disappeared. Lamb followed the traces for five miles, then gave up the chase.

If we try to sum up the information found in old reports and to draw general conclusions from them, we could do so along the following lines:

(1) In modern and even in historical times, reports of observations have been made by scientists as well as by the general public concerning flying discs in the sky, objects seen at sea and on the ground. Only in recent times, however, has the idea of space travel been associated with this type of vision; this is one of the reasons that old reports, interpreted at the time in very different contexts, are not generally recognized as manifestations of the same phenomenon.

(2) Careful study of the best reports made before this century tends to show that:

*a*) The objects described are similar in appearance to what has been observed since May, 1946.

*b*) Public emotion over these incidents and the scientific reaction to them since 1946 is an exact duplication of the popular fears of "signs in the sky" in the Middle Ages and of scientific statements made during the 18th and 19th centuries concerning such unusual events.

(3) Apart from the fact that one country (the United States) has now undertaken official investigation of the modern sightings, and that we tend today to interpret in a technological context (space travel) what was interpreted in a religious context (signs of God's wishes or decisions) in older times, the behavior of the phenomenon appears extremely similar in early and recent reports.

(4) No massive accumulation of observations seems to have occurred before May, 1946, that could be compared with the planet-wide "waves" we have experienced since then. However, local "peaks" of observations can be detected when a sufficient amount of data is gathered; these have definitely been recognized as waves by the local populations, at least in 1909 and 1913, when newspapers published lists of reports and fragmentary statistics.

# MODERN UFO REPORTS

Whether or not UFO's were seen, or imagined, during preceding centuries, the Middle Ages or even in Biblical and legendary times remains an open question. Their modern epic seems to have started sometime during World War II, when many pilots reported strange lights apparently under intelligent control. The first great peak of sightings took place after the war. This wave reached its maximum by mid-July, 1946, and affected the northern regions of Europe. We will try here to clarify the incidents of that period, from comments that appeared in the French press.

The first account we have been able to find comes from the newspaper *Resistance* of July 19, 1946:

☞ During the last few months the populations of the southern part of Sweden, and those of the northern part, have been somewhat disturbed; from time to time, especially at night, bright meteors, traveling at fantastic speeds, cross their skies. Within fractions of seconds, these bolides appear and disappear, vanishing into the deepness of space with an infernal roaring.

This first description immediately evokes the thought of ordinary meteors, misinterpreted by people still very much under the stress of a terrible war. But *L'Aurore* of July 27 gives more specific details:

☞ More than 500 rocket-propelled projectiles are said to have been seen over Sweden since the beginning of July. According to some sources, the projectiles that streak across the Swedish sky look like jet planes, but make less noise than usual aircraft. Others describe them as like "sea gulls without heads." On the map, the projectiles do not show uniform trajectories. They go toward the west as well as the south, which leads to the possibility that they are guided by remote control of some sort. It has been impossible to get hold of any of these "V-1's"; all of them have fallen into the lakes.

We are already far from the meteor explanation; the objects are interpreted by the witnesses as material products of human technology. The reference to the German "V" weapons is very indicative of the psychology prevailing in Europe at that time; at no time during the entire "wave" was a hypothesis of the extraterrestrial origin of the objects made by the witnesses or by the newspapers. It seemed evident to everyone that the observed objects were a new type of aircraft or rocket. It is interesting to remember that this response was also the reaction of many scientists in the United States in the period 1947-1950; the situation, however, soon became more complicated. We read in *L'Etoile*, August 8:

☞ In an official statement made public on August 6 in Stockholm, General Nils Ahlgreen, chief of the Swedish Air Defense, has announced that some of the objects have been seen at low altitudes, that more than 300 have been reported between July 9 and July 12, that they maneuvered in half circles and appeared to come from the south most of the time. One of the objects is said to have fallen into Lake Overkalix, in northern Sweden.

In *Le Monde*, August 9:

☞ Lieutenant Lennart Nackman, of the Swedish Air Defense, has seen one of the objects as a sphere of fire surrounded by flames of a light yellow. The object was flying at an altitude of about one thousand meters and its speed, despite the height, allowed the eye to follow its course. According to experts, the meteoric hypothesis is absolutely rejected. Thousands of letters reporting the objects have arrived from all over Sweden.

In *Paris-Presse*, August 14:

☞ Everyone speaks about it in Stockholm; in the streets, in the restaurants and at home, the only discussion is about the luminous bombs which fly mysteriously over Sweden at low altitude. Popular imagination is stricken. Fantastic descriptions of the phenomenon are circulating. Between July 19 and July 30, 300 reports have been submitted to military authorities. Others still arrive every day.

To the student of UFO rumors, such reports are familiar; the "meteors" of the first days have become "flying bombs" or "luminous spheres" flying at low altitude, able to change direction, leaving no fragments and exciting popular imagination. Their range is fantastic, compared with the technological state of development at the time. Still, the thoughts of war are so current and so strong that all descriptions are in terms of destructive technology: bombs, shells, rockets. The terminology, however, will slowly change.

*Liberation-Soir*, August 28:

☞ The Swedish military authority continues to receive numerous reports about the mysterious projectiles which fly over the country. The following facts have been found:

(1) There are two kinds of projectiles, those which have a level flight at 800 kilometers per hour with a bright light in the rear, and those which fall vertically from a greater height with a superior speed. . . .

(2) None of these projectiles has exploded on the ground. No one has been wounded and no damage has been caused. Some of the projectiles may have exploded in the air, but no fragment has been found.

After that date, the situation becomes more confusing, because of the obvious futility of the official explanations (flying bombs, projectiles, rockets), but the facts become more like what we have observed in recent years, i.e., a phenomenon apparently material, commonly interpreted by witnesses as a new type of aircraft, yet displaying maneuvers in contradiction to the technology of the time.

More complete information is to be found in *Le Figaro* of September 5:

☞ More than 2,000 ghost-rockets have been reported during the past few months over Sweden. Our English brother, the *Daily Mail*, has instructed its reporter, Alexander Clifford, to conduct an investigation on the subject. We reproduce here the more important part of his conclusions. According to a message from Stockholm sent by the English reporter, scientists are puzzled by the phenomena; in some circles they are attributed to mass hallucination. Others think they are due only to meteors or luminous balloons used in meteorological experiments. They are the subject of jokes on the music-hall stage, but the Swedish and Danish military staff are taking the matter seriously and have begun an investigation. . . .

Mr. Clifford reports that a fairly large number of the two thousand luminous balloons have been seen by reliable witnesses. These are, he says, the facts on which all of them agree:

(1) The projectiles are in the shape of *cigars*.

(2) Flames are projected out of their tail. The color is orange, but some people have said they were green.

(3) They travel at an altitude of 300 to 1,000 meters.

(4) Their speed is about that of an airplane. Some say a rather slow airplane. . . .

(5) They do not make any noise, except a slight whistling.

Nobody has mentioned wings, but some have said they saw fins, and this is where science comes in to say that the thing is impossible; no wingless projectile could fly so slowly, especially in silence. Mr. Clifford mentions that, during a certain period, these flying bombs seemed to travel from southeast to northwest, but the first ones have been reported last May from the extreme north of Scandinavia and, generally speaking, their lines of travel have slowly shifted toward the south. The more recent of them have been observed over Denmark. The strange thing is that no physical evidence has been found. Where explosions have taken place, researches and excavations have been made, but nothing has been found.

The reaction to the 1946 Scandinavian wave is typical of what can be expected of political and scientific communities confronted with a new phenomenon and intent upon placing it

within known concepts. More generally, we will observe that the features of the UFO phenomenon remain permanent, but the reports made in a certain epoch are written in terms of that particular field of human activity which seems to provide the largest volume for the expansion of power over nature: mythology for the Greeks, religion until the end of the 19th century, technology in our era. At the time of the Scandinavian events, UFO rumors were completely unknown.

The French wave of 1954 was inescapable. Dozens of reports were made every day in September, October and November, and the phenomenon was so intense, the impact on public opinion so deep, the newspapers' reactions so emotional that scientific reflexes were saturated long before a serious investigation could be organized. As a result, no scientist could risk his reputation by studying openly a phenomenon so emotionally distorted; French scientists remained silent until the wave passed and died. Extensive files were not collected, for the clippings of one single month represented an amazing volume of paper, so that only an efficient organization of experts could have completed the task. By the time the wave died, the problem had been ridiculed; the situation has remained in this state of paralysis ever since.

The name of the little town of Vernon, 40 miles northwest of Paris, became associated with a category of sightings after an observation made on August 23; the sighting, which took place at 1:00 a.m., is recognized as the first landmark of importance in the wave.

A Vernon businessman, Bernard Miserey, had just put his car away when, coming out of the garage, he saw a pale light illuminating the town, which had been in complete darkness a little while before. The night was completely clear and the moon was at last quarter, and hence was rising about that time.

Looking at the sky, he saw a huge, silent, motionless, luminous mass, apparently suspended above the bank of the river some three hundred yards away. It could have been compared to a gigantic cigar standing on end.

"I had been watching this amazing spectacle for a couple of minutes," Mr. Miserey later reported,

☛ when suddenly from the bottom of the cigar came an object like a horizontal disc, which dropped at first in free fall, then slowed, and suddenly swayed and dived horizontally across the river toward me, becoming very luminous. For a very short time I could see the disc full-face; it was surrounded by a halo of brilliant light.

A few minutes after it had disappeared behind me, going southwest at a prodigious speed, a similar object came from the cigar and went through the same maneuvers. A third object came, then a fourth. There was then a long interval, and finally a fifth disc detached itself from the cigar, which was still motionless. This last disc dropped much lower than the earlier ones, to the level of the new bridge, where it remained still for an instant, swaying slightly. At that time I could see very clearly its circular form and its red luminosity—more intense at the center, fading out at the edges—and the glowing halo surrounding it. After a few seconds' pause, it wobbled like the first four, and took off like a flash toward the north, where it was lost in the distance as it gained altitude. During this time the luminosity of the cigar had faded, and the gigantic object, which may have been 300 feet long, had sunk into darkness. The spectacle had lasted about three-quarters of an hour.

The observer was not aware that there were corroborating witnesses. Two policemen making their rounds at 1:00 a.m. had also observed the phenomenon, as had an army engineer southwest of the town.

Three weeks later, on September 14, the phenomenon reoccurred in broad daylight and was observed by hundreds of witnesses in a half-dozen villages 250 miles southwest of Paris. Only one newspaper mentioned it, and only by chance was it investigated. Witnesses were mostly farmers and a few priests and schoolteachers. One witness reports:

☛ It was about 5 in the afternoon. Emerging from the thick layer that looked like a storm coming up, we saw a sort of luminous blue-violet mist, of a regular shape something like a cigar or a carrot. Actually, the object came out of the layer of clouds in an almost horizontal position, slightly tilted toward the ground and pointing forward, like a submerging submarine.

This luminous cloud appeared rigid. Whenever it moved, its movements had no connection with the movement of the clouds, and it moved all of a piece, as if it were actually some gigantic machine surrounded by mist. It came down rather fast from the ceiling of clouds to an altitude which we thought was perhaps a half-mile above us. Then it stopped, and the point rose quickly until the object was in a vertical position, where it became motionless.

During this time the dark clouds went on scudding across the sky, dimly lighted from underneath by the violet luminosity of the object. It was an extraordinary sight, and we watched it intently. All over the countryside other farmers had also dropped their tools and were staring up at the sky like us.

All at once white smoke exactly like a vapor trail came from the lower end of the cloud. At first it pointed to the ground but finally rose up to describe around the vertical object an ascending spiral. While the rear of the trail was dissolving in the air and being carried off by the wind, the source of the trail went up to the very top of the vertical object and then started to come down again, turning in the other direction. Only then, after the smoke trail had vanished entirely, could we see the object that was sowing it—a little metallic disc, reflecting in its rapid movements flashes of light from the huge vertical object. The little disc then stopped turning around the luminous cloud and went down toward the ground again, this time moving away. For quite a few minutes we could see it flying low over the valley, darting here and there at great speed, sometimes speeding up, then stopping for a few seconds, then going on again, flying in every direction between villages that were four miles apart. Finally, when it was almost a mile from the vertical object it made a final dash toward it at headlong speed and disappeared like a shooting star into the lower part, where it had first come out. Perhaps a minute later the carrot leaned over as it began to move, accelerated and disappeared into the clouds in the distance. The whole thing lasted about half an hour.

At Amiens, on September 7, at 7:15 a.m.:

☛ My eyes were caught by a sort of mound, 200 yards away in a field. It looked something like an unfinished haystack, with an upside-down plate on top.

"That's a queer color for a haystack," I said to Yves, "look at it."

All of a sudden I noticed that the haystack was moving a little, with a slight swing back and forth, like an oscillation. We both rushed toward the mysterious object. When we got close the object took off on a slant, traveled diagonally upward for about 50 feet and then began to go straight up. We watched it for three minutes. The object was about 30 feet in diameter.

We read in *France-Soir,* September 15:

☛ Three investigators for the air police arrived at Quarouble, Nord, yesterday to interrogate M. Marius Dewilde, the man who saw two "Martians" near his backyard gate. They left the village with the assurance that, during the night of Friday to Saturday, a mysterious craft had indeed landed, as claimed by M. Dewilde, on the railroad tracks of the line Saint-Amand-Blanc-Misseron, near the railroad crossing No. 79.

Their inquiries seem, in effect, to confirm the statement made by the metal worker. The witness has declared that Friday, about 10:30 p.m., he had seen a machine of an elongated shape, three meters high, six meters long, sitting on the tracks a few meters away from his house. Two entities of human appearance, of very small height and apparently wearing diving suits, could be seen nearby. M. Dewilde walked toward them, but at this moment a beam of greenish light was focused on him from the craft and he found himself paralyzed. When he was able to move again the machine had started to rise and the two entities had disappeared.

The investigators have found no trace of the existence of these entities. The ground, examined meter by meter, does not show traces of footsteps. However, one of the sleepers on the tracks showed traces that could have been made by a machine landing on it. In five places the wood of the sleepers is tapped on a surface of about four square centimeters. These markings have all the same appearance and they lie symmetrically, on one line.

Three of them—those in the middle—are separated by an interval of 43 centimeters. The last two are 67 centimeters away from the preceding ones.

A craft that would land on legs instead of wheels like our own aircraft would not leave other traces, one of the inspectors of the air police has declared.

The narrative made by M. Dewilde is also confirmed by several inhabitants of the region. In Onnaing, a young man called M. Edmond Auverlot and a retired man, M. Hublard, have seen about 10:30 p.m. (the time indicated by M. Dewilde) a reddish light traveling in the sky. The same light has been seen from Vicq by three young men.

The railroad specialists consulted by the investigators in respect to the markings on the wooden ties calculated that the pressure indicated by the prints corresponded to a weight of *30 tons*. These marks were fresh and sharply cut, showing that the wood of the ties had been subjected at those five points to very heavy pressure. In an examination of the gravel of the roadbed, the policemen found another puzzling fact: At the site of the alleged landing the stones were brittle, as if they had been calcined at high temperature. Some blackish traces were also found. Although nothing was determined about the existence of the "operators," it was said in the report that the ground was hard and that the absence of footprints did not disprove the story.

September 22:

☛ Under the clouds a huge, luminous ball hung motionless. Reddish and surrounded by a sort of moving smoke, almost luminous. Watched for half an hour. Then suddenly from the lower part of the ball there emerged another, much smaller luminous ball; after a few seconds of free fall it slowed, turned obliquely and disappeared at high speed. A moment later a second ball dropped and went off—and then a third, and a fourth. Just then an airplane appeared in another part of the sky. It seemed on a collision course with the ball. The ball abruptly changed position and rose into the clouds and disappeared.

September 26:

☛ The little dog began to bark and howl miserably. She saw it standing in front of something that looked like a scarecrow. But going closer she saw that the scarecrow was some sort of small diving suit, made of translucent plastic material. Behind the blurred transparency of the helmet, two large eyes were staring out at her. The suit began moving toward her with a kind of quick, waddling gait.

She uttered a cry of terror and took to the fields. Looking back she saw a big metallic object, circular and rather flat, rise behind some nearby trees, move off toward the northeast with considerable speed, gaining altitude as it did so.

Neighbors gathered quickly and at the spot where the object had risen they found a circle, 10 or so feet in diameter, where the shrubs had been crushed. Trees at the edge of this imprint had some branches broken and the bark rubbed off, and the wheat in the direction of takeoff was flattened out in radiating lines. The original witness was found in a state of nervous collapse. She was put to bed, where she remained for two days with a high fever.

When scientists say that the UFO problem cannot be considered a scientific one because no physical evidence has been found yet, I am tempted to answer that what will happen if physical evidence is found will be anything but science. If there ever was a proper time for research, the time is now. The decisions we will make when physical evidence is finally present will be determined by the level of our knowledge and understanding of the phenomenon, and now is the time to acquire this information. By permitting ridicule to bury the problem and waste our chances of obtaining more accurate, more reliable data from the witnesses, we are not acting as scientists.

Emphasis should be placed on the processing of data already known, not solely on "physical evidence." If the "objects" are craft developed by an advanced technical civilization, their "operators" have probably possessed space travel for a very long time, and the sampling of our planet had in all likelihood not been planned before all problems of hardware reliability had been solved; this is precisely what we ourselves are planning to do with our own space probes. It is not very realistic for us to wait for a "flying saucer" suddenly to fall apart in our backyard.

It would indeed be very dangerous to take too many precautions when confronted with a problem of this importance and to refuse to study it before physical samples are collected. We have to start somewhere.

The first step toward a really scientific analysis of UFO phenomena is proper classification. Whatever these things are, their behavior falls into one, and only one, of the five following categories. These categories do not overlap.

I. They are seen as objects situated on the ground or near the ground (at tree height).

II. They appear as huge cylindrical forms, often vertical, surrounded by cloudlike formations (II-A) or generating secondary objects (II-B).

III. They can be described as hovering in the atmosphere motionless or as stopping and starting.

IV. They are seen as crossing the sky without stopping.

V. They are distant objects seen as lights.

A number of specialists have studied the reports of UFO observations and have "put their facts on the table." But no one has yet been called to gather their results and attempt to gain access to the general behavior of the phenomenon. As a matter of fact, one could even say that the "specialist" approach has represented an attempt to deny the reality of the UFO phenomenon and that the spirit followed in this approach has been very antagonistic, in practice, to the idea that the reports could lead to the definition of a consistent pattern.

UFO reports have never been analyzed as manifestations of a global effect; the very existence of "waves" of sightings is ignored, or simply denied, by officials in charge of the investigations. The reports are analyzed one at a time, with an amount of energy directly proportional to the publicity they have received in specialized "enthusiast" reviews or in the press, radio and television. *A side effect of this process is that the most interesting reports are completely unknown to the public and to civilian scientists who might, otherwise, have a very different attitude toward the subject.*

During the last decades, on the basis of scientific, technical and industrial experience, and under the pressure of wartime necessity and the requirements of private enterprise, a body of techniques has emerged which encompasses operations research, decision-making, large-scale data processing, information theory and control analysis. These new techniques, disciplines and sciences have been employed to classify human activity, technical processes and natural events in sets and classes and to generalize the findings of specialists into global approaches and general descriptions. In the last 20 years, they have found application in every field of human activity. Some of the techniques thus developed could find immediate application in UFO research. What is needed is not a specialist but an analyst.

The analyst would demand access to *all the facts*. He would completely ignore the labels used by official authorities—"good report," "bad report," "unreliable," "insufficient"—because they reflect subjective, nonscientific verdicts. He would introduce his own system of classification without bothering to state first that the phenomenon must belong to this or that field of research, because there is no such thing as a "field of research," and research itself is only a part of human activity that has not been defined in scientific terms. He has learned that, although specialists sometimes use different techniques, tricks or know-hows and like to think of their work as an entity separated from the rest of the universe by golden barriers, there are wide bands of similarity across these little cells through which can be gained almost immediate access to any of these disciplines. He will not bother to ask for permission to contradict accepted theories, because he is a researcher and any researcher must be conscious of the possibly novel nature of the phenomenon he may suddenly be confronted with. Nor will he apologize for including in his research so-called "fantastic" reports, for "fantastic" can only be defined with respect to a local system of reference; he will try to work in a scale where he knows no other constraint than the relative laws of human reasoning and the limits of his own imagination. Human limitations of memory and capacity to process

huge masses of data without forgetting or making mistakes are no problem with the advent of computers; the UFO problem is made for the analyst. But he has never been asked to study it.

If an analyst were given the opportunity to study the UFO problem his first demand would be that one or two mathematicians be added to the team of specialists. If new phenomena are present in the set of patterns that constitutes the UFO problem, there is a possibility that these phenomena may lie outside the scope of any one of the specialties recognized today by science, and still be discernible to the mathematical mind. At least, the abstract structure of these behaviors may fall under some mathematical category or may be approached by mathematical descriptions when all other specialists have come to the limits of their competence.

It is a fascinating experience to review the old arguments used against the pioneers of astronomy—Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo—and to realize that the mental processes that today oppose the hypothesis of extraterrestrial intelligence are precisely those we like to suppose were abolished four centuries ago. In this respect, it is of interest to remark, in the light of official interpretation of UFO's as reflections, mirages, distortion through haze layers, etc., that some early Greek philosophers believed that the sun and the stars did not have substance or permanence; they were thought to be

☛ ". . . hazy effluvia that rose from the earth and caught fire. Stars are consumed at dawn; in the evening new exhalations form new ones. Similarly, a new Sun is born each morning, constituted of accumulated sparkles. The moon is a compressed cloud, that takes one month to dissolve; later a new cloud is formed. Above the different regions of the Earth we see different moons and suns: all are nebulous illusions."

Such a position was very tenable. It solved the problem much more completely than any of the systems astronomers painstakingly elaborated later. There is, however, a part of the human mind that rebels against this negative approach to the interpretation of reality.

Theories tending to deny the reality of physical phenomena are seen recurring in cosmology each time dogma is shaken by new observational material. In order not to destroy mental contraptions called theories—which the scientist knows are born only in his imagination and stay alive only by constant investments from his imagination—the scientist claims that physical facts themselves are in his imagination; there is something fascinating indeed in the spectacle of the human mind denying entrance to the kingdom of material existence to facts that do not fit into theoretical models.

On November 11, 1572, Tycho Brahe, while walking outside his observatory before dinner, became aware of the existence of a new star brighter than Venus, close to the constellation of Cassiopeia. This discovery of the first nova since the birth of Christ was in complete contradiction to the astronomical doctrine of the time. The contemporary view was that all changes, all effects involving modification, birth or death could only take place in the vulgar part of the universe, in the immediate environment of the earth. On the contrary, the eighth sphere, the sphere of the fixed stars, remained unchanged since the creation of the world.

The reality of the phenomenon could not be denied, but a number of ingenious theories were invented to prove that the new object was not a star. Some explained that it was a comet formed by the condensation of the vapors of sin and set to fire by divine anger. It produced a sort of poisonous dust that fell on the people's heads and generated all sorts of evil things such as "bad weather, pestilence and Frenchmen." Most astronomers described the new object as a comet which had no tail and moved very slowly. Tycho Brahe's answer to these acrobats—*O coecos coeli spectatores!* (Blind spectators of the Sky!)—could find applications today.

No less an astronomer than Galileo occasionally made the same mistake. Because comets did not fit into his model, he denied their reality as material objects. He decided they had to be optical illusions like aurorae or sun dogs; they were provoked by a reflection of the hazes from the earth "that rise in the sky higher than the moon."

## THE GENERAL TYPE I EVENT

Whether they actually correspond to the "landing" of a machine or only to a misinterpretation or hallucination, Type I events are of interest to us because they allow a deeper analysis of the mechanism through which individuals are led to write a UFO report.

If average imagination is sufficient for a witness to interpret the rising moon or the planet Venus as a "spacecraft," it requires much more for a citizen to fabricate completely a long and consistent story.

Most Type I reports are simple and very clear: Individuals of varying age, occupation and reliability rush to the police, write under oath perfectly unbelievable stories and are never heard of again. The typical witness generally states in his report that he was performing a quite ordinary task when the sighting took place. He was not out in the fields looking for a UFO because he had just read a book about it. He had not rushed into the desert in answer to a "telepathic" message. He was coming back to his farm or riding a bicycle. Most of the witnesses state that they did not believe in "flying saucers." Some of them stay unconvinced, but feel they must report what they have seen, even if they do not understand it.

On October 14, 1954, at 6:15 p.m., Jose Casella was riding his bicycle through the town of Biot, in France. He suddenly found in front of him on the road a massive, oval aluminum-like object. He applied the brakes; simultaneously, the object took off without noise, at a very great speed. It was shaped like an egg, perfectly smooth and bright. Five to six meters long and a little over one meter in height, it left no trace. Several inhabitants of Biot made independent reports that confirmed the reality of Casella's experience.

On October 21, 1954, in the department of Charente, a man from Cherbonnieres was driving his car toward Pouzou. With him was his three-year-old son. Suddenly he felt pricklings all over his body, similar to electric discharges; this painful feeling became more intense as the car kept going. Soon the child started to cry and, as the car proceeded, the engine died and so did the headlights. At the same time the witness noticed a bright, glowing red color changing to orange, soon becoming of a blinding intensity. For a few seconds he saw an object hovering; it disappeared soon afterward. He was then able to start his engine again.

In *L'Astronomie*, in 1954, we find the following account:

☛ Suspicious object. M. G. Mouillon, engineer at Genelard, Saone-et-Loire, has observed, on October 14 at 8:50 p.m. between Ciry-le-Noble and Montceau-les-Mines, an enormous object surrounded with a green flame quickly falling to the ground over an area of about 10° in elevation. The object itself certainly had an apparent diameter of several degrees, maybe as much as five degrees. No noise was heard.

This observation is quite interesting in the light of the series of events that took place in the same area that very day.

☛ M. B., living in Montceau-les-Mines, was riding a motorcycle on the road from St.-Romain-sous-Gourdon to Brosses-Tillots, also in Saone-et-Loire. Suddenly without apparent reason his motor stopped and could not be started again. He got off, and a bright light burst out about 50 yards in front of him, revealing a circular object that looked, he said, "like a plate turned upside down."

M. B. looked at the sight in amazement, then in fear, and decided to turn back, walking and pushing his motorcycle. But when he reached the point where his motor had stopped, it started up again.

A few minutes later, Andre Cognard, who lives at Ciry-le-Noble, was driving toward his town, coming from Gueugnon:

☛ "All at once," said M. Cognard, "at the top of a slope I found myself face-to-face, so to speak, with a sort of disc of such

brilliance that it blinded me, like a lighthouse beam. I had to stop. The object flew over me slightly to my right at a low altitude and continued its route westward, where it remained visible for several minutes before disappearing in the distance.

Both incidents above occurred "at nightfall." At about 7:30 p.m., two inhabitants of Gueugnon, Messrs. Jeannet and Garnier, were driving on road D-25 from Clessy toward Gueugnon. They were crossing a wooded area called Chazey Wood when a sort of reddish glow flew over their car at high speed:

"All at once the motor stopped and we had no lights. After a few seconds, when the light shed by the ball had gone out in the distance on our left, the headlights came on. I pushed the starter, and the motor began to turn over again."

This series of events took place in a very narrow patch of a few kilometers. The identity of the witnesses is known. They reported their experiences independently. The impression made by this series of reports is inescapable: An uncommon activity, associated with the presence of a brilliant disc-shaped object, took place in this area. This object was very close to the ground, and it remained on the spot for at least an hour.

One might have the impression one is reading some kind of ghost story when confronted with such accounts, or one might think that the whole thing is only a dream; the reader will awake and find himself again in a rational world, where only cars and bicycles use the roads and where only farmers and their familiar, reassuring equipment are to be seen in the countryside. However, these reports do exist. We have even found several of them in the scientific press. They are still unexplained and "unidentified."

France has no monopoly on this type of activity. However, early American reports of Type I—those made in the years 1946 to 1952—are difficult to find. Such sightings were not, in general, reported to authorities, and practically no civilian activity was seriously organized to gather information on the cases. As a result, only a few incidents, like the case of Desvergers, a Florida scoutmaster who claimed he was burned by a "saucer," or another sighting made at Flatwood, West Virginia (in which monsters were described by apparently reliable witnesses, but no evidence was produced), were publicized, when a large number of sightings of interest would have deserved equal attention. In addition, we should remember that numerous reports turned in to the U.S. Air Force concerning "landings" before 1952 seem to have been thrown into the trash can as "obviously unbelievable," especially when they contained descriptions of "operators." This made it very easy to claim later that too little information was present to investigate these events. The official handling of these cases fortunately seems to have improved.

As an example of a sighting that should have been investigated thoroughly we will call the reader's attention to the observation reported by B. Stevenson of Circleville, Ohio, on February 1, 1948. He saw a metallic disc hovering above a farm. It had, he said, a diameter of 60 feet and was 10 to 12 feet thick at the center; it gave off a blinding orange light from its central part.

In the fall of 1949, at night, D. Bushnell, a plant superintendent at the Southwestern Porcelain Steel Corporation, was driving with his wife near Tulsa, Oklahoma, when an object dived from the sky toward the road in front of the car, then disappeared.

In December of 1950, another observation of interest was made by American personnel aboard a U.S. ship in Korean waters. They saw two objects in the sky, followed by trails of white smoke. Both objects fell into the sea at very high speed; two columns of water rose up to 30 meters in the air.

More information becomes available after 1952, when the UFO problem assumed its new look and when public opinion became seriously concerned. Although the reliability of the report is unknown, we feel we should mention here the Oscar Linke incident of July 11, 1952, as an introduction to the next American sightings. The event took place at Hasselbach, Germany, in a forest a few miles from the frontier between the American and Russian zones. The witness, accompanied by his 11-year-old daughter, allegedly saw two men in shiny coveralls standing by a large disc, eight meters in diameter, that took off when the witness was heard approaching.

On July 29, 1952, a man "as white as a sheet" entered the Enid, Oklahoma, police station. He said his name was Sid Eubank and told Sergeant Vern Bennell his impression that a "flying saucer" had tried to kidnap him. He was driving, he said, on Highway 81 between Bison and Waukomis, before dawn, when a large flying disc dived toward him, followed by such a shock wave that the air pressure threw the car off the road. The object remained above the car for a while, then departed at high speed toward the west.

Since 1955 the material concerning American "landings" has been abundant. On August 1, 1955, at 9:00 p.m., a Mr. Sheneman, coming from Willoughby, Ohio, got out of his car at Chardon Road with his wife and two children when he saw a circular object with a red light coming down rapidly and hovering above the ground. Two beams of light appeared on the object and several openings allegedly became visible. The witnesses started running toward their house. The object hovered 200 feet above the ground; it had a diameter of 100 feet and a dome on top, which was illuminated with a white light.

After this date more reports are found in the official files. Some of them are quite interesting. They provide a good basis for contradiction of the accepted theory that "landing" reports are all unreliable and therefore cannot be studied scientifically. On April 6, 1956, at McKinney, Texas, a silvery object reportedly landed in a field 100 meters from the two witnesses, who stopped their car and got out; the object then took off at very high speed. On June 6, 1956, at 5:30 a.m., an object was seen 100 feet above the ground at Banning, California. The witness stopped his car, watched the object slowly cross the road 100 yards from him, turn to the left, then come back to cross the road again behind the car and disappear.

On September 2, 1956, at 4:30 a.m., the night watchman of the Dayton (Ohio) Country Club saw an oval object, eight to 10 feet thick, hovering five or six feet above the ground. It came slowly toward the witness, lighting the area in a radius of five to six meters. However, this sighting cannot be ranked among the best, for the night was very dark and the object gave only a weak light; it might have been a balloon, although the shape (like two saucers glued together by the edge) is peculiar. A more valid case, by our standards, is the incident that took place in South Dakota, on Highway 34, on November 25 of the same year. Two policemen patrolling the highway saw an object hovering on the side of the road. It had the shape of an egg and gave off a red glow sufficient to light the highway. It took off rapidly and the witnesses chased it, but remained one mile behind it throughout the six-mile chase. The object made no noise. Several photographs were taken, one of which shows an egg-shaped object, three times larger than the moon, with a projection at one end, also visible on the film. The witnesses were Don Kelm and Jack Peters of the South Dakota Highway Patrol. Two nights before, a civilian pilot flying over Aberdeen, Maryland, reported he was passed by a rocket-shaped object that went down toward the ground. It was seen in flight for five minutes. Later, witnesses saw a red glow like a fire on the ground where the object seemed to have landed.

On November 6, 1957, at 9:00 p.m., near Lake Baskatong, 100 miles north of Ottawa, Jacques Jacobson and three other witnesses saw a bright sphere much larger than the moon hovering above a hill two or three miles away from them. From the bottom and the top of the sphere spread cones of light so bright that the trees and the clouds were illuminated. No structure was visible through binoculars. The radio was blacked out. One of the witnesses was an electronics engineer and tried a shortwave receiver he had, but all wavelengths were blocked except one, where a very strong signal was perceived. It was rapidly modulated like Morse code, but it was not Morse code. Fifteen minutes later the sphere took off and the radio worked again.

On April 19, 1957, at 11:52 a.m., two metal discs were seen entering the Pacific Ocean at 31°15′ N. and 143°30′ E. A violent turbulence followed their immersion. The witnesses were Japanese fishermen on board the "Kitsukawara Maru." The point in question is among the deepest in the Pacific Ocean (more than 10,000 meters deep).

On November 2, before midnight, Pedro Saucedo and Jose

Salav were driving a truck on Highway 116 in Texas when they saw what they described as a bluish-green torpedo-shaped machine 150 to 200 feet long which remained close to the ground for two or three minutes, then ascended, its color changing to red. The headlights of the truck were off and the motor had died.

"We first saw a flash of light in the field to our right, and we didn't think much about it—then it rose up out of the field and started toward us, picking up speed. When it got nearer, the lights of my truck went out and the motor died. I jumped out and hit the deck as the thing passed directly over the truck with a great sound and a rush of wind. It sounded like thunder, and my truck rocked from the blast. I felt a lot of heat. Then I got up and watched it go out of sight toward Levelland."

Afraid to return to Levelland for fear of encountering it again, the two men drove to Whiteface, 10 miles west of Levelland . . . where they phoned in their report. Although Saucedo sounded terrified, the officer on duty did not at that time take the report seriously.

But an hour later the police got another telephone report. Jim Wheeler, about four miles east of Levelland, had seen a blazing 200-foot egg-shaped object sitting on the road ahead of him. At the same time, his car lights went out and his motor died. The object rose and disappeared. A few minutes later came a call from Witharral, 10 miles north-northeast of Levelland. Jose Alvarez reported that his lights and motor had gone dead as he drove near a bright, egg-shaped object on the road. At 12:15 a.m. Frank Williams of Kermit, Texas, reported a similar encounter in the same area.

Another account continues:

After a few such calls, police cars and firemen were on the roads looking for the object; county sheriff Weir Clem himself saw "a streak of neon-red light crossing the highway less than a quarter of a mile ahead, that lit the whole pavement in front of us for about two seconds."

While officials were investigating, the police headquarters received another call from James Long, who reported that at 1:15 a.m. he had been driving on a farm road five miles northwest of Levelland when he came upon a 200-foot long, egg-shaped mass that glowed like a neon sign. His engine coughed and died, and his lights went out.

As he got out and approached the object, which was less than 100 yards away, it suddenly took off straight upwards. After the object was gone, his engine started easily.

A Texas freshman was approaching Levelland at 12:05 a.m. when he noticed his amperemeter jump to discharge and back—then his motor quit as if it were out of gas—and the lights went out. He got out and looked under the hood but could find nothing wrong. Turning around he saw on the road ahead an egg-shaped object with a flattened bottom—like a loaf of bread and glowing not as bright as neon. No portholes or propellers were visible. Frightened, Wright got back into his car and tried to start it, but without success. After a few minutes, the egg rose almost straight up, veered slightly to the north and disappeared from view in a "split instant." After it was gone, the car started normally.

Here it may be interesting to point out, in addition to these sightings in the immediate vicinity of Levelland, the following:

*a*) A "blue" UFO had been reported at 11:20 p.m. by two operators of the control tower at Amarillo Airport.

*b*) Three miles west of Canadian, Texas, civilian and military sources reported the landing of an object in the shape of a submarine, two or three times larger than a car and eight feet high. Close to this machine someone was standing and a flash of light was directed toward the witnesses.

*c*) A large object with a blue light was seen at Midland, Texas, the same day.

*d*) Odis Echols, owner of Radio Station KCLV, saw a yellow object traveling at high speed at 8:00 p.m. at Clovis. New Mexico.

*e*) The next day a UFO was seen flying over Deming, New Mexico, and three other *landings* took place, one at Abilene, Texas (Dyess Air Force Base, Sergeant Jack Waddell), and two at White Sands Stallion Site in New Mexico (army patrol) at 3:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

The official fairy tale concerning the Levelland case is that the "sensational" interpretation of the sightings by the press triggered the series of reports now known as the 1957 wave. It is difficult to apply this theory to the incident that took place in Seoul, Korea, November 6, 1957, when military personnel saw a white, luminous object hovering above the ground that went out suddenly and disappeared "like a bulb turned off." On November 9, at 1:00 a.m., a man driving a car near Lake City, Missouri, reported that his motor had died as an elongated object appeared, hovering 50 feet above the ground. Everything returned to normal when the object left, as in the Levelland incidents and in many cases in France.

In November of 1957, in the Nevada desert between Tonopah and Las Vegas, a U.S. soldier driving a car saw four discs on the ground. He reportedly observed them for 20 minutes, but they took off with a humming sound almost unbearable when he approached them closely.

On April 24, 1964, Officer L. Zamora saw a bright object which landed on four legs two miles out of Socorro, New Mexico. It has been argued, and even categorically stated, that the Socorro object was not interplanetary, but very probably one of the experimental devices recently developed by the U.S. for the exploration of the moon and planets. It is true that modern technology has now reached a point where machines built by man could almost display the behavior attributed to UFO's in most average reports. However, the analysis of older reports is not affected by this reasoning, and it is difficult to believe that Canada, for instance, could build in 1959 an object that would behave like the machine described in Socorro by Officer Zamora. But this is precisely what one could be tempted to say after reading the following report.

The sighting took place near Grassy Plains, 360 miles north of Vancouver, on April 29, 1959. Alex Gillis and Jerry Monkam, the witnesses, fearing ridicule, reported the event one month later. What they had seen was an object in the shape of an egg, about 14 feet long, which had landed on the road. The upper part radiated a bright light. After a few minutes the object took off silently. This brings to mind a number of other reports of egg-shaped objects seen in flight or on the ground before this date, too numerous to be quoted here in full detail, but very often of fair reliability.

About October 5, 1959, a young girl riding a horse near the Canadian town of Glenora was frightened by an object hovering above her and illuminating the ground with a brilliant light. She rushed back home and called her father, who observed with her an orange object producing a noise so high and loud they felt pain in their ears.

During the night of September 19-20, 1961, at about midnight, Mr. and Mrs. Barnley Hill, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, were traveling on U.S. Highway 3 in that state when they saw a large object flying across the sky. Using binoculars, they were able to see a string of lights that seemed to be on a line around the edge of a disc. The whole thing seemed to be revolving. About five miles from Woodstock, it came down in front of the car and hovered at 25 to 30 meters above the ground. The witnesses then saw two red lights, before the object took off again. On September 15, 1962, at Oradell, New Jersey, two bright discs were seen hovering above a water reservoir. They were surrounded by a bright glow.

Observations of such "landings," or Type I reports of all kinds, have been made in all parts of the world. In addition to the few American cases we have just mentioned, we should make a note of the following accounts:

On October 26, 1951, in Australia, at 4:00 a.m., the engineer of a transcontinental train on the east-west line was surprised to see the track brilliantly illuminated by an object that came close to the train, seemed to examine it closely and even gave the impression it was going to land in the desert, but took off and disappeared. On October 12, 1952, in the evening, Jim MacKay and Jim Robinson were in Sunshine Road, a Melbourne suburb, when they heard a swishing sound and saw a red and blue disc coming toward them. They took cover while the "saucer" sped above them at low altitude and vanished.

In LeVigan, France, on October 15, 1952, at 7:10 p.m., a brilliantly illuminated yellow cigar-shaped object was seen, with two figures wearing helmets standing nearby. The craft

was allegedly 30 meters long, six meters high. It was surrounded by a sort of haze at both ends.

On July 31, 1953, at 7:00 p.m., on a road near railroad tracks at Wolin, Poland, a metallic object 65 feet in diameter came down at high speed and landed. There were seven witnesses, five Poles and two Germans. The center of the object was closed and spherical. The disc itself was flat, with circular openings.

On August 16, 1953, at 8:30 p.m., an observation was made in France which was related in the scientific press, a new indication of the fact that UFO reports, even when they involve objects on the ground or very close to the ground, are not easy to dismiss:

☞ M. Claude Pastier of Tours, in Indre-et-Loire, relates with numerous and accurate details the apparition over Tours, on Sunday, August 16, at about 8:30 p.m., of two circular machines flying very low with a "resonant and hard" sound which did not bear resemblance to that of any known craft. The motion was very slow, absolutely rectilinear, and both machines moved in a perfectly similar manner, as if mechanically connected.

In March of 1959, on the coast of Poland near Kolobrzeg, Polish soldiers saw the sea suddenly become agitated. A triangular object, each side measuring about four meters, came out of the water and started to fly in circles over the barracks, then sped away and vanished.

In some of the reports mentioned above, we have already found cases in which the authors of the accounts state that, in the vicinity of the objects they interpret as machines, they saw entities of human form, often called "pilots" in the subsequent treatment of the sightings by the press. Another popular term for these entities is the familiar name "Martians."

If we confine ourselves to a study of the statistical aspect of the question, which we have every right to do, and if we try to reduce our study of the lists and files to rough figures, we find that more than 150 such "Martians" have been described in UFO reports all over the world, this figure being broken down as follows: about 20 before 1954; 100 during the 1954 "wave"; more than 40 since. Obviously, cultist claims and hoaxes of the usual "Venusian" type have all been eliminated from this list.

Are these sightings coherent, and what are the characteristics most often attributed to their "entities" by the authors of such reports? What do we obtain if we seek to extract the chief features from these accounts? Let us hurry to claim that "little green men," which everybody seems so fond of, have never been described in reality. "It is a curious fact," remarks I. Davis, "that it seems impossible to discover the exact origin of the word 'green' with saucer-occupant reports. Where and when the expression 'little green men' was first used, by whom, why or in connection with what case, has not yet been determined." Our own efforts to clarify this point have proved equally vain. If we gather all reports that seem to present some guarantee of reliability, and if we try to extract from them a coherent interpretation, we have to divide the alleged occupants into two groups. On one hand, we find descriptions of men (more than 50 have been described in about 20 cases) similar to us in height and behavior; on the other hand, many accounts speak of "dwarfs" measuring between three and four feet in height, often wearing "diving suits." The agreement on this small stature is unanimous.

UFO erudites will reserve in their classification a place for the "hairy dwarfs" which were described in France on six occasions. The best description of a "hairy dwarf," cited here only for its picturesque character, was made by Starovski in Erchin. It is frightfully specific. The witness, a miner, was allegedly confronted with a midget, three feet, six inches tall, with a large head, wearing a brown skullcap forming a fillet a few inches or so above the eyes. These were protruding, with a very small iris, and were slit. Long hair fell down from under the skullcap onto the shoulders. The nose was flat, and the lips thick and red. A strange detail; the witness did not describe any UFO. But his story happens to be typical of a small category of reports, in which similar "entities" are described close to their "machines." The evidence in these cases is slight.

Descriptions of "pilots" or "occupants" being commonly observed in connection with UFO reports, some writers argue that the discussion on the "purpose of the landings" is inescapable: Why would an interplanetary craft land for a few minutes in Mrs. Brown's backyard to take off as soon as somebody comes into view? On the basis of such reports, these writers think they can realistically make the assumption that our planet is indeed visited by another community using circular craft, but that direct contact is systematically avoided. We will discuss later the reasons they have imagined that could motivate such a decision to be taken by the "visitors." As far as we, as analysts, are concerned, their present questions cannot be answered and their hypotheses are beyond the reach of our current data.

We do notice, however, that only in two cases have visitors been described that remained in full view for a considerable length of time. One is the 1959 New Guinea episode, in a country that has one of the poorest communications systems on the planet; the other is the puzzling 1955 Kelly-Hopkinsville case, whose link with our problem is not clear, if real; again, the event occurred in a region poorly supplied with official centers.

The few cases when direct contact with men is said to have been made (i.e., gestures from a distance of a few meters) were associated with deserted areas or, at least, very retrograde regions of France, Great Britain, Italy, the United States and South America.

The large majority of other Type I events were of very short duration and took place far from highly populated areas. Landings made in populated areas were of extremely short duration.

The New Guinea episode is one of the great classics in UFO history. It is, however, known to few persons, although it has a perfectly official character and has remained unidentified after a number of investigations. The main witness, Rev. Willian Booth Gill, is an ordained priest of the Church of England and a graduate of Brisbane University. He was accompanied, mind you, by 37 other witnesses when the sighting occurred and the narratives are extremely consistent and clearly reliable.

Reverend Gill had been on the staff of the Anglican Mission in Papua for 13 years when the event took place. He had been working mainly on the northeastern coast of Papua, in the Goodenough Bay area, about 90 miles from Samarai, and his main interest had been educational work. He states very clearly, in an interview with Australian reporters, that before the sightings he thought UFO's were "a figment of imagination, or some electrical phenomenon." The interview continues as follows:

☞ "The first sighting occurred over Waimera about 25 miles from us. It was observed by Dr. Ken Houston at a place called Waimera, near Tagora, and that was late November of last year. At Boianai itself, where I am working, the first recorded incident was on the night of Sunday, the 21st of June. My own observations began on the 26th of June and extended over a number of days."

Reverend Gill states that he came out of the dining room on June 26 at 6:45 p.m., after dinner and

☞ "casually glanced at the sky with the purpose, I suppose, of seeing Venus. Well, I saw Venus but I also saw this sparkling object which was to me peculiar because it sparkled, and because it was very, very bright. . . . The whole thing was most extraordinary. The fact that we saw what appeared to be human beings on it, I think, is the important thing. It is certainly the important and exciting thing to us. They were not noticeable at first. The object came down at about, I should say, 400 feet, maybe 450 feet, perhaps less, maybe 300 feet. It is very difficult to judge at that time of night and, not having experience in measuring elevation, it is purely guesswork, but as we watched it men came out from this object, and appeared on the top of it on what seemed to be a deck on top of the huge disc. There were four men in all, occasionally

two, then one, then three, then four—we noted the various times that men appeared, and then one, two and three appeared and one and two, and then numbers one, three, four and two and so on. And then later all those witnesses who are quite sure that our records were right . . . signed their names as witnesses of what we assume was human activity or beings of some sort on the object itself.

"Another peculiar thing about it was this shaft of blue light which emanated from what appeared to be the center of the deck. They would bend forward and appear to manipulate something on the deck, and then straighten themselves up occasionally, would turn around in our direction, but on the whole they were interested in something on the deck. Then from time to time—this blue light—rather like a thin spotlight emanated skywards to stay on for a second or two, and then switch off. I recorded the times that we saw that blue light come on and off—for the rest of the night. After all that activity it ascended and remained very high.

"The craft looked like a disc with smaller round superstructures, then again on top of that another kind of superstructure—round rather like the bridge on a boat. Underneath it had four legs in pairs pointing downward diagonally. These appeared to be fixed, not retractable, and looked the same on the two nights—rather like tripods. On the second night the pencil beam came on again for a few seconds, twice in succession."

Reverend Gill, after stating that he was a poor mathematician, said that the dimensions of the object seemed to him to be about 35 to 40 feet at the base and perhaps 20 feet at the top.

At the question: "Did you try to establish contact with the pilots of the craft?" he answered:

☛"We did. As one of the men seemed to lean over as though over a rail and look down on us, I waved one hand overhead and the figure did the same as though a skipper on a boat waving to someone on a wharf. I could not see the rail but he seemed to lean over something with arms over it. We could see him from just below waist up. Ananias, the teacher, waves both hands overhead and the two outside figures waved back with two arms over heads. Then Ananias and I both waved arms and all four figures seemed to wave back—no doubt that movement made by arms was answered by the figures."

"What was the reaction of the natives at the signal?"

"Surprised and delighted. Small mission boys called out—everyone beckoned to invite the beings down but no audible responses. . . . No expressions discernible on the faces of the men—rather like players on a football field at night."

"We understand you tried to signal the beings with a torchlight?"

"Yes, we flashed the light and the object swung like a pendulum, presumably in recognition. When we flashed the torchlight towards it, it hovered, and came quite close towards the ground . . . and we actually thought it was going to land but it did not. We were all very disappointed about that."

A strip of motion-picture film of 94 frames was taken at Port Moresby on August 23, 1953, by T. C. Drury, deputy-director of the Civilian Aviation Department in New Guinea. It showed a disk-shaped object in flight, making 90-degree maneuvers, after coming out of a peculiar cloud. This is a sign that the area of Port Moresby was indeed repeately the source of important reports. According to the former Minister for Air, the man who took the film was a "reliable, credible person." The film has been studied by the Intelligence of the Royal Australian Air Force and was also examined by experts of the United States Air Force.

If we were to restrict ourselves to the sightings already mentioned, and were content with statistical analyses, we could continue to regard our problem as a purely scientific question, even after realizing that several hundred witnesses, of average or fair reliability, have described "entities" in connection with their experiences. After all, the alleged operators never did show signs of hostility. If we attach credence to most of the reports in question, it seems that they were careful not to be approached at close range by human witnesses and, in the case we have just seen, they even showed some contempt in the face of human enthusiasm. But we have never found an indication that any aspect of their activity, if real, could constitute an effort to interfere with human problems; even if they did come to this planet—as enthusiasts claim—they left no trace and did no harm.

This has been a characteristic of most UFO sightings since 1946. But some UFO students have become aware of the fact that older events suggest different interpretations, and they consider with increasing interest reports that were, in older times, simply classed as miraculous by theological authorities. In the view of these writers, there is no better example than the episode in Fatima, Portugal.

"Fatima is inescapable," writes G. Inglefield:

☛There is no possible doubt that something occurred there; it is by far the best authenticated "miracle" of the 20th or, for that matter, of any century, and it was seen by at least 70,000 witnesses. You may find photographs in G. Renault's *Fatima, Esperance du Monde* of their perplexity as spectators watch the phenomenon.

There are articles in contemporary newspapers and there are people alive today who were there. Lucia herself, now in a Spanish convent, is still with us.

The crowd that stood in a field at Fatima, a small village in the district of Leiria, some 62 miles north of Lisbon, on October 13, 1917, was waiting there for a miracle, because three children had been assured such an event would take place after a number of meetings with an "entity" that came from the sky in a globe of light. The witnesses were three shepherds: Lucia, aged 10, and her cousins Francisco Marto and Jacinto Marto, aged nine and seven. Today, Fatima is one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in the entire world. The Roman Catholic Church has authenticated the miracle. The Basilica each year receives thousands of believers who come to pray to the Holy Virgin. And, as remarked by Paul Misraki, "sick persons are cured and sensational conversions take place."

"These children's sightings," writes Ribera,

☛"would today be included among the contact claims, for contact they were: in all the six instances reported (from May 13 to October 13) the children met a "celestial being" in the Corva da Iria, an enormous creek, roughly circular in shape, which lies at 2.5 kilometers from Fatima. In that place, while the three children were collecting their sheep about noon, they saw a flash in the heaven. Some minutes later, a white, bright figure appeared near a small oak tree. . . . How could a space being have looked to ignorant, illiterate children from a Catholic country of 50 years ago? As the Holy Virgin, naturally. As they later said, "The wonderful lady looked young. Her dress, white as snow and tied to her neck by a gold band, wholly covered her body. A white cloak, with a golden edge, covered her head."

The strange dialogue between the Holy Virgin and the children began. "Remember," continues Ribera, "the white explorer who presents himself to backward natives as 'the great white god' in order to win their reverence and to convey to them some simple ideas and truth."

A second and a third contact occurred, at exactly one-month intervals, June 13 and July 13. Many clergymen were hostile to the story; some local authorities suggested that the children were tempted by the Devil, and emotion was such that they were even put into jail for several days! But on the third sighting the entity announced that a great miracle would be performed in October in order to convince everybody. A variety of other episodes took place. The fifth meeting was on September 13. There were a number of witnesses, and they could see the "sphere of light" used by the entity to come to the place of the meeting. According to the very words of the Reverend General Vicar of Leiria, who was one of the witnesses, the lady came in an "aeroplane of light," an "immense globe, flying westwards, at moderate speed. It irradiated a very bright light." Some other witnesses saw a white being coming out of the globe, which several minutes later took off, disappearing in the direction of the sun.

The last episode was the miracle itself. It was seen by 70,000

persons, among whom were pious individuals and atheists, clergymen and reporters from a socialist newspaper. As promised, it happened on October 13 at noon.

Among the crowd was Professor Almeida Garrett, of Coimbra University, a scientist, who described the phenomenon in the following terms:

☞ It was raining hard, and the rain trickled down everyone's clothes. Suddenly, the sun shone through the dense cloud which covered it: everybody looked in its direction. *It looked like a disc, of a very definite contour.* It was not dazzling. I don't think that it could be compared to a dull silver disc, as someone said later in Fatima. No. It rather possessed a clear, changing brightness, which one could compare to a pearl. It looked like a polished wheel. This is not poetry. My eyes have seen it. This clear-shaped disc suddenly began turning. It rotated with increasing speed. Suddenly, the crowd began crying with anguish. The sun, revolving all the time, began falling towards the earth, reddish and bloody, threatening to crush everybody under its fiery weight.

## SIGHTINGS OF TYPES II AND III

Type II sightings have been associated with every important phase of UFO activity and have been reported in every country, from Portugal to Greece and the U.S.S.R., as well as Australia, New Zealand, South America and the United States.

It is true that sightings in this category are not numerous, but their character is such that they must be considered among the very best of the UFO cases. And their rarity is certainly not extreme, as evidenced by the fact that no less than 13 are already known for the 1959-1964 period. We will give résumés of some of these reports to clarify our definition of Type II.

*Case 1.* June 27, 1959, Danville, Virginia. An object surrounded by smoke and a peculiar haze seemed to dive rapidly toward the ground. Suddenly four small objects sprang from it and climbed at a steep angle, apparently in formation. The course of the main object was southeast.

*Case 3.* [Case 2 and others have been omitted from this condensation.]

☞ Four strange glowing objects appeared over Broken Hill, Australia, at about 10:30 p.m. on July 21, 1959, shortly after an unidentified flying object was sighted at Woomera rocket range. The screening of a film at the drive-in theater had to be stopped as the patrons left their cars to watch the objects. Even the projectionist left his box. Mr. Brian Grosvenor, correspondent of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, noticed what he thought was a falling star. Then there was a fall-out of four glowing objects from the tail of the main one. These travelled in single file at low level across the sky and then faded from view. The main object, travelling at high speed, erupted then another ball of light and disappeared from view.

*Case 6.*

☞ "Rev. Lionel Browning, an Anglican minister and Tasmanian Secretary of the World Council of Churches, and Mrs. Browning, observed in Cressy, Tasmania, a strange cigar-shaped airship accompanied by five smaller craft at 6:10 p.m. on Tuesday, October 4, 1960.

" 'First we saw a large, dull-grey object about 300 feet long. It came at plane-stalling speed and seemed to pause,' said Mr. Browning, who estimated the speed of the ship at less than 50 miles per hour. The object was stationary for about 30 seconds. 'Then out of the clouds above and behind the ship, five or six small discs came shooting at terrific speed.'

"According to the minister, they were approximately 30 feet across and flat underneath with a dome on top. They 'came towards the ship like flat stones skipping along water.' The clergyman and his wife were reticent about releasing this sighting until they heard other local residents' reports. Mrs. Doris Bransden of Cressy said, 'It was a fantastic sight—like a lot of little ships flocking around a bigger one.' The aviation authorities stated there were no planes in the area at the time of Reverend Browning's sighting. It is a notable fact that the clergyman did not believe in the reality of flying saucers before this experience." This observation was discussed before the Australian Senate on October 18, 1960.

*Case 8.* Five miles from Beulah, Michigan, two youths in a car saw a bluish-white light going from southeast to northwest at the speed of a jet. Then the object stopped and came lower, rose again to about 20° elevation, came closer to the ground and was lost to view behind some trees.

A reddish glow then appeared and was observed for about two minutes, when the witnesses decided to drive to Beulah and came back with two other persons. They saw the object illuminating the countryside as a full moon would and observed it for 15 minutes. Then they drove on to Zimmerman Road, where they had a better view of the object. Inside the glow it produced they could see another sort of light similar to that of a rotating beacon. Five minutes later, a red object came from the direction of the forest, then a white one. Both were close to the ground and seemed to interchange positions. Then four objects appeared from behind the car and took part in the strange phenomenon.

Extremely puzzled, the four persons drove again to Beulah, came back with two additional witnesses and they all observed the original, beaconlike source of light and the glow. But they returned home without attempting to go closer to the strange object. When the three men came back that night to investigate, nothing was seen any more. All witnesses lived in Beulah, except one who lived in Benzonia. July 7, 1961.

*Case 11.* A brilliant-red oval object, emitting sparks at both ends, slowly descended behind some trees. Its center was white or yellow. It was seen by seven witnesses in different parts of the area. The exact place was on Massachusetts Highway 23, three-quarters of a mile west of the junction with Massachusetts Highway 20. Some of the witnesses could see the object from their cars for two miles. In all descriptions, the phenomenon is said to have been large and impressive. May 26, 1962.

*Case 13.* The best way to describe this sighting is to reproduce here the text of the letter written by the witness himself, a physiotherapist who resides in the state of New York:

☞ On April 11, 1964, my wife, two children and I were having a picnic supper on a hill 1,800 feet above sea level, about 10 miles northwest of Homer, New York. It was 6:30 p.m. Several jet bombers had left vapor trails up high, traveling from west to east, but these trails quickly disappeared.

As I looked up in the sky a little to the northwest of us at about 6:30 p.m., there appeared what I thought was a very large jet trail from northeast to southwest. It was very white and wide and at the southwest end there was a break on the trail of about one mile. Then a very black spiral formation of what appeared to be smoke appeared, about one mile long. We remarked that the white trail was unusually wide for a jet trail and apparently the black portion looked dark because of the angulation of the glow of the setting sun behind the western hill several miles away.

The white vapor trail hung in the sky and gradually drifted to the south, slowly disappearing. Up to this point we were observing what we believed to be a normal situation, except for the abrupt ending of the white trail, the space and the continuation of the black spiral tip.

Approximately 10 minutes had now passed and it suddenly occured to me that the black spiral cloud had slowly moved to the west while the white trail had drifted south. Also, the cloud became much darker and we all observed this. At this point, I took my 6x25 binoculars to observe it and was shocked to see wisps of smoke actually streaming out of the black cloud . . . almost boiling out. It was now slowly approaching the distant stratus cloud formation silhouetted against the western hill. Suddenly the black cloud, still retaining its spiral shape, changed from the horizontal position to a vertical position with greater smoke activity and resembled a smoking plane slowly falling from the sky, at the same time assuming a shape not unlike a banana. Then it no longer seemed to be falling, but simply

stopped and hung there for two or three minutes and then very slowly seemed to sink into the clouds and was obliterated. Every one of us observed this strange phenomenon plainly, with the naked eye.

After about three minutes had elapsed, while we were all wondering if our eyes had played tricks on us, my daughter suddenly exclaimed, "There's another one." It appeared as a horizontal pencil-shaped object. It was impossible to determine the length, but it could have been as large as a submarine. It moved from the left of the horizon to the right. We could not agree as to whether this was the original object or another rendezvousing with the first object, as this second sighting appeared to the left of where the first object became obliterated by the clouds.

As I was observing it with my binoculars, there was a flash of white light from the rear of it and it shot forward with incredible speed for a distance of about five times its length and as suddenly stopped, still maintaining the pencil shape, apparently hovering. My son described the incident as it happened while I watched it with binoculars. It became thick in the middle and, with a cloud of smoke emanating from it, shot backward as rapidly as it had gone forward, about the same distance. Again it hovered and then began to shorten in length until it appeared saucer-shaped, fat in the middle. Then the most incredible part occurred . . . from the saucer shape it became almost perfectly round and slowly divided into two parts, one above the other, very much as a single cell does under a microscope. The top object slowly became smaller as it appeared to fade off in the distance, while the second object headed downward at a 45° angle toward the spot where we had seen the banana-shaped object disappear. At this point it divided in two again but the bottom object now assumed a vertical pencil shape while the top oval object slowly faded away. We realize the pencil shape could well be a disc observed from the side. Then the pencil-shaped object also faded from sight.

This whole episode took place in about 45 minutes, and ended just about dusk. If it were not for the fact that all four of us observed this event I would hesitate to bring this to your attention.

On October 3, 1954, inhabitants of Chereng, France, observed an object that flew at low altitude and great speed toward the Marque River, where it stopped, emitted what seemed to be sparks and descended. As the numerous witnesses ran toward the point at which it seemed about to land, the object gained altitude, still without making any sound. Forty minutes later, a person living at Marcoing, 35 miles south of Chereng, saw a luminous object which hung motionless in the air above Gouillet Woods: "It was circular, and red-orange in color. A little below this immobile object, and as though suspended from it, she saw a small spot of light with a kind of seesaw movement." The father of the witness, a policeman at Marcoing, several other policemen and their families (in all, 20 witnesses) continued to watch this phenomenon until, about 8:30 p.m., the object underwent a sudden transformation, the little spot of light vanishing while the ball assumed the shape of a cigar and left horizontally. According to police estimates, the altitude of the object at that time was about 2,000 feet. Later investigation disclosed the fact that the phenomenon had been observed over a fairly large area at the moment of its arrival. These reports, exceptionally consistent, led to the belief that the object had come from the direction of Chereng, and was possibly the very cause of the sighting reported there a half-hour earlier. All these cases were carefully checked during our four-year investigation of the European files, and there is no question as to the genuine character of these reports.

A few minutes after the Marcoing incident, and in the direction taken by the object, three residents of the town of Amiens saw a luminous ball of a brilliant orange color at low altitude, having the shape of a "mushroom hat." According to the report, "The upper part of the 'mushroom' appeared to vibrate as it changed color from violet to greenish, while short 'cables' of some kind hung from the bottom surface."

The sightings followed one another in the evening of October 3, always in the same northern region of France. Most of them involved objects in the shape of a "mushroom" or "half-moon" displaying typical Type III behavior. Such a motionless object was seen at 9:15 p.m. at Armentieres by dozens of witnesses. Ten minutes later, Jean Lecoq of Lievin observed an elongated object swinging slightly in the sky, at low altitude above the plateau of Lorette. He called other persons; soon 100 witnesses were watching the phenomenon. They saw part of the object detach itself from the bottom of the rounded UFO. This little object descended rapidly to the ground, remained a few seconds in contact with it and rose again. After this maneuver the main object, reunited, took off toward the south.

Such series of events are not without parallel in other countries. For example, a sighting at Yaounde, Cameroun, on October 28, 1954, by numerous persons of that town, one of whom was the head of the hospital, refers to "an enormous, stationary disc, powerfully illuminated," which is described in detail in an official report as "mushroom-shaped and carrying beneath it a cylinder of a length equal to its own diameter, which was dangling from it."

On October 22, 1963, at 3:30 p.m., an object was seen for 10 minutes at Ipswich, England, composed of a large bright part and a smaller one; it came from the northeast at a very high speed. After hovering for some time, turning and spiraling, it finally left toward the southeast. On August 12, 1963, at 8:30 p.m., a pear-shaped object was seen in several towns in the Black Country district in England. It was described by witnesses at the Birchills Power Station as a light from which smaller lights dropped or toward which they went up while the main object was motionless.

On July 31, 1962, at 11:00 p.m., the Director of the Corrientes Airport at Camba Punta, Argentina, and Dr. Gustavo Revidapte, a judge at Corrientes, saw a strange object coming toward the runway from the west. It emitted flashes of green, white and red light. Its altitude was of the order of 900 meters, and its brilliance was such that it was impossible to ascertain its shape. Six other persons, including several policemen, were called and observed the object as it stopped at the end of the runway, spinning and emitting beams of light. When the witnesses got into a truck and drove toward the object it left at great speed.

On September 14, 1961, at 7:18 p.m., an object, white and circular, whose color turned to red, was seen for 10 minutes at Osan Air Force Base in Korea. Its movement was irregular in speed and direction. At a certain moment it stopped completely, became very bright for two or three minutes, then rose vertically while changing color. When a jet plane came into the area the object started forward, made a 90-degree turn and later turned again to continue on its original course toward the east-southeast. At that moment it was no larger than a star but was very bright and went faster than any aircraft; it suddenly dashed away and was lost to sight. The whole observation lasted 12 minutes. On September 2, 1961, at 11:40 p.m., several circular, silvery objects were seen for 10 minutes at Albuquerque, New Mexico, moving from west to east with erratic movements. They gave the impression of reflected sunlight on a metallic surface. On two occasions they released smaller silvery objects, of apparent diameter about one-sixteenth of the main object's.

On July 8, 1961, at 10:10 p.m., an orange-yellow object that looked like "an umbrella with a light below" was seen at Fairborn, Ohio, for 10 minutes. The sketch given by the witness fits exactly the description of the "jellyfish" object in flight as given by the French observation of Milly-la-Foret and other classical cases. The UFO followed a straight line and disappeared toward the southwest.

The observation at Milly-la-Foret belongs to the series of October 3, 1954, that originated in the northern area of France. About 9:30 p.m., a witness living a few miles east of Paris had seen an object dividing itself into two luminous points like stars. These later reunited and, after a series of maneuvers scrupulously noted by the witness, left toward the south. At approximately the same time, four persons in Milly saw precisely the same sort of phenomenon, which they described as an object "in the shape of a half-moon" at first. But they soon realized that the moon was visible behind them; it was in first quarter two days later. After an interval of immobility, the object came lower and became more clearly visible as it approached the place where the four persons were standing. They described its shape then as "a kind of reddish cigar accompanied below by a small shining ring."

These are a few examples of typical behaviors of UFO's seen in all parts of the world. Any valid system of hypotheses con-

cerning the UFO phenomenon should represent them, or at least not contradict the patterns, consistently observed, of their production. Until such a system of hypotheses is presented, however, these reports can only be defined objectively as elements of a class. As such, their scientific study is indeed permissible.

## THEORIES AND HYPOTHESES

We leave now the scientific field to sum up the information obtained and compare it with popular theories commonly found in books or journals. We seem to have touched a grave problem, but our curiosity has not been satisfied. It is most clear that we have discovered in the structure of modern science a mechanism that would, in the event of an actual manifestation of extraterrestrial intelligence, probably prevent its recognition as such and would generate the exact type of emotional reaction we observe today. However, physical evidence to support the hypothesis that reports made by reliable observers are best explained as results of confrontation with extraterrestrial intelligence is not only missing; the purpose of possible visitations is still to be revealed. Fragmentary theories have been presented, which have tried to shed light on this point. We feel we should not conclude this book without reviewing them, even if they appear as mere speculations with little factual support.

Because of the variety of their implications, theories that relate the UFO phenomenon to the older subjects of debate and reflection are of great human interest. These theories seem to receive more support from traditional texts and legends than from objective archaeological facts. Although often presented as unusual interpretations of religious beliefs, they do not generally contradict them.

According to Professor Agrest, a Russian physicist, "visitors" could have come to our planet, not from another world in our system, but from an inhabited planet of a distant star. In an interview with P. Galkin and W. Chernin, Agrest said that he felt these visitors may have landed in the Near East, where remains of puzzling ancient structures have been found. One of these is the Baalbek Platform, in the Anti-Lebanon Mountains, made of stone slabs weighing about two thousand pounds each and carried from a quarry at the foot of the hill. Professor Agrest claims that this theory, according to which the builders of these monuments were of extraterrestrial origin, is supported by four categories of traces or other indications:

(1) Tektites, mysterious glasslike stones which contain radioactive isotopes of aluminum and beryllium and are not older than a few million years, might be remains of experiments performed by the "visitors."

(2) Monuments of ancient art, especially the pictures showing "round head" figures in the French Sahara, could be images of "spacemen."

(3) Ancient religious traditions that speak of "gods" and "sons of gods" who descended to earth and of a man named Enoch, who was taken alive to Heaven, might be considered references to the same category of events.

(4) Ancient scientific treatises that seem to contain more than would be expected from primitive knowledge might reflect fragments of early teachings once handed to earthmen by the "visitors" and preserved in fragments.

Professor Agrest's hypothesis is certainly stimulating, but it could lead to grave pitfalls. It does not represent archaeological observations better than any speculation one could make a priori. Why did these unknown superior communities leave so suddenly, and why did they come in the first place? Why can we not explain the "incongruities" mentioned by Agrest (monuments, ancient knowledge) as remains of older terrestrial cultures rather than extraterrestrial? This theory also fails to explain the recurrence of UFO observations in historical and modern times.

The link between the celebrated tektites and the "visitors" seems to be especially weak; how could we relate Biblical events, a few thousand years old, with the millions-of-years-old tektites? What happened between these two series of "extraterrestrial" interventions in earthly matters? Moreover, other theories of the origin of tektites exist, but Professor Agrest does not seem to take them into account, or try to disprove them.

Misraki's views, although of a similarly speculative nature, are the product of a more imaginative and more extensive study of basic writings of our civilization. Well-versed in traditional texts and a student of the origins of Christianity, he published in 1962 a system of hypotheses that covers modern UFO activity and relates it to fundamental writings. By so doing, he claims that he is able to receive support from two series of facts—the observations made in modern times, of the Fatima type, and some mysterious descriptions found in the Bible and a majority of basic writings made at the dawn of history. His views are largely paralleled by those of the British author B. Le Poer Trench.

As had Agrest, the Soviet astronomer Kazantsev suggested, before Misraki and Le Poer Trench, that angels could be men from space. This view finds serious corroboration in the Bible:

☛ According to Genesis 19:3 Lot took the two angels he met at the gate of Sodom to his house "and made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat." But according to dictionary definitions angels are spiritual, ethereal beings. Angels who ate with Lot could not have been such beings.

Rev. H. Wipprecht of Cobalt, Canada, says that the Bible's description of angels fits "intelligent beings" from other planets. In the Old Testament these "mysterious messengers" were said to regularly visit the Earth from the sky, and on occasion actually intermarried with human beings. The angels who married earth women could not have been "heavenly spirits."

Misraki points out that the idea of the "spiritual" nature of angels did not appear in the teachings of the Church before the sixth century A.D., a relatively recent date. The Fathers of the Church had, until then, tended to consider the angels as physical beings.

According to Le Poer Trench, the Bible provides evidence that the "armies of God" were an extraterrestrial expedition coming from outer space:

☛ "I have commanded my sanctified ones, I have also called my mighty ones for mine anger, even them that rejoice in my highness.

"They come from a far country, from the end of heaven, even the Lord, and the weapons of his indignation, to destroy the whole land" (Isaiah 13:3, 5).

In Misraki's interpretation, "Yahweh's Glory," the bright cloud that guided the Hebrews across the desert and later often hovered above Jerusalem and the Temple, is neither a mythical symbol used by poets, nor a product of superstitious imaginations, nor a supernatural entity, but a physical object and even, possibly, some type of craft capable of space travel. *Biblical events would be that series of facts, obviously exaggerated or distorted through human memories, that followed the contact between the "visitors" and primitive human congregations.* This contact did not happen by chance, but as part of a plan the "visitors" had concerning the development of civilized life on earth.

This view is startlingly specific; but it has been evaluated as a valid interpretation of the Biblical text and is not in contradiction with the traditional teachings of the Church.

In 1954, when the largest known wave took place over the entire planet, a number of interpretations and hypotheses were presented. Among them, G. Duncan Fletcher's theory was mentioned by numerous newspapers and has remained fairly popular.

Fletcher, vice-president of the Kenya Astronomical Association, suggested that UFO's were interplanetary ships sent to map the earth. Other hypotheses of the same general inspiration were published, in which the alleged visitors were said to be conducting other sorts of scientific missions.

The interest of such theories is limited; the existence of UFO's as material ships is not denied by them, but it is assumed that the communities that developed these machines are interested in scientific activities that duplicate precisely our present level of technology. This seems to be a very narrow view.

Since the time of Fletcher's declaration (October, 1954) our own techniques of aerial mapping have greatly evolved and we would not expect now from vehicles carrying out a mapping mission on our planet the same behavior we conceived in 1954. Actually, one single ship orbiting the earth at several hundred miles' altitude could collect the necessary data after a few revolutions, if equipped with long-range optical instruments and means for memorizing this information of the type we are developing now for our own space probes. Such a ship, if covered with a material absorbent to light and radar waves and able to modify its orbit according to a programmed set of instructions, would completely escape detection. Besides, such an orbiter could be very small, and guided by remote control. If this is within the range of our present capability, we should not expect a "visiting community" to do less.

Instead of global mapping, detection of metals in the ground, search for materials or gathering of sociological data might be the purpose of such an expedition. But here again more efficient methods could be used. We are not able to find, in the arsenal of modern science, activities that would require such an extensive survey, made over a period of more than 20 years (earlier surveys, if any, were not extensive).

If we hypothesized that UFO's are indeed material vehicles, we would have to conceive of the 1954 French wave, for example, as an event involving an amount of planning and control equivalent to that of the landing in Normandy by the Allies in 1944. The entire 1954 wave, on a planetary scale, including transportation of the expedition from its place of origin to the environment of the earth, would represent something of the amplitude of World War II. By the standards of such a "community" this may be very small; if space travel was acquired long ago, such expeditions may be a matter of routine, and their execution relatively inexpensive. Still we reach the conclusion that UFO activity, if an artificial effect conditioned by rational thought, cannot have a purely "scientific" purpose as suggested by theories of the Fletcher type (mapping, search for minerals, etc.). Another argument against the Fletcher theory is that in the case of a scientific exploration one would expect to find far more specific activities associated with "landings," when the opposite situation seems to be the case.

In his second book, Michel has summarized the hypotheses one could make concerning the purpose of UFO exploration and the attitude of the "operators" toward us. According to his theory, one of four main hypotheses may be true:

(1) At the time of space exploration, contact between races of different biological origins may be impossible, or may follow one-way channels parallel to the "contact" between a naturalist and the insects he observes; insects do perceive the contact but only on their level, and they are unable to participate in a voluntary exchange of information.

(2) Although possible, this contact may be systematically or temporarily avoided.

(3) The contact may already have taken place secretly.

(4) The contact may be openly realized on a "spiritual" level which is not perceptible to us; it is made on "their" mental level and remains invisible to us in our present state of consciousness. Similarly, mice may have eaten thousands of books without ever perceiving them for what they are. Contact with superior communities might present situations of this general type.

The range of possibilities is so large that one should not reject alternatives 1 or 4 when the problem is considered *in abstracto*. But these speculations do not seem to correspond to the behavior of UFO's observed since 1946; in the present case, if we make the hypothesis that extraterrestrial intelligence is indeed responsible for the observed phenomena, we seem to be confronted with beings of human form that display many analogies with human psychology. Most of their "machines" have shapes that could almost have been designed by human engineers, and there is nothing, in most descriptions, that could not be interpreted in technical terms. This is true even of the Biblical events, as we have just seen, although they were long considered essentially supernatural and miraculous.

The 1955 events at Kelly-Hopkinsville, Kentucky, are known very little in the United States and not at all abroad. The reason for this ignorance may be the very excellence of the episode. The circumstances are especially clear, the witnesses numerous, the facts well attested and evidence that "something peculiar" indeed took place multiple. Unfortunately, the story has another characteristic of some true stories: it is unbelievable.

However, the landing at Kelly (a small town north of Hopkinsville) is a complete, well documented report, well handled by local authorities and the subject of an extensive investigation by the police and the Air Force. This official report on the case contains some truly fantastic material. Elements of information can also be found in the local newspapers and in the book of Dr. M. K. Jessup, *The UFO Annual*. The newspaper accounts were inaccurate in many cases; a civilian investigator, J. Sanders, has fortunately conducted an independent research and has published her findings (which parallel to a large extent those of the police) in a specialized journal. Here are the facts this series of investigations has established.

Three children and eight adults were present when the event occurred on the night of Sunday, August 21, 1955. They quite evidently lacked the extraordinary wealth of imagination that would be necessary to contrive a fantastic story of such dimensions, but they also lacked the ability to lie for the fun of it, or for publicity. They even left town when curiosity seekers came to Hopkinsville and remained very reluctant to talk about their sighting.

It is a fact that a number of bullets were fired from the inside of the house, through the door and window screens, at something outside. It is also a fact that no special military device or equipment was being tested in the vicinity of the Sutton farmhouse, and it has been ascertained that no circus or wild animal show was in the area at the time of the sighting.

At 7 in the evening, Billy Ray Sutton, the teen-age son, went out of the house to drink water from the well. When he returned, he said that he had seen a flying object land behind the farmhouse, which is situated, writes Jacqueline Sanders,

☛ on the farm of Gaither McGehe, about eight miles from Hopkinsville, and is rented from McGehe. It is an old tenant-type structure that sets about a mile back off the highway. A long hall runs through the center of the house with screen doors at either end.

What Billy Ray had seen was

☛ some bright object which seemed to have landed in a field about a city block in distance away from the house.

Nobody in the house thought much of this "object," and the idea that it must have been a shooting star seems to have prevailed. It was quite some time later, about an hour, that a creature was seen for the first time. According to several reports, it appeared first as "a strange glow." As it came towards the house, it could soon be seen as a "little man," less than four feet tall, with very long arms and a very large round head. The hands also were very large and had talons at the end of the fingers, as shown in drawings made by the witnesses for the official investigators, and preserved in the Air Force files. The eyes had a yellow glow and were set almost on the side of the head. Finally, the strange being seemed covered with a metallic suit that was softly luminous in the dark.

The creature's hands were raised as it moved closer to the witnesses. When it was about 20 feet from them, two of the men shot at the unknown entity. It somersaulted and disappeared in the dark. As the men came back inside the house, another creature, similar to the first one, appeared at the window and they fired again through the screen. It also seemed to be hit and disappeared. Then the men decided to go outside, but as they did they saw another creature on the house, shot at it and knocked it over the roof. Another one was in a tree at some distance; it was also shot at. The creature *floated* to the ground; in her excellent article, Jacquelin Sanders remarks:

☛ They made direct hits on the "invaders." But bullets seemed to have no effect. When knocked down by a blast of Sutton's shotgun the uninvited guests would pop right up again and disappear into the darkness.

Taylor told of knocking one of them off a barrel with his .22. He said he heard the bullet strike the creature, then whine as it ricocheted off! The little man tumbled to the ground, rolled like a ball.

Taylor fired about four boxes of shells with his .22 rifle; at

about 11 p.m., the Suttons gave up the idea of getting rid of the creatures; the visitors seemed to be invulnerable. The children were, of course, very much affected, and the women were extremely frightened. They all abandoned the house and drove to the Hopkinsville police station.

The agreement of all investigators—skeptics and nonskeptics alike—was complete on two points: the Suttons had not been drinking, and their extreme fright as they reached Hopkinsville was genuine. At the appeal for help more than a dozen state, county and city police officials arrived to investigate at about 12:30 a.m., led by Chief Greenwell. Jacquelin Sanders interviewed him and gathered the comments of the local policemen:

☞ All seemed impressed with the evident fright and sincerity of the highly excited family. A check with neighbors disclosed that they "were not a drinking family" and no evidence of drinking was found around the place. All the witnesses told practically the same story, with only minor variations, depending on what part of the house they were in at the time of the happening. . . .

The police took immediate action and state troopers moved into the area. As one of the officers drove toward the farmhouse to join the search, he reported seeing several strange "meteors" that came from the southwest in the direction of the Sutton farmhouse. As he and his wife looked out of the car they saw two of them passing overhead with a loud "swishing" noise. The Suttons were so frightened that they would not reenter the farm before the police made a complete search. Investigators discovered several strange indications around the house, but no evidence that a craft had actually landed in the gully.

Considerable information was derived by the investigators from the Sutton family's observations, and this might be of interest to biologists, as a check of the coherency of the story. The eyes of the "entities" were large and apparently very sensitive. It was noticed that they always approached the house from the darkest corner. There was no pupil in the eye, no eyelid; when the witnesses turned on the lights outside the house, it seemed to prevent the creatures from coming toward the doors.

When they approached the witnesses, the creatures stood up with their hands in the air, walking slowly. When struck by shots they did not fall, but floated (from the roof, or from the tree, in the second occurrence) to the ground:

☞ According to some of the witnesses they were not walking, but "seemed to float" toward them. The creatures were about three and a half or four feet tall, with huge eyes and hands, large pointed ears, and arms that hung almost to the ground. When asked about the clothing, the witnesses said the little men appeared to be "nickel plated."

There is some doubt as to the precise number of these creatures. Accounts published by the press overestimated this number. From reading the Air Force report it seems that it might not exceed two or three. One of the witnesses remarked:

☞ I only know what I saw. I saw two of the men, or maybe the same one twice. I saw one about 10:30, and the other one around 3:30 a.m. That time I watched the little man for more than a minute.

The puzzling thing about this episode is that it seems to check with descriptions made by South American witnesses in 1954 and 1957 which have not been publicized by the press in the United States. The 1954 cases, especially, could hardly have come to the attention of the Sutton family.

Indeed, the three cases we have examined in detail—the New Guinea episode (Rev. W. B. Gill's sighting), the Fatima miracle and the landing at Kelly—give a new dimension to the UFO problem. I hope my reader will understand that they are quoted here not because of their sensational character, but because they are indeed among the most well-ascertained cases known, and in the hope that they will illustrate the anguish and deep concern serious researchers have encountered and define the context of scientific, objective discussion of the UFO phenomenon. They certainly make it easy to understand why so many persons have asked the question of the "origin" of the UFO's, and have proposed theories in which the alleged machines are not only spacecraft but come from planets outside the solar system.

We should probably stop here, having shown that none of the present interpretations of the UFO phenomenon is fully satisfactory; we would thus stay on the safe side of the fence. However, we feel we must state where our own system of ideas tends to stand between the various theories we have reviewed. We are assuming, of course, that it is understood that the system is purely speculative in nature. We would summarize it under the following seven points:

(1) It is scientifically permissible to work under the general hypothesis that UFO's are material objects, not excluding the possibility of their being nonhuman vehicles. There is no reason only theories based on the idea that the senses of all witnesses have been abused should bear the stamp of scientific consideration. On the contrary, the hypothesis that the authors of reports have indeed been in visual contact with physical objects, possibly behaving under intelligent control, leads to an analysis of the UFO phenomenon that lacks neither objectivity nor consistency.

(2) Under such a hypothesis, the fact that the "controlling intelligence" could not belong to any of the communities which are present today on our planet would be shown by the permanence of UFO activity through changing phases of our technology and even, possibly, through early phases of our historical development.

(3) Historically, it would be difficult to determine a starting point for this activity, even if considered artificial in nature.

(4) If the hypothesis that UFO phenomena are manifestations of a controlling intelligence finds serious confirmation in years to come, through research or otherwise, we feel that one should *then* accept the idea that UFO operators have been seen on the ground on several occasions.

(5) Under such circumstances, we would expect intellectual contact to be possible, owing to the fact that human concepts seem, in our observation, to be applicable to UFO behavior. But we would continue to reject the claim of particular individuals that they have been "contacted" and allowed to know the origin of the "visitors."

(6) In a discussion concerning the "purpose" of UFO activity we would point out:

*a)* that technological development on earth is now such that we are able, at least in theory, to reach any point in the universe which lies within our visual range, having thus overcome the handicap of creatures that can live only on the surface or very close to the surface of a planetary body;

*b)* that UFO activity was suddenly renewed after World War II, when both rocket and aircraft technology had reached a point where space travel could be realistically visualized;

*c)* that a particular peak of activity, quite unlike other waves, took place in 1957 when Sputniks I and II were launched into orbit.

(7) It is our opinion that a dispassionate, scientific debate could be established concerning the UFO phenomenon, and that such a discussion could well be conducted within the boundaries set by rationalism for the purpose of objective acquisition of knowledge. The various points involved in the present arguments over the nature of this phenomenon could then be checked by reference to a system of catalogues of observations, very often of high reliability, that falls within the competence of the professional scientist. The existing files, kept up-to-date by official services in this country and by a few reliable amateurs abroad, would provide a basis for the establishment of a general investigation of this type. If, however, these documents and the underlying phenomenon they manifest should be neglected by professional scientists, only obscurantism and charlatanism would be encouraged. Such an attitude would lead to the generation of myths that could constitute a danger when the sociological impact of space exploration reaches its full strength.

Through UFO activity, although no physical evidence has yet been found, some of us believe the contours of an amazingly complex intelligent life beyond the earth can already be discerned. The wakening spirit of man, and the horrified reaction of his too-scrupulous theories: what do they matter? Our minds now wander on planets our fathers ignored. Our senses, our dreams have reached across the night at last, and touched other universes. The sky will never be the same again.

—Jacques Vallee

# THIS FUNNY LIFE

The following "back to back" news items heard on a network news summary indicates that some staff writer has a sense of humor:

"The U.S. Supreme Court ruled as unconstitutional today a Connecticut law prohibiting doctors from advising patients on contraceptives and birth controls or prescribing the use of contraceptives for patients. . . .

"The U.S. Rubber Company called off a strike in 19 of its major plants throughout the country. . . ."

*D. L. Snapp*
*San Antonio, Tex.*

I was sitting alone in the Officer's Club at Fort Ord while my escort made an important telephone call. On the stool next to mine sat a young major. After staring at my low-cut evening gown for several embarrassing minutes, he finally spoke.

"Would you be interested," he asked in an assured voice, "in contributing to the delinquency of a major?"

*Betty Riley*
*Watsonville, Calif.*

The proud mother of a new baby boy was watching her pride and joy as the baby did his best to put his little foot into his mouth. Her husband was not quite as happy as he sat at his desk in a corner of the living room going over the bills for the baby's arrival.

"Isn't he the cutest thing?" enthused the new mother. "Darling, look how he's trying to put his foot in his mouth. I wonder what makes him do that?"

"It's probably hereditary," replied her husband. "That's what I did when I proposed!"

*Dan Bennett*
*Pacific Palisades, Calif.*

In our office it was the practice to take up a collection to buy gifts for employees who planned to get married. Sometimes the occasions came quite close together.

We had just married off one fellow when another wedding date was set for the near future. During a coffee break we commented about the impending wedding and the prospective bridegroom jokingly said, "I'll expect $5.00 apiece out of you guys."

One of the fellows pulled a 10-dollar bill out of his pocket, handed it over and said, "I'll take the first two pieces, please."

*C. M.*
*Kansas City, Missouri*

A short time after arriving at Thule AFB, Greenland, I noticed the fellow in the next bunk staring at a framed photo hanging overhead. The very opposite of the proverbial pinup picture, which most of us displayed, this photograph featured the fiercest looking female I had ever seen.

"That," he said, pointing to the stern, unsmiling face overhead, "is my *own* personal remedy for homesickness!"

*Thomas April*
*L.A., Calif.*

My friend Bev, a former airline stewardess grounded by marriage, finally went back to work as a stewardess for a large company on their executive airplane.

Thrilled by the prospect of flying again, she reported to the pilot on board the aircraft for her first trip. Attempting to be funny as well as friendly, she quipped, "Hi! What'll it be—coffee, tea or me?"

With a quick appraising glance the veteran pilot replied, "Suit yourself, sister. Whatever's the easiest to make."

*R. J. Putman*
*Arvada, Colorado*

Our company believes that a man will be more successful if he has an understanding wife, therefore, wives are always guests of honor at our monthly sales rallies.

At one such rally, the sales manager spoke at length on the importance of a wife's encouragement. "Without it," he concluded, "a man will never reach the pinnacle." To hammer home this point, he singled out a cute young redhead in the audience and asked, "Tell us, madam, how do you encourage your husband?"

Somewhat flustered at being called on without any warning, she hesitated a moment. "Oh, I just couldn't," she stammered, blushing. "Not in front of all these people."

*Jack Dublin*
*Hollywood, Calif.*

At summer training last year our Army reserve outfit had the job of operating two mess halls, and as you might expect, the regimental commander, a hard-nosed bird colonel, got the idea of running a competition between them for best mess sanitation, quality of food, etc.

Competition got pretty keen with the daily inspections. One Saturday morning when the colonel himself made the inspection he noted a couple of stray flies in an otherwise spotless kitchen.

"How come," he asked the mess steward, a cocky little sergeant who ran a restaurant in civilian life, "your mess has flies in it and the other hasn't?"

Completely deadpan, the sergeant replied, "Our food's better, sir. They come over here to eat."

*William P. Brothers*
*Woodside, Calif.*

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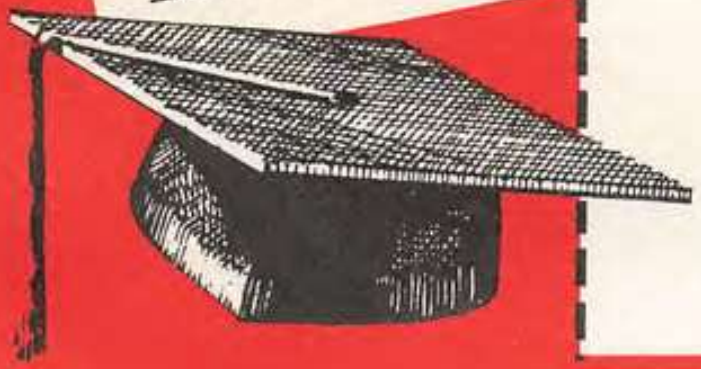

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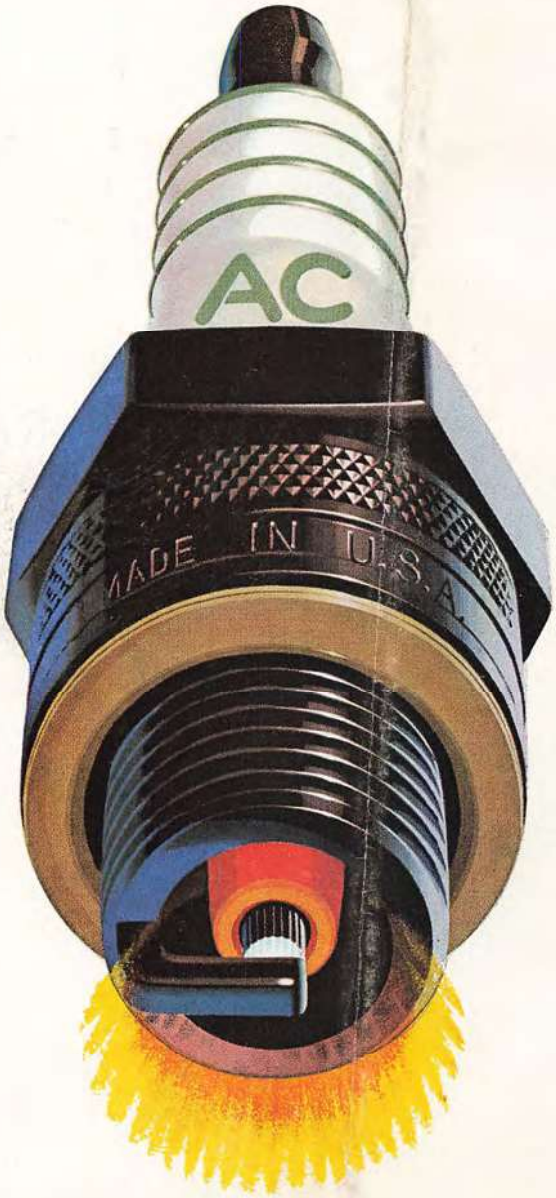


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